



THE  
CONSPIRACIE,  
And  
Tragoedy of  
CHARLES  
DVKE OF BYRON,  
Marshall of *France*.

*Acted lately in two Playes, at the  
Blacke-Friers, and other publique Stages.*

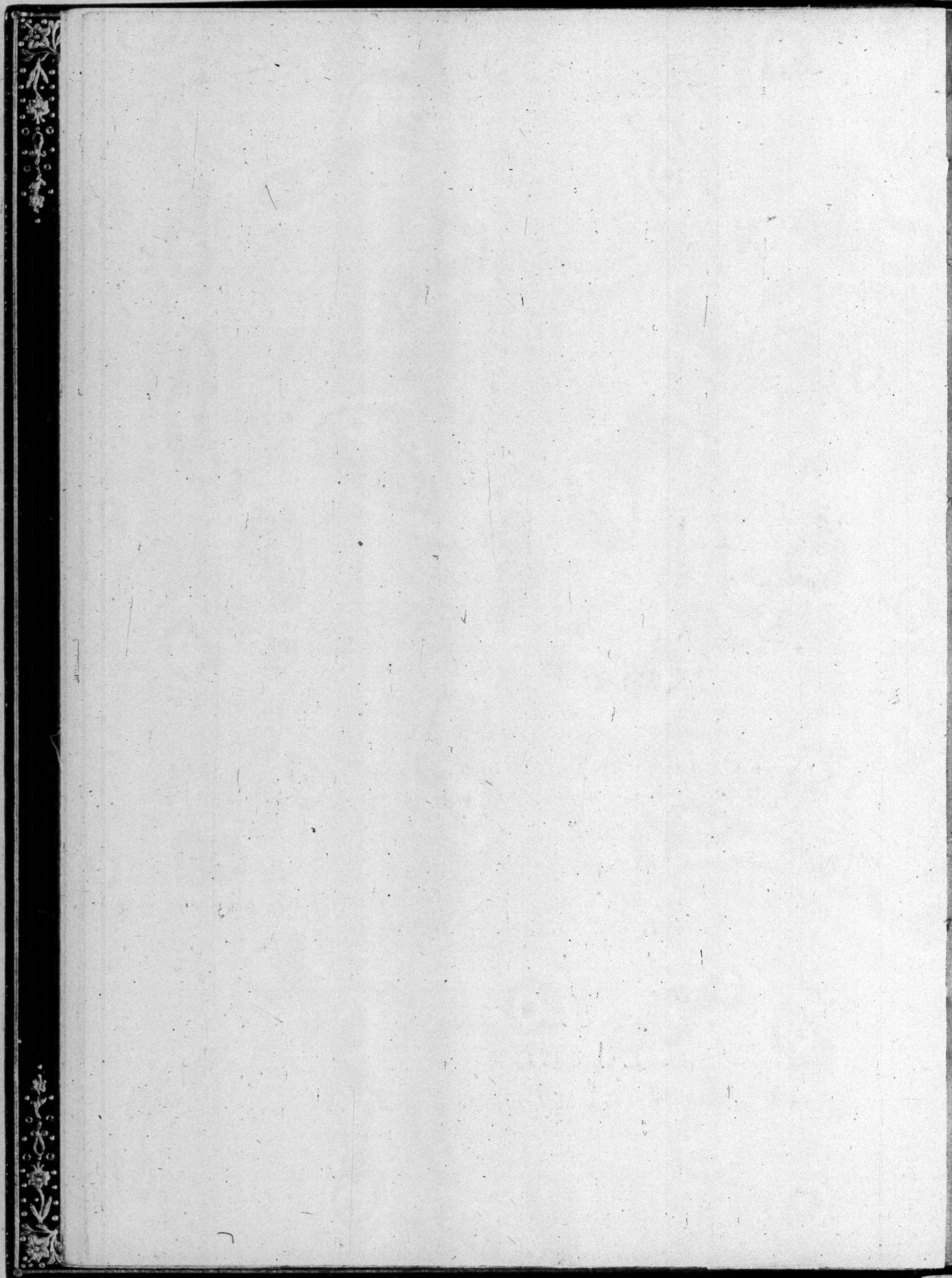
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*Written by George Chapman.*

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TO MY HONORABLE  
and Constant Friend, Sr. *Thomas*

*Walsingham*, Knight: And to my much  
loued from his birth, the right toward and  
*Worthy Gentleman his sonne*, Thomas  
Walsingham, Esquire.

**S**IR, though I know, you euer stood little  
affected to these vnprofitable rites of De-  
dication; (which disposition in you, hath  
made me hitherto dispence with your  
right in my other Impressions) yet, least  
the World may repute it a neglect in me, of so anci-  
ent and worthy a friend; (having heard your approba-  
tion of these in their presentment) I could not but  
prescribe them with your name; and that my affection  
may extend to your Posterity, I haue entitiled to it,  
herein, your hope and comfort in your generous Son;  
whom I doubt not, that most reuerenc'd Mother of  
*Manly Sciences*; to whole instruction your vertuous  
care commits him; will so profitably initiate in her  
learned labours, that they will make him flourish in  
his riper life; ouer the idle liues of our ignorant Gen-  
tlemen; and enable him to supply the Honourable  
places of your name; extending your yeares, and his  
right noble Mothers (in the true comforts of his ver-  
tues) to the sight of much, and most happy Progeny;  
which most affectionately wishing, and diuiding these  
poore dismember'd Poems betwixt you, I desire to  
liue still in your gracefull loues; and euer,

*The most assured at your Commandments:*  
GEORGE CHAPMAN.





## PROLOGVE.

**W**Hent the vnciuill, ciuill warres of France,  
Had pour'd vpon the Countries beaten brest,  
Her batter'd Citties; prest her vnder hils  
Of slaughter'd carcases; set her in the mouthes  
Of murtherous breaches, and made pale Despaire,  
Leaue her to Ruine; through them all, Byron  
Stept to her rescue; tooke her by the hand:  
Pluckt her from vnder her vnnaturall presse,  
And set her shining in the height of peace.  
And now new cleans'd, from dust, from sweat, and blood,  
And dignified with title of a Duke;  
As when in wealthy Autumne, his bright starre  
(Washt in the lofty Ocean) thence ariseth;  
Illustrates heauen, and all his other fires  
Out-shines and darkens; so admir'd Byron,  
All France, exempted from comparison.  
He toucht heauen with his Launce; nor yet was touche  
With hellish treachery: his Countries loue,  
He yet thirsts: not the faire shades of himselfe:  
Of which impoysoned Spring; when pollicy drinkes,  
He bursts in growing great; and rising, sinkes:  
which now behold in our Conspirator,  
And see in his reuolt, how honors flood  
Ebbes into ayre, when men are Great, not Good.

ACTVS



ACTVS. I. SCAENA I.

*Enter Sauoy, Roncas, Rochette, Breton.*

*Sau.* **I** Would not for halfe *Sauoy*, but haue bound  
*France* to some fauour, by my personall presence  
More than your selfe, (my Lord Ambassadour)  
Could haue obtain'd; for all Ambassadours  
(You know) haue chiefly these instructions;  
To note the State and chiefe sway of the Court,  
To which they are employ'd; to penetrate  
The heart and marrow of the Kings designs,  
And to obserue the countenances and spirits,  
Of such as are impatient of rest;  
And wring beneath, some priuate discontent:  
But, past all these, there are a number more  
Of these State Criticismes: That our personall view  
May profitably make, which cannot fall  
Within the powers of our instruction,  
To make you comprehend; I will do more  
With my meere shadow, then you with your person.  
All you can say against my comming heere,  
Is that, which I confesse, may for the time,  
Breede strange affections in my brother *Spaine*;  
But when I shall haue time to make my Cannons,  
The long-toung'd Herralds of my hidden drifts,  
Our reconcilment will be made with triumphs.

*Ron.* If not, your Highnesse hath smal cause to care,  
Hauing such worthy reason to complaine  
Of *Spaines* cold friendship, and his lingering succours,  
Who onely entertaines your griefes with hope,  
To make your medecine desperate.

*Roch.* My Lord knowes  
The Spanish glosse too well; his forme, stufte, lasting,  
And the most dangerous conditions,  
He layes on them with whom he is in league,  
Th'iniustice in the most vnequall dowre,

*Giuen*



BYRONS CONSPIRACIE.

Giuen with th' *Infanta*, whom my Lord espousde,  
Compar'd with that her elder sister had,  
May tell him how much *Spaines* loue weighs to him;  
When of so many Globes and Scepters held  
By the great King, he onely would bestow  
A portion but of six score thousand Crownes  
In yearely pension, with his highnesse wife,  
When the *Infanta* wedded by the Arch-duke  
Had the French Bounty, and low Prouinces.

*Bret.* We should not set these passages of spleene  
Twixt *Spaine* and *Sauoy*; to the weaker part,  
More good by sufferance growes, then deedes of heart  
The neerer Princes are, the further off  
In rites of friendship; my aduice had neuer  
Consented to this voyage of my Lord,  
In which he doth indanger *Spaines* whole losse,  
For hope of some poore fragment heere in *France*.

*San.* My hope in *France* you know not, though my counsell,  
And for my losse of *Spaine*, it is agreede,  
That I should flight it, oft-times Princes rules  
Are like the Chymicall Philosophers;  
Leaue me then to mine owne protection,  
In this our thrifty Alchymie of state,  
Yet helpe me thus farre, you that haue bin heere  
Our Lord Ambassadour, and in short informe me.  
What Spirits here are fit for our designes.

*Ron.* The new-created Duke *Byron* is fit,  
Were there no other reason for your presence,  
To make it worthy, for he is a man  
Of matchlesse valour, and was euer happy  
In all encounters, which were still made good,  
With an vnwearied sence of any toyle,  
Hauing continued foureteene dayes together  
Vpon his horse, his blood is not voluptuous,  
Nor much inclinde to women, his desires,  
Are higher then his state, and his deserts  
Not much short of the most he can desire,  
If they be weigh'd with what *France* feels by them:

He



## BYRONS CONSPIRACIE.

He is past measure glorious : And that humour  
Is fit to feede his Spirits, whom it possesseth  
With faith in any errour ; chiefly where  
Men blow it vp, with prayse of his perfections,  
The taste whereof in him so soothes his pallate,  
And takes vp all his appetite that oft times  
He will refuse his meate, and company  
To feast alone with their most strong conceit ;  
Ambition also, cheek by cheek doth march  
With that excesse of glory, both sustained  
With an unlimited fancy, that the King,  
Nor *France* it selfe, without him can subsist,

*San.* He is the man (my Lord) I come to win;  
And that supream intention of my presence  
Saw neuer light till now, which yet I feare,  
The politick king suspecting, is the cause  
That he hath sent him so farre from my reach,  
And made him chiefe in the Commission,  
Of his ambassage to my brother Arch-duke,  
With whom hee is now ; and (as I am told)  
So entertained and fitted in his humour,  
That ere I part, I hope he will returne  
Prepar'd, and made the more fit for the physicke  
That I intend to minister.

*Ren.* My Lord,  
There is another discontented Spirit  
Now here in Court, that for his braine, and aptnes  
To any course that may recover him  
In his declined and litigious state,  
Will serue *Byron*, as he were made for him,  
In giuing vent to his ambitious vaine,  
And that is, *De Laffin*.

*San.* You tell me true,  
And him I thinke you haue prepar'd for me.

*Ren.* I haue my Lord, and doubt not he will prooue,  
Of the yet taintlesse fortresse of *Byron*,  
A quicke Expugner, and a strong Abider.

*San.* Perhaps the bartry will be brought before him,



BYRONS CONSPIRACIE.

In this ambassage, for I am assur'd  
They set high price of him, and are inform'd  
Of all the passages, and meanes for mines  
That may be thought on, to his taking in:

*Enter Henry and Laffin.*

The King comes, and *Laffin*:  
The Kings aspect folded in cloudes.

*Hen.* I will not haue any traine,  
Made a retraite for Bankroutes, nor my Court,  
A hyue for Drownes: proud Beggars, and true Thieues,  
That with a forced truth they sweare to me,  
Robbe my poore subjects, shall giue vp the Arts,  
And hencefoorth learne to liue by their defarts;  
Though I am growne, by right of Birth and Armes  
Into a greater kingdome, I will spreade  
With no more shade, then may admit that kingdome  
Her proper, naturall, and wonted fruites,  
*Navarre* shall be *Navarre*, and *France* still *France*:

If one may bee the better for the other  
By mutuall rites, so, neyther shall be worse.  
Thou art in law, in quarrells, and in debt,  
Which thou woldst quit with countnance; borrowing  
With thee is purchase, and thou seekst by me  
(In my supportance) now our old warres cease  
To wage worse battels, with the armes of Peace.

*Laf.* Peace must not make men Cowards, nor keepe calme  
Her pusie regiment with mens smother'd breaths;  
I must confesse my fortunes are decline,  
But neither my deservings, nor my minde:  
I seeke but to sustaine the right I found,  
When I was rich, in keeping what is left,  
And asking good my honour as at best,  
Though it be hard; mans right to euery thing  
Waxes with his wealth, wealth is his surest King;  
Yet Iustice should be still indifferent.  
The ouer-plus of Kings, in all their might,  
Is but to peerce out the defects of right:  
And this I sue for, nor shall frownes and taunts

(The



BYRONS CONSPIRACIE.

(The common Scarre-crowes of all poore mens suites)  
Nor mis-construction that doth colour still  
Licentious Iustice, punishing good for ill,  
Keepe my free throat from knocking at the skie,  
If thoulder chide me for my equity.

*Hen.* Thy equity it is to bee euer banisht  
From Court, and all societie of noblenesse,  
Amongst whome thou throwst balls of all dissension;  
Thou art at peace with nothing but with warre,  
Hast no heart but to hurt, and eatst thy heart,  
If it but thinke of doing any good:  
Thou witch'st with thy smiles, suckst blood with prayse  
Mock'st all humanity; society poysonst;  
Coosinst with vertue; with religion  
Betrayst, and massacrest; so vile thy selfe,  
That thou suspectst perfection in others:  
A man must thinke of all the villanies  
He knowes in all men, to decipher thee,  
That art the centre to impietie:  
Away, and tempt me not.

*Laf.* But you tempt me,  
To what, thou Sun be iudge, and make him see *Exit.*

*San.* Mow by my dearest Marquisate of Salusses,  
Your Maiesty hath with the greatest  
Discrib'd a wicked man; or rather thrust  
Your arme downe through him to his very feete,  
And pluckt his inside out, that euer yet,  
My eares did witnesse; or turnd cares to Eies;  
And those strange Characters, writ in his face,  
Which 'at first sight, were hard for me to reade,  
The Doctrine of your speech, hath made so plaine,  
That I run through them like my naturall language:  
Nor do I like that mans Aspect, me thinkes,  
Of all lookes where the Beames of Starres haue caru'd  
Their powerfull influences; And (O rare)  
What an heroicke, more than royall Spirite  
Bewiaid you in your first speech, that defies  
Protection of vile droanes, that eate the honny



## BYRONS CONSPIRACIE.

Sweate from laborious vertue, and denies  
To giue those of *Navarre*, though bred with you.  
The benefites and dignities of *France*.  
When little Riuer by their greedy currants,  
(Farre faire extended from their their mother springs)  
Drinke vp the forraine brookes still as they runne,  
And force their greatnesse when they come to Sea,  
And iustle with the Ocean for a roome,  
Oh how he roares, and takes them in his mouth,  
Digesting them so to his proper streames,  
That they are no more scene, hee nothing raise  
Aboue his vsuall bounds, yet they deuoured,  
That of themselves were pleasant, goodly fouds.

*Hen.* I would doe best for both, yet shall not be secure,  
Till in some absolute heires my Crowne bee settled,  
There is so little now betwixt Aspirers  
And their great obiekt in my onely selfe,  
That all the strength they gather vnder me,  
Tempt combat with mine owne: I therefore make  
Meanes for some issue by my marriage,  
Which with the great Dukes neece is now concluded,  
And shee is comming; I trust in heauen  
I am not yet so olde, but I may spring,  
And then I hope all traytors hopes will fade.

*San.* Else may their whole estates flie, rooted vp  
To Ignominie and Obliuion:  
And being your neighbours seruant and poore kinsman  
I wish your mighty Race might multiply,  
Euen to the Period of all Emperie.

*Hen.* Thanks to my princely cozen, this your love,  
And honor shewne me in your personall presence,  
I wish to welcome to your full content:  
The peace I now make with your brother Arch-duke,  
By Duke *Byron* our Lord Ambassadour,  
I wish may happily extend to you,  
And that at his returne wee may conclude it.

*San.* It shall be to my heart the happiest day  
Of all my life, and that life all employd,



## BYRONS CONSPIRACIE.

To celebrate the honour of that day.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Roisfeu.*

*Roif.* The wondrous honor done our Duke *Byron*  
In his Ambassage heere, in th' Arch-dukes Court,  
I feare will taint his loyaltie to our King,  
I will obserue how they obserue his humour,  
And glorifie his valure; and how hee  
Accepts and stands attractive to their ends,  
That so I may not seeme an idle spot  
In traine of this ambassage, but returne  
Able to giue our King some note of all,  
Worth my attendance: And see, heere's the man,  
Who (though a French-man, and in *Orleance* borne  
Seruing the Arch-Duke) I doe most suspect,  
Is sent to be the tempter of our Duke;  
He goe where I may see, although not heare.

*Enter Picotè, with two other spreading a Carpet.*

*Pic* Spread heere this historie of *Cateline*,  
That Earth may seeme to bring forth Roman Spirites,  
Euen to his Geniall feete; and her darke breast  
Bee made the cleare Glasse of his shining Graces,  
Weele make his feete so tender, they shall gall  
In all paths but to Empire; and therein  
He make the sweete steppe of his state beginne. *Exit.*

*Lowde Musique, and enter Byron.*

*Byr.* What place is this? what ayre? what region?  
In which a man may heare the harmony  
Of all things moouing? *Hymen* marries heere,  
Their endes and vses and makes me his Temple.  
Hath any man beene blessed, and yet liu'd?  
The bloud turnes in my veines, I stand on change,  
And shal dissolue in changing; tis so full  
Of pleasure not to bee containde in flesh:  
To feare a violent Good, abuseth Goodnesse,



BYRONS CONSPIRACIE. 7

Tis Immortality to dye aspiring,  
As if a man were taken quick to heauen;  
What will not holde Perfection, let it burst:  
What force hath any Cannon, not being chargde,  
Or being not dischargde? To haue stufte and forme,  
And to lie idle, fearefull, and vnus'd,  
Nor forme, nor stufte shewes; happy *Semelo*  
That died comprest with Glorie: Happinesse  
Denies comparison, of lesse or more,  
And not at most, is athing: like the shaft  
Shot at the Suane, by angry *Hercules*,  
And into shiuers by the thunder broken  
Will I be if I burst: And in my heart  
This shall be written: yet was high and right.

*Musique againe.*

Heere too? they follow all my steppes with Musique,  
As if my feete were numerous, and trode sounds  
Out of the Center, with *Apollos* vertue,  
That out of euery thing his ech-part toucht,  
Strooke muscally accents: where soe're I goe,  
They hide the earth from me with couerings rich,  
To make me thinke that I am heere in heauen.

*Enter Picote in hast.*

*Pic.* This way, your Highnesse.

*Byr.* Come they?

*Pic.* I my Lord. *Exeunt.*

*Enter the other Commissioners of France, Belieure,  
Brulart, Aumalt, Orange.*

*Bel.* My Lord d' *Aumalt*, I am exceeding forie,  
That your owne obstinacie to hold out,  
Your mortall enmity against the King,  
When Duke *du Maine*, and all the faction yeelded,  
Should force his wrath to vse the rites of treason,  
Vppon the members of your sencelesse Statue,  
Your Name and House, when he had lost your person,  
Your loue and duety.

*Brn.* That which men enforce

By



## BYRONS CONSPIRACIE.

By their owne wilfulnesse ; they must endure  
With willing patience, and without complaint.

*D'Aum.* I vse not much impatience, nor complaint,  
Though it offend me much, to haue my name  
So blotted with addition of a Traytor.  
And by whole memory, (with such despite,  
Markt and begun to be so rooted out.)

*Byr.* It was despite that held you out so long,  
Whose penance in the King was needfull iustice.

*Bel.* Come let vs seeke our Duke, and take our leaues  
Of th' Archdukes grace. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Byron and Pycote.*

*Byr.* Here may we safely breathe?

*Py.* No doubt (my lord) no stranger knowes this way;  
Only the Arch-duke, and your friend Count *Mansfield*,  
Perhaps may make their general scapes to you,  
To viter some part of their priuate loues,  
Ere your departure.

*Byr.* Then, I well perceiue  
To what th' intention of his highnesse tends;  
For whose, and others here, most worthy Lords,  
I will become (with all my worth) their seruant,  
In any office, but disloyalty;  
But that hath euer shewd so fowle a monster  
To all my Ancestors, and my former life,  
That now to entertaine it; I must wholly  
Giue vp my habite, in his contrary,  
And strue to growe out of priuation.

*Py.* My Lord, to weare your loyall habit still,  
When it is out of fashion; and hath done  
Seruice enough; were rusticke misery:  
The habite of a seruile loyalty,  
Is reckon'd now amongst priuations,  
With blindnesse, dumbnes, deafnesse, silence, death,  
All which are neither natures by themselves  
Nor substances, but meere decayes of forme,

And



## BYRONS CONSPIRACIE.

And absolute decessions of nature,  
 And so, is nothing else, what shal you then loose?  
 Your highnesse hath a habite in perfection,  
 And in desert of highest dignities,  
 Which craue your selfe, and beyour own rewarder;  
 No true power doth admit priuation,  
 Aduerse to him; or suffers any fellow  
 Ioynde in his subiect; you, superiors;  
 It is the nature of things absolute,  
 One to destroy another; be your Highnesse,  
 Like those steep hills that will admit no clouds,  
 No dews, nor lest fumes bound about their brows;  
 Because their tops pierce into purest ayre,  
 Expert of humor; or like ayre it selfe  
 That quickly changeth; and receiues the sunne  
 Soone as he riseth; euery where dispersing  
 His royall splendor; girds it in his beames,  
 And makes it selfe the body of the light;  
 Hot, shining, swift, light, and aspiring things,  
 Are of immortall, and celestiaall nature;  
 Cold, darke, dull, heauy of infernall fortunes,  
 And neuer ayme at any happinesse:  
 Your excellency knowes; that simple loyalty,  
 Faith. loue, sincerity, are but words, no things;  
 Meerely deuilde for forme; and as the Legate  
 Sent from his Holinesse, to frame a peace  
 Twixt *Spaine* and *Sanoy*; labour'd feruently,  
 (For common ends, not for the Dukes perticular)  
 To haue him signe it; he againe endeuours  
 (Not for the Legates paines, but his own pleasure)  
 To gratifie him; and being at last encountred;  
 Where the flood *Tesyn* enters into *Po*,  
 They made a kinde contention, which of them  
 Should enter th'other boate; one thrust the other:  
 Ope legge was ouer, and another in:  
 And with a fiery courtesie, at last  
*Sanoy* leapes out, into the Legates armes,  
 And here ends all his loue, and th'other labour:



## BYRONS CONSPIRACIE.

So shall these termes, and impositions  
Exprest before, hold nothing in themselves  
Really good; but flourish of fame,  
And further then they make to priuate ends  
None wise, or free, their proper vse intends.

*Byr.* O'tis a dangerous, and a dreadfull thing  
To steale prey from a Lyon; or to hide  
A head distrustfull, in his opened iawes;  
To trust our blood in other veines; and hang  
Twixt heauen and earth, in vapors of their breaths:  
To leaue a sure place on continuall earth,  
And force a gate in iumps, from tower to tower,  
As they doe that aspire, from hight to hight;  
The bounds of loyalty are made of glasse,  
Soone broke, but can in no date bee repaired;  
And as the Duke *D. Aumall*, (now heere in Court)  
Flying his conntery; had his Statue torne  
Peec-meale with horses: all his goods confiscate,  
His Armes of honor, kickt about the streetes,  
His goodly house at *Annet* rac'd to th'earth,  
And (for a strange reproche of his foule treason)  
His trees about it, cut off by their wastes,  
So, when men flye the naturall clime of truth,  
And turne themselves loose, out of all the bounds  
Of Iustice, and the straight-way to their ends;  
Forfaking all the sure force in themselves  
To seeke without them, that which is not theirs,  
The formes of all their comforts are distracted;  
The riches of their freedoms forfeited;  
Their humane noblenesse sham'd; the Mansions  
Of their colde spirits, eaten downe with Cares;  
And all their ornaments, of wit and valure,  
Learning, and iudgment, cut from all their fruites.

*Alb.* O, here were now the richest prize in *Europe*,  
Were he but taken in affection.  
Would we might growe together, and be twins,  
Of eithers fortune; or that, still embrac't  
I were, but Ring to such a pretious stone:

C

*Byr.*



## BYRONS CONSPIRACIE

*Byr.* Your highnesse honors, and high bounty showne me,  
Haue won from me, my voluntary power;  
And I must now moue by your eminent will;  
To what particular objects; if I know  
By this mans intercession, he shall bring:  
My vtmost answere, and performe betwixt vs,  
Reciprocall, and full intelligence.

*Alber.* Euen for your owne deserued royal good.  
Tis ioyfully accepted, vse the loues  
And worthy admirations of our friends,  
That beget vowes of all things you can wish,  
And be what I wish; danger saies no more. *Exit.*

*Enter Mansfield at another doore. Exit Picote.*

*Man.* Your highnes makes the light of this Court floope,  
With your so neere departure, I was forc't  
To tender to your excellence in brieft,  
This priuate wish, in taking of my leaue;  
That in some army Royall, old Count *Mansfield*,  
Might be commanded by your matchlesse valor,  
To the supreamest poynt of victory;  
Who vowes for that renowne al praier, and seruice  
No more, least I may wrong you. *Exit Man.*

*Byr.* Thanke your Lordship.

*Enter D' Aumall and Oreng.*

*D' Au.* All maiesty be added to your highnesse,  
Of which, I would not wish your brest to beare  
More modest apprehension: then may tread,  
The high gate of your spirit; and be knowne  
To be a fit Bound for your Boundlesse valor.

*Or.* So *Oreng* wisheth, and to the desarts  
Of your great actions: their most royall Crowne.

*Enter Picote.*

*Pic.* Away my Lord, the Lords enquire for you. *Exit Bir.*

*Manet Oreng, D' Aum. Roiscan.*

*Or.* Would we might winne his valor to our part.

*D' Au.*



## BYRONS CONSPIRACIE.

*D'An.* Tis well prepar'd in his entreaty heere;  
With all states highest obseruations:  
And to their forme, and words, are added gifts,  
He was presented with two goodly horses,  
One of which two, was the braue beast *Pastrana*,  
With plate of gold, and a much prized iewel;  
Girdle and hangers, set with wealthy stones:  
All which were vallew'd, at ten thousand crownes;  
The other Lords had suites of tapistry,  
And chaines of gold, and euery gentleman  
A paire of Spanish Gloues, and Rapire blades:  
And here ends their entreaty; which I hope  
Is the beginning of more good to vs,  
Then twenty thousand times their giftes to them.

*Enter Alber: Byr. Belis. Mans. Roiseau, with others.*

*Alber.* My Lord, I grieue that all the setting forth,  
Of our best welcome, made you more retired:  
Your chamber hath beene more lou'd then our honors  
And therefore we are glad your time of parting  
Is come to set you in the ayre you loue:  
Commend my seruice to his Maiesty,  
And tell him that this day of peace with him  
Is held, as holy. All your payaes my Lords  
I shall bee alwayes glad to gratifie  
With any loue and honor, your owne hearts  
Shall do me grace to wish exprest to you.

*Rois.* Here hath beene strange demeaneure: which shall flie,  
To the great author of this ambassie.

FINIS ACTUS I.

ACT. 2. SCE. 1.

*Sanoy, Laffin, Roneas, Rochette,  
Breton.*

*Sanoy.* Admit no entry, I will speake with none,

C 2

Good



BYRONS CONSPIRACIE.

Good signior *de Laffin*, your worth shall finde,  
That I will make a iewell for my cabinet,  
Or that the King (in surfet of his store)  
Hath cast out, as the sweepings of his hall;  
I told him, hauing threatned you away,  
That I did wonder, this small time of peace,  
Could make him cast his armour so securely  
In such as you, and as t were set the head  
Of one so great in counsailes, on his foote,  
And pitch him from him with such guard like strength.

*Laffi.* He may perhaps finde he hath pitcht away,  
The Axel-tree that kept him on his wheeles.

*San.* I told him so, I sweare in other tearmes  
And not with too much note of our close loues  
Least so he might smokt our practises.

*Laffi.* To chuse his time, and spit his poyson on me  
Through th' eares, and eies of strangers.

*San.* So I told him  
And more then that, which now I will not tell you :  
It rests now then, Noble and worthy friend,  
That to our friendship, we draw Duke *Byron*,  
To whose attraction there is no such chaine,  
As you can fordge, and shake out of your brayne.

*Laffi.* I haue deuise the fashion and the weight ;  
To valures hard to draw, we vse retreates ;  
And, to pull shafts home (with a good bow-arme)  
We thrust hard from vs; since he came from Flanders.  
He heard how I was threatned with the King,  
And hath beene much inquisitiue to know  
The truth of all, and seekes to speake with me :  
The meanes he vnde, I answered doubtfully ;  
And with an intimation that I shund him,  
Which will ( I know ) put more spur to his charge :  
And if his haughty stomach be preparte,  
With will to any act : for the aspiring  
Of his ambitious aymes, I make no doubt  
But I shall worke him to your highnesse wish.

*San.* But vndertake it, and I rest assurd :

You



BYRONS CONSPIRACIE.

You are reported to haue skill in Magicke,  
And the euent of things, at which they reach  
That are in nature apt to ouer-reach :  
Whom the whole circle of the present time,  
In present pleasures, fortunes, knowledges,  
Cannot containe : those men (as broken loose  
From humane limmits) in all violent ends  
Would faine aspire the faculties of fiends  
And in such ayre breathe his vnbounded spirits,  
Which therefore well will fit such coniurations,  
Attempt him then by flying ; close with him,  
And bring him home to vs, and take my dukedom.

*Laf.* My best in that, and all things vowes your seruice.

*San.* Thankes to my deare friend ; and the French *Vlisses*.

*Exit Sanoy.*

*Enter Byron.*

*Byr.* Here is the man ; my honor'd friend, *Laffin*?  
Alone, and heauy countinanc't ? on what termes  
Stood th'insultation of the King vpon you ?

*Laf.* Why doe you aske ?

*Byr.* Since I would know the truth.

*Laf.* And when you know it, what ?

*Byr.* Ile iudge betwixt you,  
And (as I may) make euen th'excesse of eyther.

*Laf.* Alas my Lord, not all your loyalty,  
Which is in you; more then hereditary,  
Nor all your valure (which is more then humane)  
Can do the seruice you may hope on me  
In sounding my displeasde integrity ;  
Stand for the King, as much in policie  
As you haue stird for him indeeds of armes,  
And make your selte his glory, and your countries  
Till you be suckt as dry, and wrought as leane,  
As my fleade earcase : you shall neuer close  
With me, as you imagine.

*Byr.* You much wrong me,  
To thinke me an intelligencing instrument.



BYRONS CONSPIRACIE.

*Laf.* I know not how your so affected zeale,  
To be repured a true hearted subiect,  
May stretch or turne you ; I am desperatd ;  
If I offend you, I am in your power :  
I care not how I tempt your conquering fury,  
I am predestin'd to too base an end,  
To haue the honor of your wrath destroy me ;  
And be a worthy obiect for your sword :  
I lay my hand, and head too at your feete,  
As I haue euer, here I hold it still,  
End me directly, doe not goe about.

*Byr.* How strange is this ? the shame of his disgrace  
Hath made him lunatique.

*Laf.* Since the King hath wrong'd me  
He thinks Ile hurt my selfe ; no, no, my Lord :  
I know that all the Kings in Christendome,  
(If they should ioyne in my reuenge) would proue  
Weake foes to him ; still hauing you to friend :  
If you were gon (I care not if you tell him)  
I might be tempted then to right my selfe. *Exit.*

*Byr.* He has a will to me, and dares no shew it,  
His state decay'd, and he disgrac'd, distracts him.

*Redit Laffin.*

*Laf.* Change not my words my Lord, I only sayd  
I might be tempted then to right my selfe :  
Temptation to treason, is no treason ;  
And that word (tempted) was conditionall too,  
If you were gone, I pray informe the truth. *Exitur.*

*Byr.* Stay iniur'd man, and know I am your friend,  
Farre from these base, and mercenary reaches,  
I am I sweare to you.

*Laf.* You may be so ;  
And yet youle giue me leaue to be *Laffin* ;  
A poore and expuate humor of the Court :  
By what good blood came out with me ; what veines  
And sinews of the Triumphs, now it makes ;  
I list not vante ; yet will I now confesse,  
And dare assume it ; I haue power to adde

To



## BYRONS CONSPIRACIE.

To all his greatnesse; and make yet more fixt  
His bold security; Tell him this my Lord;  
And this (if all the spirits of earth and ayre,  
Be able to enforce) I can make good:  
If knowledge of the sure euent of things,  
Euen from the rise of subiects into Kings:  
And falles of Kings to subiects hold a power  
Of strength to worke it; I can make it good;  
And tell him this to; if in midst of winter  
To make black Groues grow greene; to still the thunder;  
And cast out able flashes from mine eyes,  
To beate the lightning backe in the skies,  
Proue power to do it, I can make it good,  
And tell him this too; if to lift the Sea  
Vp to the Starres, when all the Windes are still;  
And keep it calme, when they are most enrag'd:  
To make earths driest palms, sweate humorous springs  
To make fixt rockes walke; and loose shadowes stand,  
To make the dead speake; mid-night see the Sun,  
Mid-day turne mid-night; to dissolue all lawes  
Of nature, and of order, argue power  
Able to worke all, I can make all good,  
And all this tell the King.

*Byr.* Tis more then strange,  
To see you stand thus at the rapiers poynt  
With one so kinde, and sure a friend as I.

*Laf.* Who cannot friend himselfe, is foe to any,  
And to be fear'd of all, and that is it,  
Makes me skorn'd, but make me what you can;  
Neuer so wicked, and so full of feends,  
I neuer yet was traytor to my friends:  
The lawes of friendship I haue euer held,  
As my religion; and for other lawes;  
Hee is a foole that keepes them with more care,  
Then they keepe him, safe, rich and populare:  
For riches, and for populare respects  
Take them amongst yee Minions, but for safety,  
You shall not finde the least flaw in mine armes,

To



BYRONS CONSPIRACIE.

To pierce or taint me; what will great men be,  
To please the King, and beare authority. *Exit.*

*Byr.* How fit a sort were this to hanſell fortune?  
And I will winne it though I looſe my ſelfe,  
Though he prooue harder then *Egyptian* Marble,  
He make him malliable, as th'*Ophyr* gold;  
I am put off from this dull ſhore of Eaſt,  
Into induſtrious, and high-going Seas;  
Where like *Pelides* in *Scamander* flood,  
Vp to the eares in ſurges, I will fight,  
And plucke French *Ilium* vnderneath the waues;  
If to be higheſt ſtill, be to be beſt,  
All workes to that end are the wortheiſt:  
Truth is a golden Ball, caſt in our way,  
To make vs ſtrip by falſe-hood: And as *Spaine*  
When the hot ſcuffles of *Barbarian* armes,  
Smother'd the life of *Don Sebastian*,  
To gild the leaden rumor of his death  
Gaue for a ſlaught'r'd body (held for his)  
A hundred thouſand crownes; cau'd all the ſtate  
Of ſuperſtitious *Portugall*, to mourne  
And celebrate his ſolemne funerals;  
The Moores to conqueſt, thankfull feaſts preferre,  
And all made with the carcaſſe of a *Switzer*;  
So in the Gyant-like, and politique warres  
Of barbarous greatneſſe, raging ſtill in peace,  
Shewes to aſpice juſt obiects; are layd on  
With coſt, with labour, and with forme enough,  
Which onely makes our beſt acts brooke the light,  
And their ends had, we thinke we haue their right,  
So worſt workes are made good, with good ſucceſſe,  
And ſo for Kings, pay ſubiect's carcaſes. *Exit.*

*Enter Henry, Roifeau.*

*Hen.* Was he ſo courted?

*Roif.* As a City Dame,  
Brought by her iealous husband, to the Court,

Some



## BYRONS CONSPIRACIE.

Some elder Courtiers entertaining him,  
While others snatch, a fauour from his wife:  
One starts from this doore; from that nooke another  
With gifts, and iunkets, and with printed phrase,  
Steale her employment, shifting place by place  
Still as her husband comes: so Duke *Byron*  
Was woode, and worshipt in the Arch-dukes court,  
And as the assistants that your Maiesty,  
Ioynd in Commission with him, or my selfe,  
Or any other doubted eye appear'd,  
He euer vanish: and as such a dame,  
As we compar'd with him before, being won  
To breake faith to her husband, loose her fame,  
Staine both their progenies, and comming fresh  
From vnderneath the burthen of her shame,  
Visits her husband with as chaste a brow,  
As temperate, and confirm'd behauour,  
As she came quitted from confession.  
So from his scapes, would he present a presence,  
The practise of his state adultery,  
And guilt that should a gracefull bosome strike,  
Drownd in the set lake, of a hopelesse checke.

*Hen.* It may be hee dissembled, or suppose,  
He be a little tainted; men whom vertue  
Formes with the stuffe of fortune, great, and gracious  
Must needs pertake with fortune in her humor  
Of instability: end are like to shafts  
Growne crookt with standing, which to rectifie,  
Must twice as much be bowd another way,  
He that hath borne wounds for his worthy parts,  
Must for his worst be borne with: we must fit  
Our gouernment to men, as men to it:  
In old time they that hunted sauadge beasts,  
Are said to cloth themselves in sauage skinnes,  
They that were Fowlers when they went on Fowling,  
Wore garments made with wings resembling Fowles,  
To Buls: we must not shew our selues in red,

D

Not



# BYRONS CONSPIRACIE.

Nor to the warlike Elephant in white,  
 In all things govern'd, their infirmities  
 Must not be stir'd, nor wrought on; Duke *Byron*  
 Flowes with adust, and melancholy choller,  
 And melancholy spirits are venomous:  
 Not to be toucht, but as they may be cur'd;  
 I therefore meane to make him change the ayre,  
 And send him further then those Spanish vapors,  
 That still beare fighting sulphur in their breasts,  
 To breath a while in temperate English ayre,  
 Where lips are spic'd with free and loyal counsailes,  
 Where policies are not ruinous, but sauing;  
 Wisdome is simple, valure righteous,  
 Humaine, and hating facts of brutish forces,  
 And whose graue natures, scorne the scoffs of *France*,  
 The empty complements of *Italy*,  
 The any-way encroching pride of *Spaine*,  
 And loue men modest, harty, iust, and playne.

*Sauoy, whispering with Laffin.*

*Sau.* Ile found him for *Byron*; and what I finde,  
 In the Kings depth; ile draw vp, and informe,  
 In excitations to the Dukes reuolt,  
 When next I meete with him.

*Laf.* It must be done  
 With praising of the Duke; from whom the king  
 Will take to giue himselfe; which told the Duke,  
 Will take his heart vp into all ambition.

*Sau.* I know it (politicke friend) and tis my purpose, *Exit Laf.*  
 Your Maiesty hath wist a royall fight,  
 The Duke *Byron*, on his braue beast *Pastrana*,  
 Who sits him like a full-sail'd *Agrosea*,  
 Danc'd with a lofty billow, and as snug  
 Plyes to his bearer, both their motions mixt;  
 And being considred in their site together,  
 They do the best present the state of man,  
 In his first royalty ruling; and of beasts  
 In their first loyalty seruing; one commanding,  
 And no way being mou'd; the other seruing,

And



## BYRONS CONSPIRACIE.

And no way being compeld; of all the fights  
That euer my eye witnest; and they make  
A doctrinall and witty Hierogliphick,  
Of a blest kingdome; to expresse and teach,  
Kings to command as they could serue, and subiects  
To serue as if they had power to command.

*Hen.* You are a good old horseman I perceiue,  
And still out all the vse of that good part:  
Your wit is of the true *Piercean* spring,  
That can make anything, of any thing.

*San.* So braue a subiect as the Duke, no king  
Seated on earth, can vaunt of, but your highnesse,  
So valiant, loyall, and so great in seruice.

*Hen.* No question he sets valour in his height,  
And hath done seruice to an equall pitche,  
Fortune attending him with fit euent,  
To all his ventrous and well-layd attempts.

*San.* Fortune to him was *Iuno*, to *Alcides*,  
For when, or where did she but open way,  
To any act of his? what stone tooke he  
With her help, or without his owne lost bloud?  
What fort won he by her? or not was forc't?  
What victory but gainst ods? on what Commander  
Sleepy, or negligent, did he euer charge?  
What Summer euer made she faire to him?  
What winter, not of one continued storme?  
Fortune is so farre from his Creditresse,  
That she owes him much; for in him, her looks  
Are louely, modest, and magnanimous,  
Constant, victorious; and in his Achieuements,  
Her cheeks are drawne out with a vertuous rednes,  
Out of his eager spirit to victory,  
And chaste contention to conuince with honor;  
And (I haue heard) his spirits haue flow'd so high,  
In all his conflicts against any odds,  
That (in his charge) his lips haue bled with feruor:  
How seru'd he at your famous siege of *Drenx*?  
Where the enemy (assur'd of victory)



## BYRONS CONSPIRACIE.

Drew out a body of foure thousand horse,  
And twice six thousand foote, and like a Crescent,  
Stood for the signall, you: (that show'd your selfe  
A sound old souldier) thinking it not fit  
To giue your enemy the ods, and honour  
Of the first stroke, commanded *de la Guiche*,  
To let flye all his cannons, that did pierce  
The aduerse thickest squadrons, and had shot  
Nine volleies ere the foe had once giuen fire.  
Your troope was charg'd, and when your dukes old father,  
Met with th'affailants, and their Groue of Reiters  
Repulst so fircely, made them turne their beards  
And rallie vp themselues behind their troopes:  
Fresh forces seeing your troopes a little seuerd,  
From that first part assaulted, gaue it charge,  
Which then, this duke made good, seconds his father,  
Beates through and through the enemies greatest strength,  
And breakes the rest like Billowes gainst a rock  
And there the heart of that huge battaile broke.

*Hen.* The heart but now came on, in that strong body,  
Of twice two thousand horse, lead by *Du Maine*  
Which (if I would be glorious) I could say  
I first encountered,

*San.* How did he take in  
*Beaune* in view of that inuincible army  
Lead by the Lord great Constable of Castile?  
*Autun*, and *Nuis*: in Burgundy chaff away,  
Vicount *Tauannes* troopes before Dijon,  
And puts himselfe in, and there was that won.

*Hen.* If you would onely giue me leaue my Lord,  
I would do right to him, yet you must not giue.

*San.* A league from *Fountaine Francois*, when you sent him,  
To make discouery of the Castile army,  
When he discern'd twas it (with wondrous wisdom  
Ioynd to his spirite) he seem'd to make retreat,  
But when they prest him, and the Barron of Lux,  
Set on their charge so hotly, that his horse,  
Was slayne, and he most dangerously engag'd,

Then



BYRONS CONSPIRACIE.

Then turn'd your braue duke head, and (with such ease  
As doth an Eccho beate backe violent sounds,  
With their owne forces he, (as if a wall  
Start sudainly before them (pasht them all  
Flat, as the earth, and there was that field won.

*Hen.* Y'are all the fiede wide,

*Sau.* Oh, I aske you pardon,  
The strength of that field yet lay in his backe,  
Vpon the foes part ; and what is to come,  
Of this your Marshall, now your worthy Duke  
Is much beyond the rest ; for now he sees  
A sort of horse troopes, issue from the woods,  
In number neere twelue hundred; and retyring  
To tell you that the entire army follow'd,  
Before he could relate it, he was forc't  
To turne head, and receiue the maine assault  
Of five horsetroopes : onely with twenty horse :  
The first he met, he tumbled to the earth,  
And brake through al, not daunted with two wounds,  
One on his head, another on his brest,  
The blood of which, drown'd all the field in doubt :  
Your maiesty himselfe was then engag'd,  
Your power not yet arriu'd, then vp you brought  
The little strength you had ; a cloud of foes,  
Ready to burst in stormes about your eares :  
Three squadrons rusht against you, and the first,  
You tooke so fiercely, that, you beate their thoughts  
Out of their bosoms, from the vrged fight :  
The second all amazed you ouerthrew,  
The third disperst, with five and twenty horse  
Left all the fourescore that persude the chase :  
And his braue conquest, now your Marshall seconds  
Against two squadrons, but with fifty horse,  
One after other he defeates them both,  
And made them run like men, whose heeles were tript,  
And pitch their heads, in their great generalls lap:  
And him he sets on, as he had beene shot  
Out of a Cannon : beares him into route,



BYRONS CONSPIRACIE.

And as a little brooke being ouer-runne  
With a blacke torrent; that beares all things downe,  
His fury ouer-takes his fomy backe,  
Loaded with Cattle, and with stacks of Corne,  
And makes the miserable Plow-man mourne;  
So was *du Maine* furcharg'd, and so *Byron*  
Flow'd ouer all his forces; euery drop  
Of his lost blood, bought with a worthy man;  
And onely with a hundred Gentlemen  
He wonne the place, from fifteene hundred horse.

*Hen.* He won the place?

*Sau.* Oo my word, so tis sayd.

*Hen.* Fie you haue been extreamly mis-inform'd.

*Sau.* I onely tell your highnesse what I heard,  
I was not there; and though I haue beene rude,  
With wonder of his vallor, and presum'd,  
To keepe his merit in his full carie,  
Not hearing you, when yours made such a thunder;  
Pardon my fault, since twas t'e extoll your seruant;  
But is it not most true, that twixt yee both,  
So few achieu'd, the conquest of so many?

*Hen.* It is a truth, must make me euer thankfull,  
But not perform'd by him, was not I there?  
Commaunded him, and in the maine assault,  
Made him but second?

*Sau.* He's the capitall souldier,  
That liues this day in hely Christendome,  
Except your highnesse, alwayes except *Plato*.

*Hen.* We must not giue to one, to take from many,  
For (not to praise our country-men) here seru'd,  
The Generall *My Lord Norris*, sent from *England*:  
As great a Captaine as the World affords:  
One fit to leade, and fight for Christendome;  
Of more experience; and of stronger braine;  
As valiant for abiding; in Commaund,  
On any suddaine; vpon any ground  
And in the forme of all occasions  
As ready, and as profitably, dauntlesse;

And



## BYRONS CONSPIRACIE.

And heare was then another; Collonell *Williams*,  
A worrhy Captaine; and more like the Duke,  
Because he was lesse temperate then the Generall;  
And being familliar with the man you prayse,  
(Because he knew him haughty and incapable,  
Of all comparison) would compare with him,  
And hold his swelling valour to the marke,  
Iustice had set in him, and not his will:  
And as in open vessells fil'd with water,  
And on mens shoulders borne, they put treene cups,  
To keepe the wild and slippery element,  
From washing ouer: follow all his Swayes  
And tickle aptnesse, to exceed his bounds,  
And at the brym containe him: so this Knight,  
Swomme in *Byron*, and held him, but to right.  
But leaue these hot comparisons, he's mine owne,  
And then what I possesse, Ile more be knowne.

*Sam.* All this shall to the Duke, I fight for this.

*Exeunt.*

*FINIS. Actus Secundi.*

## ACTVS 3. SCÆNA 1.

*Enter Laffin: Byron following vnseene.*

*Laf.* A fained passion in his hearing now,  
(Which he thinks I perceiue not) making conscience,  
Of the reuolt that he hath vrdg'd to me,  
(Which now he meanes to prosecute) would sound,  
How deepe he stands affected with that scruple.  
As when the Moone hath comforted the Night,  
And set the world in siluer of her light,  
The Planets, Asterisms, and whole state of Heauen,  
In beames of gold descending; all the windes,  
Bound vp in caues, chargd not to driue abroad,  
Their cloudy heads; an vniuersall peace,  
Proclaimd in silence of the quiet earth.  
Soone as her hot and dry fumes are let loose,  
Stormes and clouds mixing; sodainely put out.

*The*



## BYRONS CONSPIRACIE.

The eyes of all these glories : The creation,  
Turn'd into *Chaos*, and we then desire,  
For all our joy of life, the death of sleepe ;  
So when the glories of our liues, mens loues,  
Cleare consciences, our fames, and loyalties,  
That did vs worthy comfort, are eclips'd,  
Griefe and disgrace invade vs ; and for all,  
Our night of life besides, our Misery craues,  
Darke earth would ope and hide vs in our graues.

*Byr.* How strange is this ?

*Laf.* What? did your highnesse heare?

*Byr.* Both heard & wondred, that your wit & spirit,  
And profit in experience of the flaueries,  
Impos'd on vs ; in those meere politique termes,  
Of loue, fame, loyalty, can be carried vp,  
To such a height of ignorant conscience ;  
Of cowardise, and dissolution,  
In all the free-borne powers of royall man.  
You that haue made way through all the guards,  
Of Icalous State ; and scene on both your sides,  
The pikes poynt charging heauen to let you passe,  
Will you, (in flying with a scrupulous wing,  
Aboue those pikes to heauen-ward) fall on them ?  
This is like men, that (spirited with wine,)  
Passe dangerous places safe ; and dye for feare,  
With onely thought on them, being simply sober ;  
We must (in passing to our wished ends,  
Through things cal'd good and bad) bee like the ayre,  
That euenly interpos'd betwixt the seas,  
And the opposed Element of fire ;  
As eyther toucheth, but partakes with neyther ;  
Is neyther hot nor cold, but with a slight,  
And harmelesse temper mixt of both th'exstreames.

*Laf.* Tis shrode.

*Byr.* There is no truth of any good  
To be discern'd on earth ; and by conuersion,  
Nought therefore simply bad ; but as the stuffe,  
Prepar'd for *Arras* pictures, is no Picture,

Till



## BYRONS CONSPIRACLE.

Till it be form'd, and man hath cast the beames,  
Of his imaginous fancie through it,  
In forming ancient Kings and conquerors,  
As he conceives they look't, and were attirde,  
Though they were nothing so: so all things here,  
Haue at their price set downe, from mens concepts  
Which make all terms and actions good, or bad,  
And are but pliant, and well-coloured threads,  
Put into fained images of truth:  
To which, to yeeld, and kneele, as truth pure kings,  
That puld vs downe with cleere truth of their Gospell,  
Were Superstition to be hyst to hell.

*Laffi.* Beleue it this is reason.

*Byr.* 'Tis the faith,  
Of reason and of wisdom.

*Laffi.* You perswade,  
As if you would create: what man can shunne,  
The serches, and compressions of your graces.

*Byr.* We must haue these lures when we hawke for friends,  
And winde about them like a subtile Riuer,  
That (seeming onely to runne on his course)  
Doth serch yet, as he runnes; and still finds out,  
The easiest parts of enter y on the shore;  
Gliding so slyly by, as scarce it toucht,  
Yet still eates some thing in it: so must those,  
That haue large fields, and currants to dispose.  
Come let vs ioyne our forces, we must run far  
And haue but little time: The Duke of Sauoy,  
Is shortly to be gone, and I must needes,  
Make you well knowne to him.

*Laffi.* But hath your highnesse,  
Some enterprize of value ioynd with him?

*Byr.* With him and greater persons.

*Laffi.* I will creepe,  
Vpon my bosome in your Princely seruice,  
Vouchsafe to make me known. I heare there liues not,  
So kind, so bountifull, and wise a Prince,  
But in your owne excepted excellence.

E

*Byr.*



*BYRONS CONSPIRACIE.*

*Byr.* He shall both know and love you: are you mine

*Laf.* I take the honor of it, on my knee,  
And hope to quit it with your Maiesty. *Exit.*

*Enter Saucy, Roncas, Rochet Breton.*

*Sau.* *La Fin*, is in the right; and will obtaine;  
He draweth with his weight, and like a plummet  
That swaies a doore, with falling off, puls after.

*Ron.* Thus will *Laffin* be brought a stranger to you  
By him he leads; he conquers that is conquered,  
That's fought, as hard to win, that sues to be won.

*Sau.* But is my Painter warn'd to take his picture,  
When he shall see me, and present *Laffin*?

*Roch.* He is (my Lord) and as (your highnes wild)  
All we will presse about him, and admire,  
The royall promise of his rare aspect,  
As if he heard not.

*Sau.* I will enflame him,  
Such tricks the Arch-duke vs'd to extol his greatnes,  
Which complements though plainmen hold absurd,  
And a meere remedy for desire of Greatnesse.  
Yet great men vse them; as their state Potatoes,  
High Coollifes, and potions to excite  
The lust of their ambition: and this Duke;  
You know is noted in his natural garb  
Extreamely glorious; who will therefore bring  
An appetite expecting such a baite;  
He comes, go instantly, and fetch the Painter.

*Enter Byron. La Fin.*

*Sir.* All honor to your highnesse,

*Sau.* Tis most true.

All honors flow to me, in you their Ocean;  
As welcome worthyest Duke, as if my marquise  
Were circl'd with you in these amorous armes.

*Byr.* I sorrow Sir I could not bring it with me.

That



# BYRONS CONSPIRACIE.

That I might so supply the fruitlesse complement,  
Of onely visiting your excellence,  
With which the king now sends me t'entertaine you;  
Which notwithstanding doth confer this good,  
That it hath giuen me some small time to thew,  
My gratitude for the many secret bounties,  
I haue (by this your Lord Ambassador)  
Felt from your heighnesse; and in short, t'assure you,  
That all my most deserts are at your seruice.

*San.* Had the king sent me by you halfe his kingdome,  
It were not naile to welcom.

*Byr.* For defect,  
Of whatlocuer in my selfe (my Lord)  
I here com mend to your most Princely seruice  
This honord friend of mine.

*San.* Your name I pray you Sir.

*Laf Lassin* my Lord.

*San.* *Lassin*? Is this the man,  
That you so recommended to my loue?

*Ron.* The same my Lord.

*San.* Y'are next my Lord the Duke,  
The most desired of all men. O my Lord,  
The king and I haue had a mighty conflict,  
About your conflicts, and your matchles worth  
In military vertues; which I put  
In Ballance with the continent of *France*,  
In all the peace and safety it inioyes.  
And made euen weigh with al he could put in  
Of all mens else; and of his owne deserts.

*Byr.* Of all mens else; would he weigh other mens,  
With my deseruings?

*San.* I vpon my life,  
The English Generall, the Mylor *Norris*,  
That seru'd amongst you here, he parralleld  
With you at all parts, and in some preferd him,  
And Collonell *Williams* (a Welch Collonel)  
He made a man, that at your most containd you  
Which the welch Herraide of their praise, the Cucko.



## BYRONS CONSPIRACIE.

Would scarce haue put, in his monology,  
In iest, and said with reuerence to his merites,

*Byr.* With reuerence? Reuerence scornes him: by the spoyle,  
Of all her Merites in me, he shall rue it;  
Did euer *Curtian* Gulfe play such a part?  
Had *Curtius* beene so vsed, if he had brook't,  
That rauinous whirlepoole, pour'd his solide spirits,  
Through earth dissolued sinewes, stopt her veines.  
And rose with saued Rome, vpon his backe,  
As I swim pooles of fire, and Gulfs of brasse,  
To saue my Country? thrust this venturous arme,  
Beneath her ruines; tooke her on my necke,  
And set her safe on her appeased shore?  
And opes the king, a fouler bog then this,  
In his so rotten bosome, to deuoure  
Him that deuourd, what else had swallowed him  
In a detraction, so with spight embrewed,  
And drowne such good in such ingratitude?  
My spirit as yet, but stooping to his rest,  
Shines hotly in him, as the Sunne in clouds,  
Purpled, and made proud with a peacefull Euen:  
But when I throughly set to him, his cheeks,  
Will (like those clouds) forgoe their colour quite:  
And his whole blaze, smokt into endlesse night.

*San* Nay, nay, we must haue no such gall my Lord  
O'reflow our friendly liuers: my relation,  
Onely deliuers my enflamed zeale  
To your religious merites, which me thinkes,  
Should make your highnesse canoniz'd a Saint.

*Byr.* What had his armes bene, without my arme,  
That with his motion, made the whole field moue?  
And this held vp, we still had victory.  
When ouer charg'd with number, his few friends  
Retir'd amazed, I set them on a flard,  
And what rude ruine seas'd on I confirmed;  
When I left leading, all his army reeld.  
One fell on other foule, and as the *Cyclop*  
That hauing lost his eye, stroke euery way,

His



## BYRONS CONSPIRACIE.

His blowes directed to no certaine scope ;  
Or as the soule departed from the body,  
The body wants coherence in his parts,  
Cannot consist, but seuer, and dissolue ;  
So I remou'd once, all his armies shooke,  
Panted and fainted, and were euer flying,  
Like wandring pulses sperst through bodies dying.

*San.* It cannot be denied, tis all so true,  
That what seemes arrogance, is desert in you.

*Byr.* What monstrous humors feed a Princes blood,  
Being bad to good men, and to bad men good ?

*San.* Well let these contradictions passe (my Lord)  
Till they be reconcil'd, or put in forme,  
By power giuen to your will, and you present,  
The fashion of a perfect gouernment ;  
In meane space but a word, we haue small time,  
To spend in priuate, which I wish may be  
With all aduantage taken; Lord *Laffin*.

*Ron.* Ist not a face of excellent presentment,  
Though not so amorous with pure white and red,  
Yet is the whole proportion singular.

*Roch.* That euer I beheld.

*Bret.* It hath good lines.

And tracts drawne through it : the purple, rare.

*Ron.* I heard the famous and right learned Earle,  
And Arch-bishop of *Lyons*, *Pierce Pinac*,  
Who was reported to haue wondrous Iudgement  
In mens euents and natures, by their lookes :  
(Vpon his death bed, visited by this Duke)  
He told his sister, when his grace was gon,  
That he had neuer yet obseru'd a face,  
Of worse presage then this; and I will sweare,  
That (something seene in Phisyogonomy)  
I doe not finde in all the rules it giues  
One slenderest blemish tending to mishap,  
But (on the opposite part) as we may see;  
On trees late blossom'd, when all frosts are past,  
How they are taken, and what will be fruite :



## BYRONS CONSPIRACIE,

So on this tree of Scepters, I discern  
How it is loaden with apparances,  
Rules answering rules; and glances, crown'd with glances.

*He snatches away the picture.*

*Byr.* What, does he take my picture?

*Sau.* I my Lord.

*Byr.* Your highnes will excuse me; I will giue you  
My likenesse put in Statue, not in picture;  
And by a Statuary of mine owne,  
That can in brasse expresse the wit of man,  
And in his forme, make all men see his vertues:  
Others that with much strictnesse immitate,  
The some-thing stooping carriage of my necke:  
The voluble and milde radiance of mine eyes,  
Neuer obserue my Masculine aspect,  
And Lyon-like instinct, it shadoweth:  
Which Enuy cannot say is flattery:  
And I will haue my Image promist you,  
Cut in such matter, as shall euer last;  
Where it shall stand, fixt with eternall rootes,  
And with a most vnmooued grauity;  
For I will haue the famous mountayne *Oros*,  
That looks out of the Dutchy where I gouerne,  
(Into your highnesse Dukedome) first made yours,  
And then with such inimitable arte  
Exprest and handled; chiefly from the place  
Where most conspicuously, he shewes his face,  
That though it keepe the true forme of that hill  
In all his longitudes and latitudes,  
His height, his distances and full proportion,  
Yet shall it clearely beare my counterfaite,  
Both in my face and all my lineaments:  
And euery man shall say, this is *Byron*.  
Within my left hand, I will hold a City,  
Which is the City *Amiens*; at whose fiedge  
I seru'd so memorably: from my right,  
Ile power an endlesse flood, into a Sea  
Raging beneath me, which shall intimate

My



## BYRONS CONSPIRACIE.

My ceaselesse seruice, drunke vp by the King  
As th' Ocean drinks vp riuers, and makes all  
Beare his proude title ; *Iuory, Brasse and Gold,*  
That theeues may purchase ; and be bought and sold,  
Shall not be vs'd about me, lasting worth  
Shall onely set the Duke of *Byron* forth.

*Sau.* Oh that your statuary could expresse you,  
With any neerenesse to your owne instructions;  
That statue would I prize past all the iewells  
Within my cabinet of *Beatrice,*  
The memory of my Grandame Portugall ;  
Most royall Duke : we cannot long endure  
To be thus priuate, let vs then conclude,  
With this great resolution : that your wisedome,  
Will not forget to cast a pleasing vayle  
Ouer your anger ; that may hide each glance,  
Of any notice taken of your wrong,  
And shew your selfe the more obsequious.  
Tis but the vertue of a little patience,  
There are so oft attempts made gainst his person,  
That sometimes they may speede, for they are plants  
That spring the more for cutting, and at last  
Will cast their wished shadow ; marke ere long :

*Enter Nemours Soisson.*

See who comes here my Lord, as now no more,  
Now must we turne our streame another way ;  
My Lord, I humbly thanke his maiesty,  
That he would grace my idle time spent here  
With entertainment of your princely person;  
Which, worthily he keepes for his owne bosome,  
My Lord, the Duke *Nemours?* and Count *Soisson?*  
Your honours haue beene bountiffully done me  
In often visitation : Let me pray you,  
To see some iewells now, and helpe my choyce,  
In making vp a present for the King.

*Nem.* Your highnesse shall much grace vs.

*Sau.* I am doubtfull  
That I haue much incens'd the Duke *Byron,*

Vvith



## BYRONS CONSPIRACIE.

With praying the Kings worthlesse in armes  
So much past all men.

*Scif.* He deserues it highly, *Exit. manet Byron, Laffin.*

*Byr.* What wrongs are these, layd on me by the King,  
To equall others worths in warre, with mine;  
Endure this, and be turn'd into his Moyle  
To beare his sumptures: honor'd friend be true,  
And we will turne these torrents, hence. *En. the King. Ex. Laf.*

*Enter Henry, Espe. Vitry, Ianin.*

*Hen.* Why suffer you that ill aboding vermine,  
To breede so neere your bosome? be assur'd,  
His haunts are omenous, not the throats of Rauens,  
Spent on infected houses, howles of dogs,  
When no sound stirres, at mid-night; apparitions,  
And strokes of spirits, clad in black-mens shapes:  
Or vgly womens: the aduerse decrees  
Of constellations, nor security,  
In vicious peace, are surer fatall vsers  
Of femall mischiefes, and mortallities,  
Then this prodigious seend is, where he fawnes:  
*Lafind*, and not *Laffin*, he should be cald.

*Byr.* Be what he will, men in themselves entyre,  
March safe with naked feete, on coales of fire:  
I build not out-ward, nor depend on proppes,  
Nor chuse my consort by the common care:  
Nor by the Moone-shine, in the grace of Kings:  
So rare are true deseruers, lou'd or knowne,  
That men lou'd vulgarly; are euer none:  
Nor men gract seruilely, for being spots  
In Princes traines, though borne euen with their Crownes;  
The Station power, hath such a beesome tayle,  
That it sweepes all from iustice, and such filth  
He beares out in it, that men meere exempt,  
Are meere cleare; men will shortly buy  
Friends from the prison, or the pillory,  
Rather then honors markets. I feare none,

But



## BYRONS CONSPIRACIE.

But foule Ingratitude, and Detraction,  
In all the brood of villanie.

*Hen.* No? not treason?

Be circumspect, for to a credulous eye,  
He comes inuisible, vail'd with flatterie,  
And flatterers looke like freinds, as wolues like dogges  
And as a glorious Poeme fronted well  
With many a goodly Herral'd of his praise,  
So farre from hate of praises to his face  
That he praies men to praise him, and they ride  
Before, with trumpets in their mouths, proclaiming  
Life to the holy turie of his lines:  
All drawne, as if with one eye he had leerd,  
On his lou'd hand; and let it by a rule:  
That his plumes onely Imp the Muses wings,  
He sleepest with them, his head is napt with bayes,  
His lips breake out with *Nectar*, his tunde feete  
Are of the great last, the perpetuall motion,  
And he putt with their empty breath beleeues  
Full merit, eas'd, those passions of winde,  
Which yet serue, but to praise, and cannot merit,  
And to his fury in their ayre expires:  
So *de Laffin*, and such corrupted Heralds,  
Hirde to encourage, and to glorifie  
May force what breath they will into their cheekes  
Fitter to blow vp bladders then full men:  
Yet may pusse men to, with perswasions  
That they are Gods in worth; and may rise Kings  
With treading on their noses; yet the worthiest,  
From onely his owne worth receiues his spirit  
And right is worthy bound to any merit;  
Which right, shall you haue euer, leaue him then,  
He followes none but markt, and wretched men;  
And now for England you shail go my Lord,  
Our Lord Ambassadour to that matchlesse Queene  
You neuer had a voyage of such pleasure  
Honor, and worthy obiects: Ther's a Queene  
Where nature keepes her state, and state her Court,



## BYRONS CONSPIRACIE.

*Wisdome* her study, *Continence* her fort,  
Where *Magnanimity*, *Humanity* :  
*Firmnesse* in counsaile and integrity ;  
Grace to her poorest subiects : *Maiefty*  
To awe the greatest, haue respects diuine,  
And in her each part, all the vertues shine. *Exit Hen. & Sam.*

*Byr.* Inioy your will a while, I may haue mine. *manet Byron.*  
Wherefore (before I part to this ambassage)  
Ile be resolued by a Magician  
That dwells hereby, to whom ile go disguise,  
And shew him my birth's figure, set before  
By one of his profession: of the which  
Ile craue his iudgment, saying I am sent  
From some great personage, whose natiuitie,  
He wisheth should be centured by his skill.  
But on go my plots, be it good or ill. *Exit.*

### *Enter Labrosse.*

This houre by all rules of Astrology,  
Is dangerous to my person if not deadly.  
How haples is our knowledge to fore-tel  
And not be able to preuent a mischiefe;  
O the strange difference twixt vs and the stars:  
They worke with inclinations strong and fatal  
And nothing know; and we know al their working,  
And naught can do, or nothing can preuent?  
Rude ignorance is beastly, knowledg wretched:  
The heauenly powers enuy what they *Enioyne*:  
We are commanded t'imitate their natures,  
In making all our ends eternitie:  
And in that imitation we are plagued,  
And worse then they esteemd, that haue no soules,  
But in their nostrils, and like beasts expire;  
As they do that are ignorant of arts,  
By drowning their eternall parts in sence,  
And sensuall affectations: while we liue  
Our good parts take away, the more they giue.

*Byron*



## BYRONS CONSPIRACIE.

*Byron solus disguised like a Carrier of letters.*

*Byr.* The forts that fauourets hold in Princes hearts  
In common subiects loues; and their owne strengths  
Are not so sure, and vnexpugnable,  
But that the more they are presum'd vpon,  
The more they faile; dayly and houely prooffe,  
Tels vs prosperity is at highest degree  
The fount and handle of calamity:  
Like dust before a whirle-wind those men fly,  
That prostrate on the grounds of fortune lie:  
And being great (like trees that broadest sproote)  
Their owne top-heavy state grubs vp their roote.  
These apprehensions startle all my powers,  
And arme them with suspicion gainst themselves,  
In my late proiects; I haue cast my selfe  
Into the armes of others; and will see  
If they will let me fall; or tesse me vp  
Into th'affected compasse of a throne.  
God saue you sir.

*Labross.* Y' are welcom friend; what would you?

*Byr.* I would entreat you, for some crownes I bring,  
To giue your iudgment of this figure cast,  
To know by his natiuity there scene;  
What sort of end the perion shall endure,  
Who sent me to you, and whose birth it is.

*Labross.* Ile herein do my best, in your desire;  
The man is rais'd out of a good descent,  
And nothing older then your selfe I thinke;  
Is it not you?

*Byr.* I will not tell you that:  
But tell me on what end he shall arriue.

*Labross.* My sonne, I see, that he whose end is cast  
In this set figure, is of noble parts,  
And by his military valor rais'de,  
To Princely honors, and may be a king,  
But that I see a *Caput Algol* here,



BYRONS CONSPIRACIE.

That hinders it I feare.

*Byr.* A Caput *Algol*?

What's that I pray?

*Labross.* Forbeare to aske me, sonne,  
You bid me speake, what feare bids me conceale.

*Byr.* You haue no cause to feare, and therefore speake

*Labross.* Youle rather wish you had bin ignorant,  
Then be instructed in a thing so ill.

*Byr.* Ignorance is an idle salve for ill,  
And therefore do not vrge me to enforce,  
What I would freely know; for by the skill  
Showne in thy aged hayres, ile lay thy braine  
Heere scattered at my feete, and seeke in that,  
What safely thou must vtter with thy tongue,  
If thou deny it.

*Labross.* Will you not allow me  
To hold my peace? what lesse can I desire?  
If not, be pleas'd with my constrained speech,

*Byr.* Was euer man yet punish't for expressing  
VVhat he was charg'd? be free and speake the worst.

*Labross.* Then briefly this; the man hath lately done  
An action that will make him loose his head.

*Byr.* Curst be thy throat and soule, Rauen, Screech-oule, Hagge

*Labross.* O hold, for heauens sake hold.

*Byr.* Hold on, I will,  
Vault, and contractor of all horred sounds,  
Trumpet of all the miseries in hell.  
Of my confusions; of the shamefull end  
Of all my seruices; wich, fiend, accurst  
For euer be the poyson of thy tongue,  
And let the blacke fume of thy venom'd breath,  
Infect the ayre, shrinke heauen, put out the starres,  
And raine so fell, and blew a plague on earth,  
That all the world may falter with my fall.

*Libross.* Pitty my age my Lord.

*Byr.* Out prodigie,  
Remedy of pittie, mine of flint,  
VVhence with my nayles and feete, ile digge enough,

Horror



BYRONS CONSPIRACIE.

Horror and sauage cruelty, to build  
Temples to Massacre : dam of diuels take thee,  
Hadst thou no better end to crowne my parts.  
The Bulls of *Colchos*, nor his triple necke,  
That howles out earthquakes: the most mortal vapors  
That euer stifled and strooke dead the fowles,  
That flew at neuer such a sightly pitch,  
Could not haue burnt my blood so.

*Labros.* I told truth,  
And could haue flatter'd you.

*Byr.* Oh that thou hadst;  
Would I had giuen thee twenty thousand crownes  
That thou hadst flatter'd me : there's no ioy on earth,  
Neuer so rationall, so pure and holy,  
But is a Iester, Parasite, a Whore,  
In the most worthy parts, with which they please,  
A drunkenesse of soule, and a disease.

*Labros.* I knew you not.

*Byr.* Peace, dog of *Pluto*, peace,  
Thou knewst my end to come, not me here present :  
Pox of your halting humane knowledges;  
Oh death ! how farre off hast thou kild ? how soone  
A man may know too much, though neuer nothing ?  
Spite of the Starres, and all Astrology,  
I will not loose my head : or if I do,  
A hundred thousand heads shall off before.  
I am a nobler substance then the Starres,  
And shall the baser ouer-rule the better ?  
Or are they better, since they are the bigger ?  
I haue a will and faculties of choyse,  
To do, or not to do ; and reason why,  
I do or not do this : the starres haue none,  
They know not why they shine, more then this taper,  
Nor how they worke, nor what; ile change my course,  
Ile peece-meale pull, the frame of all my thoughts,  
And cast my will into another mould :  
And where are all your *Caput Algols* then ?  
Your Planets all, being vnderneath the earth,



# BYRONS CONSPIRACIE. 1

At my natiuity : what can they doe?  
 Malignant in aspects? in bloody houses?  
 Wild fire consume them; one poore cup of wine,  
 More then I vse that my weake braine will beare,  
 Shall make them drunk and reele out of their spheres,  
 For any certaine act they can enforce.  
 Oh that mine armes were wings, that I might flye,  
 And plucke out of their hearts, my destiny!  
 Ile weare those golden Spurres vpon my heeles,  
 And kick at fate; be free all worthy spirits,  
 And stretch your selues for greatnesse and for height:  
 Vntrusse your slauieries, you haue height enough,  
 Beneath this steepe heauen to vse all your reaches,  
 'Tis too farre off, to let you, or respect you.  
 Giue me a spirit that on this lifes rough sea,  
 Loues t'haue his sayles fild with a lusty winde,  
 Euentill his sayle-yards tremble; his Masts cracke,  
 And his rapt ship runne on her side so low,  
 That she drinckes water, and her keele plowes ayre;  
 There is no danger to a man, that knowes  
 What life and death is: there's not any law  
 Exceeds his knowledge; neither is it lawfull  
 That he should stoope to any other law.  
 He goes before them, and commands them all,  
 That to him-selke is a Law rationall.

*Exit.*

## ACTVS 4. SCÆNA 1.

*Enter D' Amsont, with Crequi.*

*D' Au.* The Duke of *Byron* is return'd from *England*  
 And (as they say) was Princely entertain'd,  
 School'd by the matchlesse *Queene* there, who I heare  
 Spake most diuinely; and would gladiy heare,  
 Her speech reported.

*Cre.* I can serue your turne,  
 As one that speakes from others, not from her,  
 And thus it is reported at his parting:

THVS



BYRONS CONSPIRACIE.

THVS *Monsieur Du Byron* you haue beheld,  
Our Court proportion'd to our little Kingdome,  
In euery entertainment; yet our minde,  
To do you all the rites of your repaire,  
Is as vnbounded as the ample ayre.  
What idle paines haue you bestow'd to see  
A poore old woman? who in nothing liues  
More, then in true affections, borne your King;  
And in the perfect knowledge she hath learn'd,  
Of his good Knights, and seruants of your sort.  
We thanke him that he keepes the memiery  
Of vs and all our kindnesse; but must say,  
That it is onely kept; and not layd out  
To such affectionate profit as we wish;  
Being so much set on fire with his deserts,  
That they consume vs; not to be restor'd  
By your presentment of him; but his person:  
And we had thought, that he whose vertues flye  
So beyond wonder, and the reach of thought,  
Should check at eight houres saile, and his high spirit  
That stoopes to feare, lesse then the poles of heauen;  
Should doubt an vnder billow of the Sea,  
And (being a Sea) be sparing of his streames:  
And I must blame all you that may aduise him:  
That (hauing helpt him through all martiall dangers)  
You let him sticke, at the kind rites of peace,  
Considering all the forces I haue sent,  
To set his martiall seas vp in firme walls,  
On both his sides for him to passe at pleasure;  
Did plainly open him a guarded way  
And let in Nature to this friendly shore,  
But here is nothing worth his personall fight,  
Here are no walled Cities; for that Christall  
Sheds with his light, his hardnesse, and his hight;  
About our thankfull person, and our Realme;  
Whose onely ayde, we euer yet desir'd;  
And now I see, the helpe we sent to him,  
Which should haue swom to him in our owne blood,

Had



BYRONS CONSPIRACIE.

Had it beene needfull; (our affections  
Being more giuen to his good, then he himselfe)  
Ends in the actuall right it did his state,  
And ours is slighted; all our worth is made,  
The common-stocke, and banke; from whence are seru'd  
All mens occasions; yet (thanks to heauen)  
Their gratitudes are drawne dry; not our bounties.  
And you shall tell your King, that he neglects  
Old friends for new; and sets his soothed ease  
Aboue his honor; Marshals policy  
In ranke before his Iustice; and his profit  
Before his royalty: his humanity gone,  
To make me no repayment of mine owne.

*D'Anne.* What answered the Duke?

*Cre.* In this sort,

Your highnesse sweet speech hath no sharper end,  
Then he would wish his life; if he neglected,  
The least grace you haue nam'd; but to his wish,  
Much power is wanting: the greene rootes of warre,  
Not yet so close cut vp, but he may dash  
Against their reliques to his vtter ruine,  
Without more neere eyes, fixt vpon his feete,  
Then those that looke out of his Countries soyle,  
And this may well excuse his personall presence,  
Which yet he oft hath long'd to set by yours:  
That he might imitate the Maiesty,  
Which so long peace hath practis'd and made full,  
In your admir'd apparance; to illustrate  
And rectifie his habit in rude warre.  
And his will to be here, must needs be great,  
Since heauen hath thron'd so true a royalty here,  
That he thinkes no King absolutely crown'd,  
Whose temples haue not stood beneath this skie,  
And whose height is not hardned with these starres,  
Whose influences for this altitude,  
Distild and wrought in with this temperate ayre,  
And this diuision of the Element  
Haue with your raigne, brought forth more worthy spirits,

For



## BYRONS CONSPIRACIE:

For counsaile, valor, hight of wit, and art,  
Then any other region of the earth:  
Or were brought forth to all your ancestors,  
And as a cunning Orator, reserves  
His fairest smiles, best-adorning figures,  
Chiefe matter, and most mooving arguments  
For his conclusion; and doth then supply  
His ground-streames laid before, glides ouer them,  
Makes his full depth scene through; and so takes vp,  
His audience in applauses past the clouds.  
So in your gouernment, concludiue nature,  
(Willing to end her Excellence in earth  
When your foot shall be set vpon the starres)  
Shewes all her Soueraigne Beauties, Ornaments,  
Vertues, and Raptures; ouertakes her workes  
In former Empires, makes them but your foyles,  
Swels to her full Sea, and againe doth drowne  
The world, in admiration of your crowne.

*D. Au.* He did her (at all parts) confessed right.

*Cre.* She tooke it yet but as a part of Court-ship,  
And said he was the subtile Orator,  
To whom he did too gloriously resemble,  
Nature in her, and in her gouernment,  
He said, he was no Orator but a Souldier,  
More then this ayre, in which you breath hath made me,  
My studious loue, of your rare gouernment,  
And simple truth, which is most eloquent,  
Your Empire is so amply absolute,  
That euen your theaters show more comely rule,  
True noblenesse, royally, and happinesse  
Then other courts: you make all state before  
Vtterly obsolete: all to come, twice sod.  
And therefore doth my royall Soueraigne wish  
Your yeares may prooue, as vital, as your vertues,  
That (standing on his turrets this way turn'd,  
Ordering and fixing his affaires by yours)  
He may at last, on firme grounds, passe your Seas,  
And see that maiden-sea of Maiesty,

G

In



# BYRONS CONSPIRACIE: 8

In whose chaste armes so many kingdomes lye.

*D. Au.* When came she to her touch of his ambition?

*Cre.* In this speech following, which I thus remember.

If I hold any merit worth his presence,

Or any part of that, your Courtship giues me,

My subiects haue bellowd it; some in counsaile,

In action some, and in obedience all;

For none knowes, with such prooffe as you my Lord

How much a subiect may renowme his Prince,

And how much Princes of their subiects hold;

In all the seruices that euer subiect

Did for his Soueraigne; he that best deseru'd

Must (in comparifon) except, *Byron*;

And to win this prize cleere; without the inaines

Commonly giuen men by ambition,

When all their parts lye open to his view;

Shews continence, past their other excellence:

But, for a subiect to affect a kingdome,

Is like the Cammell that of *Ioue* begd hornes,

And such mad-hungry men, as well may eate,

Hote coles of fire, to feede their naturall heate:

For, to aspire to comperence with your king

What subiect is so grosse, and Giantly?

He hauing now a *Dolphin* borne to him,

Whose birth, ten dayes before, was dreadfully

Vsher'd with Earth-quakes, in most part of *Europ*;

And that giues all men, cause enough to feare

All thought of competition with him.

Commend vs good my Lord, and tell our Brother

How much we ioy, in that his royall issue,

And in what prayers, we raise our heart to heauen;

That in more terror to his foes, and wonder

He may drinke earthquakes, and deuoure the thunder

So we admire your valor and your vertues,

And euer will contend, to winne their honour.

Then spake she to *Cerquie*, and Prince *D' Auergne*;

And gaue all gracious farwels; when *Byron*

Was thus encountered by a Counsellor



# BYRONS CONSPIRACIE

Of great and eminent name, and matchlesse merit :  
 I thinke (my Lord) your princely *Dolphin* beares  
*Arion* on his Cradle, through your kingdome,  
 In the iweete Musique ioy itrikes from his birth.  
 He an'wred; and good right; the cause commands it.  
 But (said the other) had we a fitt *Henry*,  
 To proclaime his old right; and one man to friend,  
 Whom you well know my Lord, that for his frindship  
 Were promist the Vice-royalty of *France*,  
 We would not doubt of conquest, in despight  
 Of all thole windy Earth-quakes. He repiyed;  
 Treason was neuer guide to English conquests,  
 And therefore that doubt shal not fright our *Dolphin*;  
 Nor would I be the friend to such a foe,  
 For all the royalties in *Christendome*.  
 Fix there your foote (said he) I onely giue  
 Falsē fire, and would be loth to hooite you off:  
 He that winnes Empire wi h the losse of faith,  
 Out-buies it; and will banck-route; you haue layd  
 A braue foundation, by the hand of vertue:  
 Put not the rooffe to fortune; foolish statuaryes,  
 That vnder little Saints suppose, great bales  
 Make lesse, to fence, the Saints; and so where fortune,  
 Aduanceth vile mindes, to states great and noble,  
 She much the more exposeth them to shame,  
 Not able to make good, and fill their bales,  
 With a conformed structure; I haue found,  
 (Thanks to the blefser of my search) that counsailes,  
 Held to the lyne of Iustice; still produce,  
 The surest states, and greatest, being sure,  
 Without which fit assurance, in the greatest,  
 As you may see a mighty promontory  
 More digd and vnder-eaten, then may warrant,  
 A safe supportance, to his hanging browes,  
 All passengers auoyd him, thunne all ground  
 That lyes within his shadow, and beare still  
 A flying eye vpon him, so great men  
 Corrupted in their grounds and building out,



## BYRONS CONSPIRACIE.

Too swelling fronts, for their foundations;  
When most they should be propt, are most forsaken  
And men will rather thrust into the stormes  
Of better grounded States, then take a shelter  
Beneath their ruinous, and fearefull weight:  
Yet they, so ouersee, their faultie bases,  
That they remaine securer in conceipt:  
And that security, doth worse presage  
Their neere destructions, then their eaten grounds;  
And therefore heauen it selfe is made to vs  
A perfect Hierogliphick to expresse,  
The idlenesse of such security,  
And the graue labour, of a wise distrust  
In both sorts of the al-enclyning starres;  
Where all men note this difference in their shining.  
As plaine as they distinguish either hand;  
The fixt starres wauer, and the erring stand.

*D'An.* How tooke he this so worthy admonition?

*Cre.* Grauely applied (said he) and like the man,  
Whom all the world saies, ouer-rule the starres;  
Which are diuine bookes to vs, and are read  
By vnderstanders onely, the true obiects,  
And cheife companions of the truest men;  
And (though I neede not) I thanke your counsaile,  
That neuer yet was idle, but sphere-like,  
Still mooues about, and is the continent  
To this blest Ile.

## ACT. 5. SCEN. 1.

*Enter Byron, D' Auergne, Laffin.*

*Byr.* The Circle of this ambassie is closde,  
For which I long haue long'd, for mine owne ends  
To see my faithfull, and leaue courtly friends,  
To whom I came (me thought) with such a spirit,  
As you haue seene, a lusty courser shew,  
That hath bin long time at his manger tied:  
High fed, alone, and when (his headfall broken)

He



BYRONS CONSPIRACIE.

He runnes his prision, like a trumpet neighs,  
Cuts ayre, in high curuets and shakes his head;  
(With wanton stopings twixt his fore-legs) mocking  
The heauy center, spreads his flying crest,  
Like to an Ensigne, hedge, and ditches leaping,  
Till in the fresh meat, at his naturall foode  
He sees free fellowes, and hath met them free.  
And now (good friend) I would be faine inform'd,  
What our right Princely Lord, the Duke of *Sauoy*  
Hath thought on, to employ my comming home.

*Laf.* To try the Kings trust in you, and withall,  
How hot he trailes on our conspiracy:  
He first would haue you, beg the gouernment,  
Of the important Citadell of Bourg:  
Or to place in it, any you shall name:  
Which wilbe wondrous fit, to march before,  
His other purposes; and is a fort  
He rates in loue, aboue his patrimony;  
To make which fortresse worthy of your suite:  
He vowes (if you obtayne it) to bestow  
His third faire daughter, on your excellence,  
And hopes the King will not deny it you.

*Byr.* Deny it me? deny me such a suite?  
Who will he grant, if he deny it me.

*Laf.* He'll find some politique shift to do't, I feare.

*Byr.* What shift? or what euasion can he find,  
What one patch is there in all policies shop,  
(That botcher vp of Kingdomes) that can mend  
The bracke betwixt vs, any way denying.

*D' Aum.* Thats at your perill.

*Byr.* Come, he dares not do't.

*D' Aum.* Dares not? presume not so; you know (good duke)  
That all things he thinkes fit to do, he dares.

*Byr.* By heauen I wonder at you, I will aske it,  
As sternely and secure of all repulse  
As th'ancient Persians did when they implor'd,  
Their idoll fire to grant them any boone;  
With which they would descend into a flood,



BYRONS CONSPIRACIE.

And threaten there to quench it, if they fail'd,  
Of that they ask't it :

*Laf.* Sayd like your Kings King;  
Cold hath no act in depth, nor are suites wrought  
(Of any high price) that are coldly fought :  
He hath, and with your corage, comfort *Sauoy. Ex. La.*

*D' An.* I am your friend (my Lord) and will deserue  
That name, with following any course you take;  
Yet (for your owne sake) I could wish your spirit  
Would let you spare all broade termes of the King,  
Or, on my life you will at last repent it.

*Byr.* What can he do ?

*D' An.* All that you cannot feare.

*Byr.* You feare too much, be by, when next I see him,  
And see how I will vrge him in this suite,  
He comes, marke you, that thinke  
He will not grant it.

*Enter Henry, Espe. Soiff. Ianis.*

I am become a suiter to your highnesse.

*Hen.* For what, my Lord, tis like you shall obtaine.

*Byr.* I do not much doubt that ; my seruices,  
I hope haue more strength in your good conceit  
Then to receiue repulse, in such requests.

*Hen.* What is it ?

*Byr.* That you would bestow on one whom I shall name,  
The keeping of the Citadell of Bourg.

*Hen.* Excuse me sir, I must not grant you that.

*Byr.* Not grant me that ?

*Hen.* It is not fit I should ;

You are my gouernor in Burgundy,  
And Prouince gouernors, that command in chiefe,  
Ought not to haue the charge of Fortresses ;  
Besides it is the chiefe key of my kingdome,  
That opens towards Italy, and must therefore,  
Be giuen to one that hath immediarly  
Dependance on vs.

*Byr.*



BYRONS CONSPIRACIE.

*Byr.* These are wondrous reasons,  
Is not a man depending on his merits  
As fit to haue the charge of such a key  
As one that meerely hangs vppon your humors?

*Hen.* Do not enforce your merits so your selfe;  
It takes away their luster, and reward.

*Byr.* But you will grant my suite?

*Hen.* I sweare I cannot,  
Keeping the credit of my braine and place.

*Byr.* Will you deny me then?

*Hen.* I am inforc't;  
I haue no power, more then your selfe in things  
That are beyond my reason.

*Byr.* Then my selfe?  
That's a strange sight in your comparison;  
Am I become th'exemple of such men  
As haue lest power? Such a diminutiue?  
I was comparatiue in the better sort;  
And such a King as you, would say I cannot,  
Do such; or such a thing; were I as great  
In power as he; euen that indefinite he,  
Exprest me full: this Moone is strangely chang'd.

*Hen.* How can I helpe it? would you haue a King  
That hath a white beard; haue so Greene a braine?

*Byr.* A plague of braine; what doth this touch your braine?  
You must giue me more reason or I sweare.

*Hen.* Sweare, what do you sweare?

*Byr.* I sweare you wrong me,  
And deale not like a King, to ielt, and flight,  
A man that you should curiously reward;  
Tell me of your grey beard? it is not gray  
With care to recompence me, who eas'd your care.

*Hen.* You haue bin recompenc't, from head to foote.

*Byr.* With a distrust Dukedome: take your Dukedome  
Bestow'd on me againe: It was not giuen  
For any loue, but feare, and force of shame.

*Hen.* Yet twas your honor; which if you respect not,  
Why seeke you this Addition?

*Byr.*



BYRONS CONSPIRACIE.

*Byr.* Since this honour,  
Would shew you lou'd me to, in trusting me,  
Without which loue, and trust; honour is shame;  
A very Pageant, and a property:  
Honor, with all his Adjuncts, I deserue,  
And you quit my deserts, with your gray beard.

*Hen.* Since you expostulate the matter so;  
I tell you plaine; another reason is  
Why I am mou'd to make you this deniall  
That I suspect you to haue had intelligence  
With my vow'd enemies.

*Byr.* Misery of vertue,  
Ill is made good with worse? this reason poures  
Poyson, for Balme, into the wound you made;  
You make me mad, and rob me of my soule,  
To take away my tri'd loue, and my truth;  
Which of my labours, which of all my wounds,  
Which ouerthrow, which battle won for you,  
Breedes this suspicion? Can the blood or faith,  
(Lost in all these to finde it prooffe, and strength)  
Beget disloyalty? all my raine is false,  
Into the horse-faire; springing pooles and mire;  
And not in thankfull grounds, or fields of fruite;  
Fall then before vs, oh thou flaming Christall,  
That art the vncorrupted Register  
Of all mens merits; and remonstrate here,  
The fights, the dangers, the affrights and horrors,  
VWhence I haue rescu'd this vnthankfull King:  
And shew (commixt with them) the ioyes, the glories  
Of his state then: then this kind thoughts of me:  
Then my deseruings: Now my infamy:  
But I will be mine owne King: I will see,  
That all your Chronicles be filld with me,  
That none but I, and my renowned Syre  
Be sayd to winne the memorable fields  
Of *Arques* and *Deepe*; and none but we of all  
Kept you from dying there, in an Hospitall;  
None but my selfe, that wonne the day at *Dreux*:  
A day of holy name, and needs no night:

Nor



BYRONS CONSPIRACIE.

Nor none but I at *Fountaine Francois* burst,  
The heart strings of the leagures; I alone,  
Tooke *Amiens* in these armes, and held her fast,  
In spite of all the pitchy fires she cast,  
And clouds of bullets poud vpon my brest,  
Till she shewd yours: and tooke her naturall forme,  
Onely my selfe (married to victory)  
Did people *Artois, Douway, Picardy,*  
*Bethune,* and *Saint Paul, Bapaume,* and *Courcelles,*  
With her triumphant issue.

*Hen.* Ha, ha, ha.

*Exit.*

*Byron drawing, and is held by D' Au.*

*D' Au.* Oh hold my Lord, for my sake, mighty Spirit.

*Exit.*

*Enter Byron, Dan following vnseene.*

*Byr.* Respect, reuenge, slaughter, repay for laughter,  
What's graue in earth, what a wfull? what abhord?  
If my rage be rediculouse? I will make it,  
The law and rule of all things serious.  
So long as idle and rediculous King  
Are suffered, soothed and wrest all right, to safety  
So long is mischief gathering massacres,  
For their curst kingdomes; which I will preuent,  
Laughter? ile fright it from him, farre as he,  
Hath cast irreuocable shame; which euer,  
Being found is lost, and lost returneth neuer;  
Should kings cast off their bounties, with their dangers  
Hethat can warme at fires, where vertue burnes,  
Hunt pleasure through her torments; nothing feele,  
Of all his subiects suffer, but (long hid)  
In wants, and miseries, and hauing past  
Through all the grauest shapes, of worth and honor,  
(For all *Heroique* fashions to be learned,  
By those hard lessons) shew an antique vizard,  
Who would not wish him rather, hewd to nothing,  
Then left so monstrous? slight my seruices?

H

*Drowne*



## BYRONS CONSPIRACIE.

Drowne the dead noyses of my sword in laughter?  
My blowes, as but the passages of shadowes,  
Ouer the highest and most barren hills,  
And vse me, like, no man; but as he tooke me  
Into a desert, gasht withall my wounds,  
Sustain'd for him, and buried me in flies;  
Forth vengeance then, and open wounds in him  
Shall let in *Spaine* and *Sauoy*.

*Offers to draw and D' Au. againe holds him.*

*D' Au.* Oh my Lord,  
This is too large a licence giuen your fury;  
Giue time to it, what reason, suddainly,  
Cannot extend, respite doth oft supply.

*Byr.* While respite holds reuenge, the wrong redoubles,  
And so the shame of sufferance, it torments me,  
To thinke what I endure, at his shrunke hands,  
That scornes the guift of one poore fort to me:  
That haue subdu'd for him: Oh iniury,  
Fortes, Cities, Countries, I and yet my fury. *Exeunt.*

*Hen.* *Byron?*

*D' Au.* My Lord? the King calls.

*Hen.* Turne I pray,  
How now? from whence flow these distracted faces?  
From what attempt returne they? as disclayming,  
Their late *Heroique* bearer? what, a pistoll?  
Why, good my Lord, can mirth make you so wrathful.

*Byr.* Mirth? twas mockery, a contempt; a scandall  
To my renowne for euer: a repulse,  
As miserably cold, as Stygian water,  
That from sincere earth issues, and doth breake  
The strongest vessells, not to be contain'd,  
But in the tough hoofe of a patient Asse.

*Hen.* My Lord, your iudgment is not competent,  
In this dissention, I may say of you;  
As Fame sayes of the ancient Eleans,  
That, in th'Olympian contentions,  
They euer were the iustest Arbitrators,  
If none of them contended, nor were parties;

Those



BYRONS CONSPIRACIE.

Those that will moderate disputations well,  
Must not themselves affect the coronet;  
For as the ayre containd within our eares:  
If it be not in quiet; nor refrains,  
Troubling our hearing, with offensive sounds;  
But our affected instrument of hearing,  
Repleat with noise, and singings in it selfe,  
It faithfully receiues no other voyces;  
So, of all iudgments, if within themselves  
They suffer spleene, and are tumultuous;  
They can not equall differences with them;  
And this winde, that doth sing so in your eares,  
I know, is no disease bred in your selfe;  
But whispered in by others; who in swelling  
Your veines with empty hope of much, yet able,  
To performe nothing; are like shallow streames,  
That make themselves so many heauens; to sight;  
Since you may see in them, the Moone, and Starres  
The blew space of the ayre; as farre from vs,  
(To our weake senses) in those shallow streames  
As if they were as deepe as heauen is high:  
Yet with your middle finger onely, sound them,  
And you shall pierce them to the very earth;  
And therefore leaue them, and be true to me  
Or youle be left by all; or be like one  
That in cold nights will needes haue all the fire,  
And there is held by others, and embrac't  
Onely to burne him; your fire will be inward,  
Which an other deluge can put out:

*Byron kneeles while the King goes on.*

O Innocence the sacred amulet,  
Gainst all the poysons of infirmity:  
Of all misfortune, iniury, and death,  
That makes a man, in tune still in himselfe;  
Free from the hell to be his owne accuser,  
Euer in quiet, endles ioy inioying;  
No strife, nor no sedition in his powers:  
No motion in his will, against his reason,



## BYRONS CONSPIRACIE.

No thought gainst thought, nor (as twere in the confines  
Of wishing, and repenting) doth possesse  
Onely a way ward and tumultuous peace,  
But (all parts in him, friendly and secure,  
Fruitefull of all best things in all worst seasons)  
He can with euery wish, be in their plenty,  
When, the infectious guilt of one foule crime,  
Destroyes the free content of all our time.

*Byr.* Tis all acknowledgd, and (though all to late)  
Here the short madnesse of my anger ends:  
If euer I did good I lockt it safe  
In you th'impregnable defence of goodnesse:  
Ifill, I presse it with my penitent knees  
To that vnsounded depth, whence naught returneth.

*Hen.* Tis musique to mine eares, rise then for euer,  
Quit of what guilt so euer, till this houre,  
And nothing toucht in honor or in spirit,  
Rise without flattery, rise by absolute merit.

*Enter Esp. to the King, Byron, &c*  
*Enter Sauoy with three Ladies*

*Esp.* Sir if it please you to bee taught any Court-ship take  
you to your stand, *Sauoy* is at it with three Mistresses at once, he  
loues each of them best, yet all differently.

*Hen.* For the time he hath bene here, hee hath talkt a Vo-  
lume greater then the Turks alcaron; stand vp close; his lips goe  
still.

*Sau.* Excuse me, excuse me; The King has yee all.

1. True Sir, in honorable subiection.

2. To the which we are bound by our loyalty.

*Sau.* Nay your excuse, your excuse, intend me for affecti-  
on: you are all bearers of his fauours; and deny him not your  
opposition by night.

3. You say rightly in that; for therein wee oppose vs to his  
command.

1. In the which he neuer yet prest vs.

2. Such is the benidiction of our peace.

*Sau.* You take me still in flat misconstruction, and conceiue  
not



BYRONS CONSPIRACIE.

not by me.

1. Therein we are strong in our owne purposes; for it were something scandalous to conceiue by you.

2. Though there might be question made of your fruitfulness, yet dry weather in haruest does no harme.

*Hen.* They will talke him into *Sauoy*; he beginnes to hunt downe.

*Sau.* As the King is, and hath bin, a most admired, and most vnmatchable souldier, so hath he bin, and is, a sole excellent, and vnpareld Courtier.

*Hen.* *Pouvre Amy Mercie.*

1. Your highnesse does the King but right fir.

2. And heauen shall blesse you for that iustice,  
With plentifull store of want in Ladies affections.

*Sau.* You are cruell, and will not vouchsafe me audience to any conclusion.

1. Beseech your grace conclude, that we may present our curtesies to you and giue you the adiew.

*Sau.* It is said the king will bring an army into *Sauoy*.

2. Truely we are not of his counsaile of warre.

*Sau.* Nay but vouchsafe me.

3. Vouchsafe him, vouchsafe him, else there is no play in it.

1. Well I vouchsafe your Grace.

*Sau.* Let the King bring an army into *Sauoy*, and ile finde him sport for forty yeares.

*Hen.* Would I were sure of that, I should haue a longe age, and a merry.

1. I thinke your Grace would play with his army at Balloone.

2. My faith, and that's a martiall recreation.

3. It is next to impious courting.

*Sau.* I am not hee that can set my Squadrons ouer-night, by midnight leap my horse, curry seauen miles, and by three, leap my mistress, returne to mine army againe, and direct as I were infatigable, I am no such tough souldier.

1. Your disparity is beleeu'd fir.

2. And 'tis a peece of vertue to tell true.



BYRONS CONSPIRACIE.

3. Gods me, the king.

*Sau.* Well I haue sayd nothing that may offend.

1. 'Tis hop't so.

2. If there be any mercy in laughter.

*Sau.* Ile take my leaue.

After the tedious stay my loue hath made,  
(Most worthy to command our earthly zeale)  
I come for pardon, and to take my leaue;  
Affirming though I reape no other good,  
By this my voyage; but t'haue seene a Prince  
Of greatnes, in all grace so past report;  
I nothing should repent me, and to shew,  
Some token of my gratitude, I haue sent,  
Into your treasure, the greatest Iewells,  
In all my Cabinet of Beatrice,  
And of my late deceased wife, th' Infanta,  
Which are two basons, and their Ewrs of christall,  
Neuer yet valued for their workman-ship,  
Nor the exceeding riches of their matter  
And to your stable (worthy Duke of *Byron*)  
I haue sent in two of my fayrest horses.

*Byr.* Sent me your horses? vpon what desert?  
I entertaine no presents, but for merits;  
Which I am farre from at your highnesse hands;  
As being of all men to you the most stranger,  
There is as ample bounty in refusing;  
As in bestowing, and with this I quit you.

*Sau.* Then haue I lost naught but my poore good will.

*Hen.* Wel cosin, I with al thanks welcom that;  
And the rich arguments with which you proue it,  
Wishing I could, to your wish welcome you;  
Draw, for your Marquisate, the articles;  
Agreed on in our composition,  
And it is yours; but where you haue propos'd,  
(In your aduices) my designe for Millaine,  
I will haue no warre with the king of Spaine,  
Vnlesse his hopes prooue weary of our peace;  
And (Princely cosin) it is farre from me,

To



BYRONS CONSPIRACIE.

To thinke your wisdom, needful of my counsaile,  
Yet loue, oft-times must offer things vnnneedfull;  
And therefore I would counsaile you to hold  
All good tearmes, with his Maiesty of *Spaine*:  
If any troubles should be stir'd betwixt you,  
I would not stirre therein, but to appease them;  
I haue too much oare of my royall word,  
To breake a peace so iust and consequent,  
Without force of precedent iniury:  
Endles desires are worthles of iust Princes,  
And onely proper to the swinge of tyrants.

*Sau.* At all parts spoke like the most christian king  
I take my humblest leaue, and pray your Highnes:  
To hold me as your seruant, and poore kinsman,  
Who wisheth no supreamer happinesse  
Then to be yours: To you (right worthy Princes)  
I wish for all your Fauours powr'd on me  
The loue of all these Ladyes mutually,  
And (so they please their Lords) that they may please  
Themselves by all meanes. And be you assurde  
(Most louely Princeesses) as of your liues,  
You cannot be true women, if true wiues. *Exit.*

*Hen.* Is this he *Esperson*, that you would needes  
Perswade vs courted so absurdly.

*Esp.* This is euen he sir, howsoever hee hath studied his parting Courtship.

*Hen.* In what one poynt seem'd he so ridiculous, as you would present him?

*Esp.* Behold me sir, I beseech you behold me, I appeare to you as the Great Duke of *Sauoy* with these three Ladies.

*Hen.* Well sir we grant your resemblance.

*Esp.* He stole a carriage sir, from Count d' *Auergne* here.

*D' Au.* From me sir?

*Esp.* Excuse me sir, from you I assure you: heere sir, hee lyes at the Lady *Antoniette*, iust thus, for the world, in the true posture of Count d' *Auergne*.

*D' Au.* Y'are exceeding delightfome.

*Hen.* Why is not that wel? it came in with the organ hose.

*Esp.*



BYRONS CONSPIRACIE.

*Esp.* Organ hose? a pox ant; let it pipe it selfe into contempt,  
hee hath stolne it most feloniously, and it graces him like a  
disease.

*Hen.* I thinke he stole it from *D'Auergne* indeed.

*Esp.* Well, would he had robd him of al his other diseases, he  
were then the souldiest Lord in *France*.

*D'A.* As I am sir, I shall stand all weathers with you.

*Esp.* But sir, he hath praid you aboute th'inuention of rimers,

*Hen.* wherein? or how?

*Esp.* He tooke vpon him to describe your victories in warre,  
and where he should haue said, you were the absolut<sup>st</sup> souldier  
in Christendome, (no Assc could haue mist it) he deliuered you  
for as pretty a fellow of your hands, as any was in *France*.

*Hen.* Marry God dild him.

*Esp.* A pox on him.

*Hen.* Well (to be serious) you know him well  
To be a gallant Courtier: his great wit  
Can turne him into any forme he lists,  
More fit to be auoyded then deluded.  
For my Lord Duke of *Byrron* here, well knowes,  
That it infecteth, where it doth affect,  
And where it seemes to counsaile, it conspires,  
With him go all our fau lts, and from vs flie,  
(With all his counsaile) all conspiracie.

*Finis Actus Quinti,  
& vltimi.*

THE



# THE TRAGEDIE

OF

## CHARLES

DVKE OF BYRON,  
Marshall of *France*.

*Acted lately in two Playes, at the  
Blacke-Friers, and other publique  
Stages.*

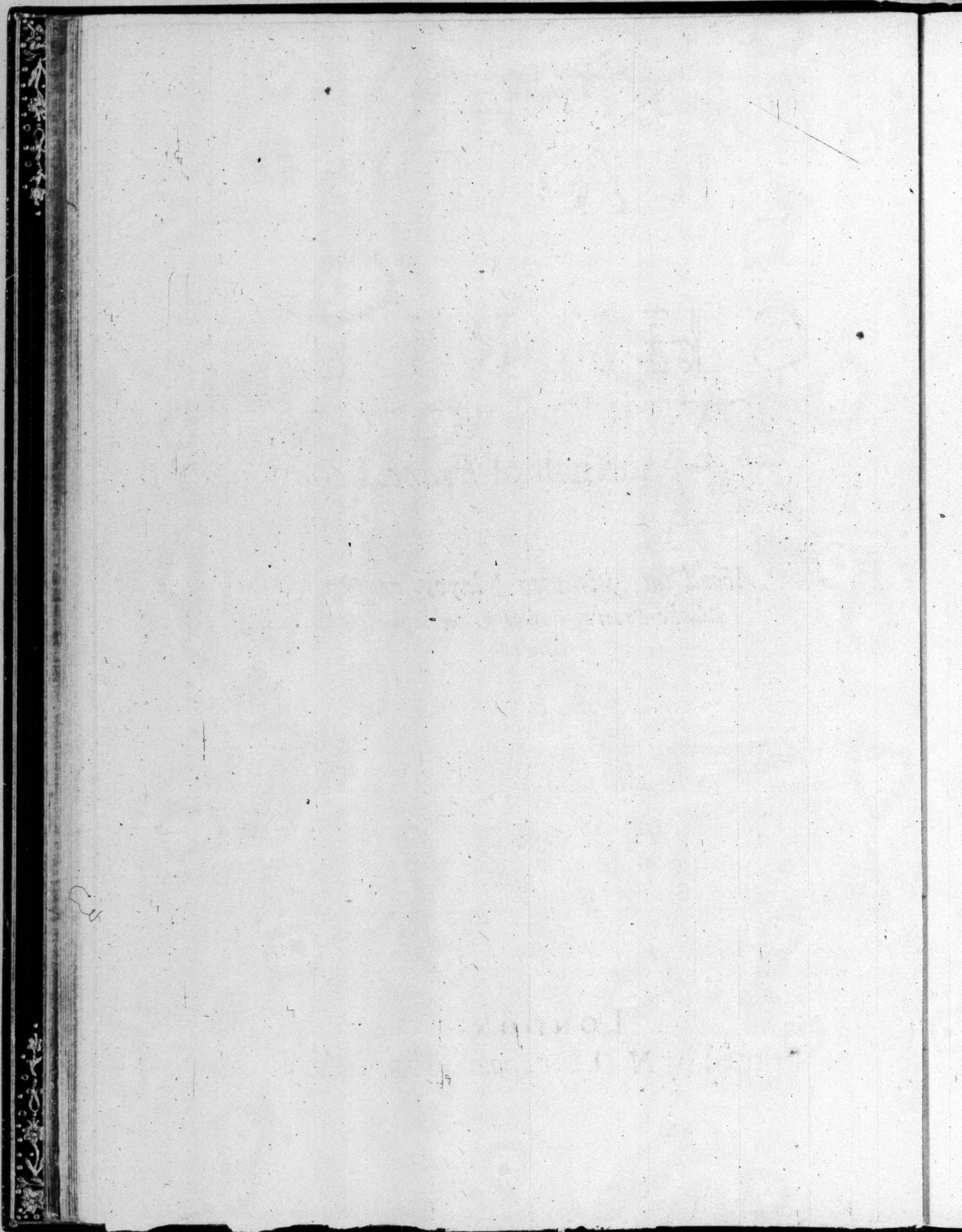
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Written by George Chapman.

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LONDON:  
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THE TRAGEDIE OF CHARLES  
*Duke of Byron.*

ACTVS I. SCAENA I.

*Enter Henry, Vidame, D'escures, Espernon, Ianu.*

*Hen.* **B**Yron false in so traytrous a relaps,  
Alleag'd for our ingratitude: what offices,  
Titles of honour, and what admiration,  
Could *France* afford him that it powrd not on?

When he was scarce arriu'd at forty yeares,  
He ranne through all chiefe dignities of *France*.  
At foureteene yeares of age he was made Colonell  
To all the *Suiffes* seruing them in *Flanders*;  
Soone after he was Marshall of the Campe;  
And shortly after, Marshall Generall:  
He was receiued high Admirall of *France*  
In that our Parliament we held at *Tours*;  
Marshall of *France* in that we held at *Paris*.  
And at the siege of *Amiens* he acknowledg'd,  
None his Superiour but our selfe, the King;  
Though I had there, the Princes of the blood  
I made him my Lieutenant Generall,  
Declar'd him ioyntly the prime Peere of *France*,  
And rais'd his Barony into a Dutchy.

*Ian.* And yet (my Lord) all this could not allay  
The fatall thirst of his ambition,  
For some haue heard him say he would not dye,  
Till on the wings of valour he had reacht  
One degree higher; and had seene his head,  
Set on the Royall Quarter of a Crowne;  
Yea at so vnbeleeu'd a pitch he aym'd,  
That he hath sayd his heart would still complaine,  
Till he aspir'd the stile of Soueraigne,



## BYRONS TRAGEDIE.

And from what ground my Lord rise all the leuyes  
 Now made in *Italy*? from whence should spring  
 The warlike humour of the Count *Fuentes*?  
 The restlesse stirrings of the Duke of *Sauoy*?  
 The discontent the Spaniards entertain'd,  
 With such a threatening fury, when he heard  
 The preiudiciall conditions,  
 Propos'd him, in the treaty held at *Vernins*?  
 And many other braueries, this way ayming,  
 But from some hope of inward ayde from hence?  
 And that all this directly aymes at you,  
 Your highnesse hath by one intelligence,  
 Good cause to thinke; which is your late aduice,  
 That the Sea army, now prepar'd at *Naples*,  
 Hath an intended Enterprise on *Prouince*?  
 Although the cunning Spaniard giues it out,  
 That all is for *Algier*.

*Hen.* I must beleeeue,  
 That without treason bred in our owne breasts,  
 Spaines affayres are not in so good estate,  
 To ayme at any action against *France*:  
 And if *Byron* should be their instrument,  
 His altred disposition could not grow,  
 So farre wide in an instant: nor resigne,  
 His valour to these lawlesse resolutions  
 Vpon the suddain; nor without some charmes,  
 Of forraigne hopes and flatteries sung to him:  
 But farre it flies my thoughts, that such a spirit,  
 So actiue, valiant, and vigilant;  
 Can see it selfe transformed with such wild furies.  
 And like a dreame it shewes to my conceits,  
 That he who by himselfe hath won such honor:  
 And he to whom his father left so much,  
 He that still daily reapes so much from me,  
 And knowes he may encrease it to more prooffe  
 From me, then any other forraigne King;  
 Should quite against the streame of all religion,  
 Honor and reason, take a course so foule,

And



BYRONS TRAGEDIE.

And neither keepe his Oath, nor saue his Soule.  
 Can the poore keeping of a Citadell  
 Which I denyed, to be at his disposure,  
 Make him forgo the whole strength of his honors;  
 It is impossible, though the violence,  
 Of his hot spirit made him make attempt  
 Vpon our person for denying him;  
 Yet well I found his loyall iudgement seru'd,  
 To keepe it from effect: besides being offer'd,  
 Two hundred thousand crownes in yearly pention.  
 And to be Generall of all the forces  
 The *Spaniards* had in *France*; they found him still,  
 As an vnmatcht *Achilles* in the Warres,  
 So a most wise *Vlisses* to their words,  
 Stopping his eares at their enchanted sounds;  
 And plaine he told them that although his blood  
 (Being moou'd) by Nature, were a very fire  
 And boild in apprehension of a wrong;  
 Yet should his mind hold such a scepter there,  
 As would containe it from all act and thought  
 Of treachery or ingratitude to his Prince.  
 Yet do I long, me thinkes to see *Laffin*,  
 Who hath his heart in keeping; since his state,  
 (Growne to decay and he to discontent)  
 Comes neere the ambitious plight of Duke *Byron*.  
 My Lord *Vidame*, when does your Lordship thinke,  
 Your Vncle of *Laffin* will be arriu'd.

*Vid.* I thinke (my Lord) he now is neere arriuing  
 For his particular iourney and deuotion,  
 Voud to the holy Lady of *Loretto*,  
 Was long since past and he vpon returne.

*Hen.* In him, as in a chriftall that is charm'd,  
 I shall descerne by whom and what designs,  
 My rule is threatned; and that sacred power  
 That hath enabled this defensive arme,  
 (When I enioy'd but an vnequall Nooke,  
 Of that I now possesse) to front a King  
 Farre my Superiour: And from twelue set battailes.



BYRONS TRAGEDIE.

March home a victor : ten of them obtaind,  
Without my personall seruice; will not see  
A trayterous subiect foile me, and so end  
What his hand hath with such successe begunne.

*Enter a Lady, and a Nurse bringing the Dolphin.*

*Esp.* Se the young Dolphin brought to cheere your highnes.

*Hen.* My royall blessing, and the king of heauen,  
Make thee an aged, and a happy King:  
Helpe Nurse to put my sword into his hand;  
Hold Boy, by this, and with it may thy arme  
Cut from thy tree of rule, all traytrous branches,  
That striue to shadow and ecclips thy glories;  
Haue thy old fathers angell for thy guide,  
Redoubled be his spirit in thy brest;  
Who when this state ran like a turbulent sea,  
In ciuill hates and bloody enmity,  
Their wraths and enuies, like so many winds,  
Setled and burst; and like Halcions birth,  
Be thine to bring a calme vpon the shore,  
In which the eyes of warre may euer sleepe,  
As ouermatcht with former massacres,  
When guilty, made Noblesse, feed on Noblesse;  
All the sweet plentie of the realme exhausted;  
When the nak't merchant, was persude for spoyle;  
When the poore Pezants frighted neediest theeues  
With their pale leanenesse; nothing left on them  
But meager carcases sustaind with ayre,  
Wandring like ghosts affrighted from their graues  
When with the often and incessant sounds  
The very beasts knew the alarum bell,  
And (hearing it) ranne bellowing to their home:  
From which vnchristian broiles and homicides,  
Let the religious sword of iustice free  
Thee and thy kingdomes gouern'd after me.  
O heauen! or if th'vassettled bloud of France,  
With ease, and wealth, renew her ciuill furies;

Lct



BYRONS TRAGEDIE.

Let all my powres be emptied in my Sonne  
To curb and end them all, as I haue done.  
Let him by vertue, quite out of from fortune,  
Her setherd shoulders, and her winged shooes,  
And thrust from her light feete, her turning stone;  
That she may euer tarry by his throne.  
And of his worth, let after ages say,  
(He fighting for the land; and bringing home  
Iust conquests, loaden with his enemies spoyles)  
His father past all France in martiall deeds,  
But he, his father twenty times exceeds.

*Enter the Duke of Byron, D' Auergne;  
and Laffin.*

*Byr.* My deare friends, *D' Auergne*, and *Laffin*,  
We neede no coniurations to conceale :  
Our close intendments, to aduance our states  
Euen with our merits; which are now neglected;  
Since Brittain is reduc't, and breathlesse warre  
Hath sheath'd his sword, and wrapt his Ensignes vp;  
The King hath now no more vse of my valor,  
And therefore I shall now no more enioy  
The credit that my seruice held with him;  
My seruice that hath driuen through all extreames  
Through tempests, droughts, and through the deepest floods;  
Winters of shot : and ouer rockes so high  
That birds could scarce aspire their ridgy tops :  
The world is quite inuerted : vertue throwne  
At vices feete : and sensual peace confounds,  
Valor, and cowardice : fame, and infamy;  
The rude and terrible age is turnd againe:  
When the thick aire hid heauen, and all the starres,  
Were droun'd in humor, tough, and hard to peirce,  
When the red Sunne held not her fixed place;  
Kept not his certaine course, his rise and set

Not.



BYRONS TRAGEDIE.

Nor yet destinguish with his definite bounds;  
Nor in his firme conuersions, were discern'd  
The fruitfull distances of time and place,  
In the well varied seasons of the yeare;  
When th'incompold incursions of floods  
Wasted and eate the earth; and all things shewed  
Wild and disordred: nought was worse then now;  
We must reforme and haue a new creation  
Of State and gouernment; and on our *Chaos*  
Will I sit brooding vp another world.

I who through all the dangers that can siege  
The life of man, haue forc't my glorious way  
To the repaying of my countries ruines,  
Will ruine it againe, to re-aduance it;  
*Romaine Camyllus*, laste the State of Rome  
With farre lesse merite, then *Byron* hath France;  
And how short of this is my recompence.  
The King shall know, I will haue better price  
Set on my seruices in spight of whom  
I will proclaime and ring my discontents  
Into the farthest eare of all the world.

*Laf.* How great a spirit he breaths? how learnd? how wise?  
But (worthy Prince) you must giue temperate aire,  
To your vnmatcht, and more then humaine winde;  
Else will our plots be frost-bit, in the flowre.

*D' Au.* Betwixt our selues we may giue liberall vent  
To all our fiery and displeas'd impressions;  
Which nature could not entertaine with life,  
Without some exhalation; A wrong'd thought  
Will breake a rib of Steele.

*Byr.* My Princely friend,  
Enough of these erruptions, our graue Counsellor  
Well knowes that great affaires will not be forg'd  
But vpon anuills that are lind with wool;  
We must ascend to our intentions top,  
Like Clouds that be not seene till they be vp.

*Laf.* O, you do too much rauish; and my soule  
Offer to Musique in your numerous breath;

Sententious



## BYRONS TRAGEDIE.

Sententious, and so high, it weakens death;  
It is for these parts, that the Spanish King  
Hath sworn to winne them to his side  
At any price or perill. That great *Sauoy*,  
Offers his princely daughter, and a dowry,  
Amounting to five hundred thousand crownes;  
With full transport of all the Soueraigne rights  
Belonging to the state of Burgundy;  
Which marriage will be made the onely Clyment  
To effect and strengthen all our secret Treaties;  
Instruct me therefore (my assured Prince)  
Now I am going to resolve the King  
Of his suspicions, how I shall behave me.

*Byr.* Go my most trusted friend, with happy feet:  
Make me a sound man with him; Go to Court  
But with a little trayne; and be prepar'd  
To heare at first, tearmes of contempt and choller,  
Which you may easily calme, and turne to grace.  
If you beseech his highnes to beleue  
That your whole drift and course for Italy,  
(Where he had heard you were) was onely made  
Out of your long-well-knowne deuotion  
To our right holy Lady of *Lorretto*,  
As you haue told some of my friends in Court:  
And that in passing Mylan and Thurin,  
They charg'd you to propound my marriage  
With the third daughter of the Duke of *Sauoy*;  
Which you haue done, and I reiected it,  
Resolvd to build vpon his royall care  
For my bestowing, which he lately vowd.

*Laf.* O you direct, as if the God of light  
Sat in each nooke of you; and poynted out  
The path of Empire; Charming all the dangers  
On both sides arm'd, with his harmonious finger.

*Byr.* Besides let me intreat you to dismisse,  
Al that haue made the voage with your Lordship,  
But specially the Curate, and to locke  
Your papers in some place of doubtlesse safety;



BYRONS TRAGEDIE.

Or sacrifice them to the God of fire;  
Considering worthily that in your hands  
I put my fortunes, honour, and my life.

*Laf.* Therein the bounty that your Grace hath shewn me,  
I prize past life, and all things that are mine;  
And will undoubtedly preserve and tender  
The merit of it, as my hope of heaven.

*Byr.* I make no question: farewell worthy friend. *Exit.*

*Henry, Chancellor, Laffin, D'Escures, Iannin*  
*Henry having many papers in his hand.*

*Hen.* Are these proofs of that purely Catholike zeale  
That made him with no other glorious title,  
Then to be call'd the scourge of *Huguenots*?

*Chan.* No question for he was of no religion;  
But (upon false grounds, by some Courtiers laid)  
Hath been heard to mock a saint at all.

*Hen.* Are not his treasons heinous?

*All.* Most abhorrid.

*Chan.* As is confirmed that you have heard before,  
And amplified with many horrors more.

*Hen.* Good *D'Escures*, you were our golden plummet  
To sound the gulph of all ingratitude;  
In which you have with excellent desert  
Of loyalty and policy, express'd  
Your name in action; and with such apparence  
Have proov'd the parts of his ingratefull treasons,  
That I must credit, more then I desir'd.

*Laf.* I must confesse my Lord, my voyages  
Made to the Duke of Savoy, and to Myllan;  
Were with endeavour, that the warres return'd,  
Might breede some trouble to your Maie'ty;  
And profit those by whom they were procur'd;  
But since in their designs, your sacred person  
Was not excepted (which I since have scene).  
It so abhord me that I was resolu'd  
To give you full intelligence thereof;

And



BYRONS TRAGEDIE.

And rather chus'd to fayle in promises,  
Made to the seruant, then infringe my fealty  
Swoine to my royall Soueraigne and Maister.

*Hen.* I am extreemely discontent to see,  
This most vnnaturall conspiracie;  
And would not haue the Marshall of *Byron*,  
The first example of my forced Iustice;  
Nor that his death should be the worthy cause;  
That my calme raigne (which hetherto hath held  
A cleare and cheerefull skie aboue the heads  
Of my deare subiects) should so suddenly  
Be ouer-cast with clouds of fire and thunder;  
Yet on submission I vow still his pardon.

*Ian.* And stil our humble counsailes for his seruice,  
Would so resolue you, if he will imploy  
His honourd valor as effectually,  
To fortifie the state against your foes;  
As he hath practis'd bad intendments with them.

*Hen.* That vow shal stand: and we wil now adres  
Some messengers to call him home to Court;  
Without the slenderest intimation,  
Of any ill we know; we will restraine  
(VVithall forgiuenes, if he will confesse)  
His headlong course to ruine; and his taste,  
From the sweete poyson of his friendlike foes  
*Treason hath blisterd heeles, dishonest Things;*  
*Haue bitter Riuers, though delicious Springs;*  
*Descendres* haste you vnto him, and informe,  
That hauing heard by sure intelligence,  
Of the great leau es made made in Italie,  
Of Armes and souldiers, I am resolute,  
Vpon my frontiers to maintaine an Army;  
The charge whereof I will impose on him;  
And to that end, expressely haue commanded,  
*De Vic*, our Lord Ambassador in Suisse,  
To demand leauie of six thousand men:  
Appoynting them to march where Duke *Byron*  
Shall haue directions, wherein I haue follow'd.



BYRONS TRAGEDIE.

The counsaile of my Constable his Gossip;  
Whose lik't aduice, I made him know by letters,  
Wishing to heare his own; from his owne mouth,  
And by a'll meanes coniure, his speediest presence;  
Do this with vtmost hast.

*Desc.* I will my Lord

*Exit Desc.*

*Hen.* My good Lord Chancelor, of many peeces,  
More then is here, of his conspiracies  
Presented to vs, by our friend *Laffin*;  
You onely, shal reserue these seauen and twenty,  
Which are not those that must conclude 'gainst him  
But mention onely him: since I am loth,  
To haue the rest of the conspirators knowne,

*Chan.* My Lord, my purpose is to guard al these  
So safely from the sight of any other:  
That in my doublet I will haue them sow'd;  
Without discouering them to mine owne eies,  
Till neede, or opportunity requires.

*Hen.* You shal do wel my Lord, they are of weight  
But I am doubtfull that his conscience  
Will make him so suspitious of the worst,  
That he will hardly be induc't to come.

*Ian.* I much should doubt that to, but that I hope  
The strength of his conspiracie, as yet  
Is not so ready, that he dare presume,  
By his refusall to make knowne so much  
Of his disloyalty.

*Hen.* I yet conceiue;  
His practises are turnd to no bad end,  
And good *Laffin*, I pray you write to him,  
To hasten his repayre: and make him sure,  
That you haue satisfide me to the full  
For all his actions, and haue vttered nought,  
But what might serue to banish bad impressions.

*Laf.* I will not faile my Lord.

*Hen.* Conuey your letters;  
By some choyce friend of his: or by his brother;  
And for a third excitement to his presence;

*Ianin,*



BYRONS TRAGEDIE.

*Ianin*, your selfe shall goe, and with the power  
That both the rest employ to make him come,  
Vse you the strength of your perswasions.

*Ian*. I will my Lord, and hope I shall present him. *Ex. Ian.*

*Enter Esper. Soisson, Vitry, Pralin, &c.*

*Esp.* Wilt please your Maiesty to take your place,  
The Maske is comming.

*Hen.* Roome my Lords, stand close.

*Musique and a Song, above, and Cupid enters with a  
Table written, hung about his necke; after him two  
Torch-bearers; after them Mary D'Entragues, and  
foure Ladies more with their Torch-bearers, &c.  
Cupid speaks.*

*Cup.* My Lord, these Nymphs, part of the scatter'd traine,  
Of friendlesse vertue (liuing in the woods  
Of shady *Arden*: and of late not hearing  
The dreadfull sounds of Warre; but that sweet Peace,  
Was by your valour lifted from her grane,  
Set on your royall right hand; and all vertues  
Summond with honor, and with rich rewards,  
To be her hand-maydes): These I say, the vertues,  
Haue put their heads out of their caues and couerts,  
To be her true attendants in your Court:  
In which desire, I must relate a tale,  
Of kinde and worthy emulation,  
Twixt these two Vertues, leaders of the traine:  
This on the right hand is *Sophrosyne*,  
Or *Chastity*: this other *Dapsyle*  
Or *Liberality*: their emulation  
Begot a iarre, which thus was reconcil'd.  
I (hauing left my Goddesse mothers lap,  
To hawke and shoote at Birds in *Arden* groues,)  
Beheld this Princely Nymph with much affection,  
Lese killing birds, and turn'd into a Birde,



BYRONS TRAGEDIE.

Like which I flew betwixt her Ivory breasts,  
 As if I had beene driuen by some Hawke,  
 To sue to her for safety of my life;  
 She smilede at first, and sweetly shadow'd me,  
 With soft protection of her siluer hand;  
 Sometimes she tyed my legges in her rich hayre,  
 And made me (past my nature, liberty)  
 Proud of my fetters: As I pertly sat,  
 On the white pillowes of her naked breasts,  
 I sung for ioy; she answered note for note,  
 Relish for relish, with such ease and Arte,  
 In her diuine diuision, that my tunes,  
 Shew'd like the God of shepheards to the Sunnes,  
 Compar'd with hers: ashamde of which disgrace,  
 I tooke my true shape, bow, and all my shafts,  
 And lighted all my torches at her eyes,  
 Which (set about her, in a golden ring)  
 I follow'd birds againe, from tree to tree,  
 Kild and presented, and she kindly tooke.  
 But when she handled my tryumphant bow,  
 And saw the beauty of my golden shafts,  
 She begd them off me; I poore boy replied,  
 I had no other Riches; yet was pleas'd  
 To hazard all, and stake them gainst a kisse,  
 At an old Game I vs'd, call'd Penny-pricke.  
 She priuy to her owne skill in the play,  
 Answerd my challenge, so I lost my armes:  
 And now my shafts are headed with her lookes,  
 One of which shafts she put into my bow,  
 And shot at this faire Nymph, with whom before  
 I told your Maiesty, she had some iarre.  
 The Nymph did instantly repent all parts  
 She playd in vrging that effeminate warre,  
 Lou'd and submitted; which submission  
 This tooke so well, that now they both are one:  
 And as for your deare loue, their discords grew,  
 So for your loue, they did their loues renew.  
 And now to prooue them capable of your Court,



## BYRONS TRAGEDIE.

In skill of such conceits, and qualities  
As here are practis'd; they will first submit  
Their grace in dancing to your highnesse doome,  
And play the prease to giue their measures roome:

*Musique, Dance, &c. which done Cupid speakes.*

If this suffice, for one Court complement,  
To make them gracious and entertain'd;  
Behold another parcell of their Court-ship,  
Which is a rare dexterity in Riddles,  
Showne in one instance, which is here inscrib'd.  
Here is a Riddle, which if any Knight  
At first sight can resolue; he shall enioy  
This Jewell here annex't; which though it show  
To vulgar eyes, no richer then a Pebble;  
And that no Ladidary, nor great man  
Will giue a Soule for it; 'tis worth a Kingdome:  
For 'tis an artificiall stone compoſde,  
By their great Mistresse, Vertue; and will make  
Him that shall weare it, liue with any little,  
Suffiz'de, and more content then any King.  
If he that vndertakes cannot resolue it;  
And that these Nymphs can haue no harbor here;  
(It being considered, that so many vertues  
Can neuer liue in Court) he shall resolue  
To leaue the Court, and liue with them in *Arden*.

*Esp.* Pronounce the Riddle: I will vndertake it.

*Cup.* 'Tis this sir.

*What's that a faire Lady, most of all likes,  
Yet euer makes show she least of all seekes?  
That's euer embrac'd and affected by her,  
Yet neuer is seene to please or come nigh her:  
Most seru'd in her night-weeds: does her good in a corner,  
But a poore mans thing, yet doth richly adorne her:  
Most cheape, and most deare, aboue all worldly pelfe,  
That is hard to get in, but comes out of it selfe.*

*Esp.* Let me peruse it, *Cupid*.

*Cup.* Here it is.

*Esp.* Your Riddle is good *Fame*.

*Cup.*



BYRONS TRAGEDIE.

*Cap.* Good fame? how make you that good?

*Esp.* Good fame, is that a good Lady most likes, I am sure.

*Cap.* That's granted.

*Esp.* Yet euer makes shewe shee least of all seekes: for shee like it onely for vertue, which is not glorious.

*Hen.* That holds well.

*Esp.* Tis euer embrac't and affected by her: for shee must, perseuer in vertue or fame vanishes. Yet neuer seene to please or come nigh her, for fame is inuisible.

*Cap.* Exceeding right.

*Esp.* Most serued in her night-weeds: for Ladies that most weare their night-weeds come lest abroad, and they that come lest abroad, serue fame most; according to this; *Non formata sed fama in publicum exire debet.*

*Hen.* Tis very substantiall.

*Esp.* Does her good in a corner: that is in her most retreat from the world, comforts her; but a poore mans thing: for euery poore man may purchase it, yet doth richly adorne a Lady.

*Cap.* That all must grant.

*Esp.* Most cheape for it costs nothing, and most deare, for gold cannot buy it; aboue all wordly pelffe; for that's transitorie and fame eternall. It is hard to get in, that is hard to get: But comes out of it selfe; for when it is vertuously deserued with the most inward retreat from the World, it comes out in spite of it, and so *Cupid* your iewell is mine.

*Cap.* It is; and be the vertue of it, yours:

Wee'l now turne to our daunce, as touching our resort.  
If vertue may bee entertain'd in Court.

*Hen.* This shew hath pleased me well, for that it figures.  
The reconcilement of my Queene and Mistresse:  
Come let vs in and thanke them, and prepare,  
To entertayne our trusty friend *Byron*.

*Exeunt.*

*Finit Actus Secundi.*

ACTVS



BYRONS TRAGEDIE.  
ACTVS 3. SCÆNA 1.

*Enter the Duke of Byron, D' Auergne.*

Byr. Deare friend, we must not be more true to kings,  
Then kings are to their subiects, there are scholes,  
Now broken ope in all parts of the world,  
First founded in ingenious Italy,  
Where some conclusions of estate are held,  
That for a day preserue a Prince, and euer,  
Destroy him after : from thence men are taught,  
Toglyde into degrees of hight by crafte,  
And then lock in themselves by villanie:  
But God who knowes kings are not made by art,  
But right of Nature, nor by treachery propt,  
But simple vertue, once let fall from heauen,  
A branch of that greene tree, whose roote is yet,  
Fast fixt about the starres, which sacred branch,  
We well may liken to that Lawrell spray,  
That from the heauenly Eagles golden serres,  
Fell in the lap of great *Augustus* wife,  
Which spray once set, grew vp into a tree,  
Whereof were Garlands made, and Emperors,  
Had their estates and forheads crownd with them;  
And as the armes of that tree did decay,  
The race of great *Augustus* wore away,  
*Nero* being last of that imperiall line,  
The tree and Emperour together died.  
Religion is a branch, first set and blest  
By heauens high finger in the hearts of kings,  
Which whilelome grew into a goodly tree,  
Bright Angells sat and sung vpon the twigs,  
And royall branches for the heads of Kings,  
Were twisted of them but since squint-eid enuy;  
And pale suspicion, dasht the heads of kingdoms,  
One gainst another : two abhorred twins,  
With two foule tayles: sterne Warre and Liberty  
Entred the world. The tree that grew from heauen



## BYRONS TRAGEDIE.

Is ouer-runne with mosse; the cheereful musique,  
That heretofore hath sounded out of it,  
Beginnes to cease; and as she casts her leaues,  
(By small degrees) the kingdomes of the earth  
Decline and wither; and looke whensoever  
That the pure sap in her, is dried vp quite;  
The lamp of all authority goes out,  
And all the blaze of Princes is extinckt;  
Thus as the Poet sends a messenger  
Out to the stage, to shew the summe of all,  
That followes after: so are Kings reuolts,  
And playing both wayes with religion,  
Fore-runners of afflictions imminent,  
Which (like a Chorus) subiects must lament.

*D. Au.* My Lord I stand not on these deepe discourses,  
To settle my course to your fortunes; mine  
Are freely and inseperably linckt:  
And to your loue my life.

*Byr.* Thanks Princely friend,  
And whatsoeuer good shall come of me,  
Persu'd by all the Catholike Princes aydes  
With whom I ioyne, and whose whole states propofe,  
To winne my valor, promise me a throne:  
All shall be equall with my selfe, thine owne.

*La Bru.* My Lord here is *D'escaris* sent from the King,  
Desires access to you.

*Enter D'escures.*

*Byr.* Attend him in.

*D'esc.* Health to my Lord the Duke.

*Byr.* Welcome *D'escaris*,

In what health rests our royall Soueraigne.

*D'esc.* In good health of his body, but his minde  
Is something troubled with the gathering stormes  
Of forreigne powres; that as he is inform'd  
Addresse themselves into his frontier townes;  
And therefore his intent is to maintaine:

The



BYRONS TRAGEDIE.

The body of an army on those parts;  
And yeald their worthy conduct to your valor.

*Byr.* From whence heares he that any stormes are rising?

*Desc.* From Italy; and his intelligence,  
No doubt is certaine, that in all those parts  
Leuies are hotly made, for which respect,  
He sent to his Ambassadour *De Vic*,  
To make demand in Switzerland, for the raising,  
With vtmost dilligence of sixe thousand men;  
All which shall be commanded to attend,  
On your direction; as the Constable  
Your honored Gossip gaue him in aduice;  
And he sent you by wrighting, of which letters,  
He would haue answere, and aduice from you  
By your most speedy presence.

*Byr.* This is strange,  
That when the enemy is t'attempt his frontiers,  
He calls me from the frontiers: does he thinke,  
It is an action worthy of my valor  
To turne my backe, to an approaching foe?

*Desc.* The foe is not so nere, but you may come,  
And take more strickt directions from his highnes  
Then he thinkes fit his letters should containe,  
Without he least attainture of your valour;  
And therefore good my Lord, forbear excuse  
And beare your selfe on his direction;  
Who well you know hath neuer made designs  
For your most worthy seruice, where he saw  
That any thing but honor could succede.

*Byr.* I will not come I sweare.

*Desc.* I know your Grace,  
Will send no such vnfauory reply.

*Byr.* Tell him that I beseech his Maiesty,  
To pardon my repayre till th'end be knowne  
Of all these leauies now in Italy.

*Desc.* My Lord I know that tale will neuer please him;  
And wish you as you loue his loue and pleasure  
To satisfie his summons speedily:



BYRONS TRAGEDIE.

And speedily I know he will returne you.

*Byr.* By heauen it is not fit : if all my seruice  
Makes me know any thing : beseech him therefore,  
To trust my iudgment in these doubtfull charges,  
Since in assur'd assaults it hath not faild him.

*Des.* I would your Lordship now would trust his iudgment.

*Byr.* Gods pretious, y'are importunate past measure,  
And (I know) further then your charge extends,  
He satisfie his highnesse, let that serue;  
For by this flesh and bloud, you shall not beare,  
Any reply to him, but this from me.

*De.* Tis naught to me my Lord, I wish your good,  
And for that cause haue bin importunate. *Exit Des.*

*Brunel.* By no meanes go my Lord; but with distrust  
Of all that hath bin said or can be sent;  
Collect your friends, and stand vpon your guard,  
The Kings faire letters, and his messages  
Are onely Golden Pills, and comprehend  
Horrible purgatiues.

*Byr.* I will not goe,  
For now I see the instructions lately sent me,  
That something is discouerd, are too true,  
And my head rules none of those neighbour Nobles,  
That euery pursuant brings beneath the axe:  
If they bring me out, they shall see ile hatch  
Like to the Black-thorne, that puts forth his leafe,  
Not with the golden fawnings of the Sunne,  
But sharpest showers of haile, and blackest frosts,  
Blowes, batties, breaches, showres of Steele and bloud  
Must be his downe-right messengers for me,  
And not the misling breath of policy:  
He, he himselfe, made passage to his Crowne  
Through no more armies, battailes, massacres,  
Then I will aske him to arriue at me;  
He takes on him, my executions,  
And on the demolitions, that this arme,  
Hath shaken out of forts and Citadells,  
Hath he aduanc't the trophies of his valor;  
Where I, in these assumptions may scorne,

And



BYRONS TRAGEDIE.

And speake contemptuously of all the World,  
For any equall yet, I euer found;  
And in my rising, not the Syrian Starre  
That in the Lyons mouth, vndaunted shines,  
And makes his braue assention with the Sunne,  
Was of th'Egyptians, with more zeale beheld,  
And made a rule to know the circuite,  
And compasse of the yeare; then I was held  
When I appeard from battaile; the whole sphere,  
And full sustainer of the state we beare;  
I haue Alcides-like gone vnder th'earth  
And on these shoulders borne the weight of *France*:  
And (for the fortunes of the thankles King)  
My father (all know) set him in his throne,  
And if he vrge me, I may plucke him out. *En. Mes.*

*Mes.* Here is the president *Ianin*, my Lord;  
Sent from the King, and vrgeth quicke access.

*Byr.* Another Pursuant? and one so quicke?  
He takes next course with me, to make him stay:  
But let him in, let's heare what he importunes. *En. Ia.*

*Ian.* Honor and loyall hopes to Duke *Byron*.

*Byr.* No other touch me: say how fares the King?

*Ian.* Farely my Lord; the cloud is yet farre off  
That aymes at his obscuring, and his will,  
Would gladly giue the motion to your powers  
That should disperse it; but the meanes, himselfe,  
Would personally relate in your direction.

*Byr.* Still on that haunt?

*Ian.* Vpon my life, my Lord,  
He much desires to see you, and your sight  
Is now growne necessary to suppress  
(As with the glorious splendor of the Sunne)  
The rude windes that report breaths in his eares,  
Endeauouring to blast your loyalty.

*Byr.* Sir, if my loyalty, sticke in him no faster  
But that the light breath of report may loose it,  
(So I rest still vnmoou'd) let him be shaken.

*Ian.* But these aloofe abodes, my Lord bewray,



BYRONS TRAGEDIE.

That there is rather firmenesse in your breath,  
Then in your heart; Truth is not made of glasse,  
That with a small touch, it should feare to breake  
And therefore should not shunne it; beleue me  
His arme is long, and strong, and it can fetch  
Any within his will, that will not come :  
Not he that surfeits in his mines of gold,  
And for the pride thereof compares with God,  
Calling (with almost nothing different) ;  
His powers inuincible, for omnipotent,  
Can back your boldest fort gainst his assaults;  
It is his pride, and vaine ambition,  
That hath but two starres in his high designes;  
(The lowest enuey, and the highest bloud)  
That doth abuse you, and giues mindes too high,  
Rather a mill by giddinesse to fall,  
Then to descend by iudgment.

*Byr.* I relye

On no mans backe nor belly, but the king  
Must thinke that merit, by ingratitude crackt,  
Requires a firmer sementing then words.  
And he shall finde it a much harder worke  
To soder broken hearts, then shiuerd glasse.

*Ian.* My Lord, 'tis better hold a Souereignes loue  
By bearing injuries; then by laying out  
Stirre his displeasure; Princes discontents  
(Being once incenst) are like the flames of *Aetna*,  
Not to be quencht, no nor lessned: and be sure,  
A subjects confidences in any merit,  
Against his Soueraigne, that makes him presume  
To flie too high; approoues him like a cloude,  
That makes as shew as it did haulke at kingdoms,  
And could command, all raisd beneath his vapor,  
When sodainly, the Foule that haulkt so faire,  
Stoo pes in a puddle, or consumes in ayre.

*Byr.* I flye with no such ayme, nor am opposde  
Against my Sourraigne, but the worthy hight  
I haue wrought by my seruice, I will hold,

Which



# BYRONS TRAGEDIE.

Which if I come away, I cannot do,  
For if the enemy should inuade the Frontier,  
Whose charge to guard, is mine, with any spoyle,  
(Although the King in placing of an other  
Might well excuse me) Yet all forreigne Kings  
That can take note of no such secret quittance,  
Wil lay the weakenesse here, upon my wants,  
And therefore my abode is resolute.

*Ian.* I sorrow for your resolution,  
And feare your dissolution, will succeed.

*Byr.* I must endure it.

*Ian.* Fare you well my Lord.

*Exit Ian.*

*Byr.* Farewell to you.

*Enter Brun.*

Captaine what other newes?

*Brun.* *Laffin* salutes you.

*Byr.* Welcome good friend; I hope your wisht arriuall,  
Will giue some certaine end to our designes.

*Brun.* I know not that my Lord, reports are rais'd so doubt-  
full and so different, that the truth of any one can hardly bee  
assur'd.

*Byr.* Good newes *D'Auergne*, our trusty friend *Laffin*,  
Hath clear'd all scruples with his Maiesty,  
And vtterd nothing but what seru'd to cleare  
All bad Suggestions.

*Brun.* So he sayes, my Lord  
But others say, *Laffins* assurances  
Are meere deceipts, and wish you to beleue;  
That when the *Vidame*, nephew to *Laffin*;  
Met you at *Antune*, to assure your doubts,  
His Vncle had said nothing to the King  
That might offend you; all the iournies charge,  
The King defraide; besides, your truest friends  
Wil'd me to make you certaine that your place  
Of gouernment is otherwise dispos'd;  
And all aduise you for your latest hope,  
To make retreat into the *French County*.

*Byr.* I thanke them al, but they touch not the depth,  
Of the affaires, betwixt *Laffin* and me.

Who



# BYRONS TRAGEDIE.

Who is return'd contented to his house,  
Quite freed of all displeasure or distrust;  
And therefore worthy friends weel now to Court.

*D. An.* My Lord, I like your other friends aduices,  
Much better then *Erassins*; and on my life  
You cannot come to Court with any safety.

*Byr.* Who shall infringe it? I know, all the Court,  
Haue better apprehension of my valour;  
Then that they dare lay violent hands on me;  
If I haue only meanes to draw this sword,  
I shall haue power enough to set me free  
From seizure, by my proudest enemy. *Exit.*

*Enter Esper. Vyt, Pral.*

*Esp.* He will not come, I dare engage my hand.

*Vyt.* He will be fetcht then, ile engage my head.

*Pral.* Come, or be fetcht, he quite hath lost his honor,  
In giuing these suspitions of reuolt  
From his allegiance: that which he hath wonne,  
With sundry wounds, and perill of his life;  
With wonder of his wisdome, and his valour,  
He looseth with a most enchanted glory:  
And admiration of his pride and folly.

*Vit.* Why did you neuer see a fortunate man,  
Sudainly rais'd to heapes of wealth and honor?  
Nor any rarely great in gifts of nature,  
As valour, wit and smooth vse of the tongue,  
Set strangly to the pitch of populare likings?  
But with as suddaine falls the rich and honor'd,  
Were ouerwhelm'd by pouerty and shame,  
Or had no vse of both aboue the wretched.

*Esp.* Men neuer are satisfi'd with that they haue;  
But as a man matcht with a louely wife,  
When his most heauenly Theoric of her beauties,  
Is dul'd and quite exhausted with his practise:  
He brings her forth to feasts, where he alas,  
Falls to his viands with no thought like others,  
That thinke him blest in her, and they (poore men)

Court



BYRONS TRAGEDIE.

Court, and make faces, offer seruice sweate,  
With their desires contention, break their braines  
For iests, and tales, sit mute, and loose thir lookes,  
(Far out of wit, and out of countenance)  
So all men else, do what they haue transplant,  
And place their welth in thirst of what they want.

*Enter Henry, Chancellor, Vid Desc. Ianin.*

*Hen.* He will not come, I must both grieue and wonder.  
That all my care to win my subiects loue  
And in one cup of friendship to commixe,  
Our liues, and fortunes, should leaue out so many  
As giue a man (contemptuous of my loue,  
And of his owne good, in the Kingdomes peace)  
Hope, in a countiuanee so vngratefull,  
To beare out his designs in spight of me:  
How shall I better please all then I do?  
When they suppos'd I would haue giuen some,  
Insolent garisons; others Citadells,  
And to all sorts, encrease of miseries;  
Prouince by Prouince, I did visite all  
Whom those iniurious rumors had diswaide;  
And shewd them how, I neuer sought to build,  
More forts for me then were within their hearts;  
Nor vse more sterne constraints, then their good wils,  
To succour the necessities of my crowne,  
That I desired to ad to their contents  
By all occasions, rather then subtract;  
Nor wisht I, that my treasury should flow,  
With gold that swum in, in my subiects teares;  
And then I found no man, that did not blesse,  
My few yeares reigne; and their triumphant peace,  
And do they now so soone, complayne of ease?  
He will not come?

*Enter Byron, D' Auergne, brother  
with others.*

*Ess.* O madnesse? he is come.

M

*Chan.*



BYRONS TRAGEDIE.

*Chan.* The Duke is come my Lord.

*Hen.* Oh Sir, y'are welcome,  
And fitly to conduct me to my house.

*Byr.* I must beseech your Maiesties excuse,  
That (Iealousie of mine honor) I haue vs'd,  
Some of mine owne commandement in my stay,  
And came not with your highnesse soonest summons.

*Hen.* The faithfull seruant right in holy writ;  
That said he would not come and yet he came:  
But come you hether, I must tell you now,  
Not the contempt you stood to in your stay,  
But the bad ground that bore vp your contempt,  
Makes you arriue at no port but repentance.  
Despayre, and ruine.

*Byr.* Be what port it will,  
At which your will, will make me be ariued,  
I am not come to iustifie my selfe,  
To aske you pardon nor accuse my friends.

*Hen.* If you conceale my enemies you are one,  
And then my pardon shall be worth your asking,  
Or else your head be worth my cutting off.

*Byr.* Being friend and worthy fautor of my selfe,  
I am no foe of yours, nor no empayrer,  
Since he can no way worthely maintaine  
His Princes honor that neglects his owne:  
And if your wil haue bin to my true reason,  
(Maintaining still the truth and loyalty)  
A checke to my free nature and mine honor,  
And that on your free iustice I presum'd  
To crosse your will a little, I conceiue,  
You will not thinke this forfait worth my head.

*Hen.* Haue you maintaind your truth of loyalty?  
When since I pardoned feule entention,  
Resolving to forget eternally, what they appeard in,  
And had welcomd you, as a kind father doth his riotous son.  
I can approoue facts fowler then th'intents,  
Of deepe disloyalty and highest treason.

*Byr.* May this right hand be thunder to my brest,



BYRONS TRAGEDIE.

If I stand guilty of the slenderest fact,  
Wherein the least of those two can be prooued,  
For could my tender conscience but haue toucht,  
At any such vnnaturall relaps;  
I would not with this confidence haue runne,  
Thus headlong in the fournace of a wrath,  
Blowne, and thrice kindled: hauing way enough,  
In my election both to shun and slight it.

*Hen.* Y<sup>e</sup> are grosely and vaine gloriously abus'd,  
There is no way in *Sauoy* nor in *Spaine*,  
To giue a foole that hope of your escape,  
And had you not (euen when you did) arriued,  
(With horror to the proudest hope you had)  
I would haue fetcht you.

*Byr.* You then must haue vs'd,  
A power beyond my knowledge, and a will,  
Beyond your iustice, for a little stay  
More then I vs'd would hardly haue bin worthy,  
Of such an open exhibition;  
I which to all the censures of the world,  
My faith and Innocence had b'n fouly foyld;  
Which protest by heauens bright witnesses  
That shine farr, farr, from mixture with our feares,  
Retaine a perfect roundnes as their spheares.

*Hen.* Tis well my Lord, I thought I could haue frighted  
Your firmest confidence: some other time,  
We will (as now in priuate) list your actions,  
And poure more then you thinke into the sieue,  
Alwayes reseruing clemency and pardon  
Vpon confession, be you nere so foule,  
Come lets cleere vp our browes shall we to tennis.

*Byr.* I my Lord if I may make the match,  
The Duke *Espernon* and my selfe will play,  
With you and Count *Soissons*.

*Esp.* I know my Lord.  
You play well, but you make your matches ill.

*Hen.* Come tis a match.

*Exit.*

*Byr.* How like you my arriuall?



BYRONS TRAGEDIE.

*Esp.* He tell you as a friend in your care,  
You haue giuen more preferment to your courage,  
Then to the prouident counsailes of your friends.

*D'Au.* I told him so my Lord, and much was grieved  
To see his bold approach so full of will.

*Byr.* Wel I must beare it now, though but with th'head,  
The shoulders bearing nothing.

*Esp.* By Saint Iohn,  
Tis a good headlesse resolution.

*Exeunt.*

ACT V. S. 4. SCÆNA 1.

*Enter the Duke of Byron, D'Auergne.*

*Byr.* O the most base fruites of a settled peace!  
In men, I meant; worse then their dirty fields,  
Which they manure much better then themselues;  
For them they plant, and sowe, and ere they grow,  
Wedy, and choakt with thornes, they grub and proyn  
And make them better, then when cruell warre,  
Frighted from thence the sweaty labourer:  
But men themselues instead of bearing fruites,  
Grow rude and foggy, ouer-growne with weedes,  
Their spirits, and freedoms smothered in their ease;  
And as their tyrants and their ministers,  
Grow wilde in prosecution of their lusts,  
So they grow prostitute, and lie (like whores)  
Downe and take vp, to their abhord dishonors:  
The friendlesse may be iniur'd and opprest;  
The guiltlesse led to slaughter, the deseruer  
Giuen to the begger; right be wholly wrongd,  
And wrong be onely honor'd, till the strings  
Of euery mans heart cracke, and who will stirre,  
To tell authority that it doth erre.  
All men cling to it, though they see their blouds  
In their most deare associates and allies,  
Pour'd into kennels by it: and who dares  
But looke well in the breast, whom that impayres?

How



BYRONS TRAGEDIE.

How all the Court now lookes as kew on me?  
Go by without saluting, shun my sight,  
Which (like a March Sunne) agues breeds in them,  
From whence of late, 'twas health to haue a beame.

*D Au.* Now none wil speak to vs, we thrust our selues  
Into mens companies, and offer speech,  
As if not made, for their deliuered eares.  
Their backs turnd to vs, and their words to others.  
And we most like obsequious Parasites,  
Follow their faces, wiude about their persons,  
For lookes and answers, or be cast behinde,  
No more view'd then the wallet of their faults.

*Enter Soisson.*

*Byr.* Yet her's one views me, and I thinke wil speake.

*Soiff.* My Lord, if you respect your name and race,  
The preservation of your former honors,  
Merites and vertues, humbly cast them all,  
At the kings mercy, for beyond all doubt,  
Your acts haue thether driven them: he hath proofes  
So pregnant, and so horrid, that to heare them,  
Would make your valor in your very lookes,  
Giue vp your forces miseraly guilty,  
But he is loth (for his ancient loue  
To your rare vertues) and in their empaire,  
The full discouragement of all that liue,  
To trust or fauour any gifts in Nature,  
T'expose them to the light; when darknesse may  
Couer her owne broode, and keepe still in day,  
Nothing of you but that may brooke her brightnesse:  
You know what horrors these high strokes do bring,  
Raisd in the arme of an incensed King.

*Byr.* My Lord, be sure the King cannot complayne  
Of any thing in me, but my true seruice,  
Which in so many dangers of my death  
May so approoue my spotlesse loyalty,



BYRON'S TRAGEDIE.

That those quite opposite horrors you assure,  
Must looke out of his owne ingratitude;  
Or the malignant enuies of my foes;  
Who powre me ont in such a Stigian flood,  
To drowne me in my selfe, since their deserts  
Are farre from such a deluge; and in me  
Hid like so many riuers in the Sea.

*Sois.* You thinke I come to sound you; farwel. *Exit.*

*Enter Chancellor, Espernon, Ianin, Vidame  
Verry, Pralin, whispering by couples, &c.*

*D'An.* See see, not one of them will cast a glaunce  
At our ecclipsed faces.

*Byr.* They keepe all to cast in admiration on the king  
For from his face are all their faces moulded.

*D'An.* But when a change comes we shal se them al  
Chang'd into water, that will instantly  
Giue looke for looke, as if it watcht to greete vs;  
Or else for one, they'l giue vs twenty faces,  
Like to the little specks on sides of glasses.

*Byr.* Is't not an easie losse, to losse their lookes,  
Whose hearts so soone are melted?

*D'An.* But me thinkes,  
(Being courtiers) they should cast best lookes on men  
When they thought worst of them.

*Byr.* O no my Lord,  
They n're dissemble but for some aduantage;  
They sell their lookes, and shadowes, which they rate  
After their markets, keepe becnath the Stat;  
Lord what foule weather their specks do threaten?  
See in how graue a Barke he sets his vizard;  
Passion of nothing; See: an excellent lecture:  
Now Courtship goes a ditching in their fore-heads;  
And we are false into those dismall ditches;  
Why euen thus dreadfully would they be wrapt,  
If the Kings butterd egges, were onely spilt.

*Enter Henry.*

*Hen.*



BYRONS TRAGEDIE.

Hen. Lord Chancellor.

Chan. My Lord.

Hen. And Lord Vidame.

Exit.

Byr. And not Byron? hers a prodigious change.

D' Au. He cast no Beame on you.

Byr. Why now you see  
From whence their countenances were copped.

*Enter the captaine of Byrons guard with a letter.*

D' Au. See, here comes some newes, I belecue my Lord.

Byr. What saies the honest captaine of my guard?

Cap. I bring a letter from a friend of yours.

Byr. Tis welcome then.

D' Au. Haue we yet any friends?

Cap. More then yee would I thinke: I neuer saw,  
Men in their right mindes so vnrighteous  
In their owne causes.

Byr. See what thou hast brought,  
He wills vs to retire our selues my Lord,  
And makes as if it were almost to late,  
What saies my captaine shall we goe or no?

Cap. I would your daggers point had kist my heart,  
when you resolu'd to come.

Byr. I pray thee why?

Cap. Yet doth that sencelesse Apopelxy dull you?  
The diuell or your wicked angell blindes you,  
Bereauing all your reason of a man  
And leaues you but the spirit of a horse,  
In your brute nostrills: onely powre to dare.

Byr. Why dost thou thinke, my comming here hath brought  
To such an vnreouerable danger? (me

Cap. Iudge by the strange Ostents that haue succeeded,  
Since your arriual: the kinde foule, the wild-duck,  
That came into your cabinet, so beyond  
The sight of all your seruants, or your selfe:  
That flew about, and on your shoulder sat  
And which you had so fed, and so attended;

For



BYRONS TRAGEDIE.

For that dum loue she shew'd you; iust as soone,  
As you were parted, on the sodaine died.  
And to make this no lesse then an Ostent;  
An other that hath fortun'd since, confirms it:  
Your goodly horse *Pastrana*, which the Arch-Duke,  
Gave you at Bruxels; in the very houre,  
You left your strength, fell mad, and kild himselfe;  
The like chanc't to the horse the great Duke sent you  
And, with both these, the horse the Duke of Loraine,  
Sent you at, *Vincie* made a third presage,  
Of some Inevitable fate that toucht you,  
Who like the other pin'd away and died.

*Byr.* All these together are indeed ostentfull,  
Which by an other like, I can confirme:  
The matchlesse Earle of *Essex* who some make,  
(In their most sure diuining, of my death)  
A parrasel with me in life and fortune,  
Had one horse likewise that the very houre,  
He sufferd death (being well the night before)  
Died in his pasture. Noble happy beasts,  
That die, not hauing to their wills to liue,  
They vse no deprecations, nor complaints,  
Nor suite for mercy: amongst them the Lion:  
Serues not the Lyon, nor the horse the horse,  
As man serues man: when men shew most their spirits  
In valour and their utmost dares to doe;  
They are compar'd to Lions, Woolues, and Bores,  
But by conuersion, None will say a Lyon,  
Fights as he had the Spirit of a man.  
Let me then in my danger now giue cause,  
For all men to begin that *Smile*.  
For all my huge ingagement, I prouide me,  
This short sword onely; which if I haue time,  
To show my apprehenor, he shall vse,  
Power of ten Lions if I get not loose.

*Enter Henry, Chancellor, Vidame, Ianin, Vitry, Parlin.*

*Hen.*



## BYRONS TRAGEDIE.

*Hen.* What shall we doe with this vntoward man?  
 Would he (of one thing) but reueale the truth,  
 Which I haue prooffe off vnderneath his hand,  
 He should not taste my Iustice, I would giue,  
 Two hundred thousand crownes, that he would yeeld  
 But such meanes for my pardon, as he should;  
 I neuer lou'd man like him: would haue trusted,  
 My Sonne in his protection, and my Realme:  
 He hath deseru'd my loue with worthy seruice,  
 Yet can he not deny, but I haue thrice,  
 Sau'd him from death: I drew him off the foe,  
 At *Fontaine Francoise* where he was engag'd,  
 So wounded, and so much amaz'd with blowes,  
 That (as I playd the souldier in his rescue)  
 I was enforc't to play the Marshall,  
 To order the retreat, because he said,  
 He was not fit to do it nor to serue me.

*Cha.* Your maiesty hath vsd your vtmost meanes  
 Both by your owne perswasions, and his friends,  
 To bring him to submission, and confesse  
 (With some signe of repentance) his foule fault:  
 Yet still he stands prefract and insolent.  
 You haue in loue and care of his recovery  
 Bin halfe in labour to produce a course,  
 And resolution, that were fit for him.  
 And since so amply it concernes your crowne,  
 You must by law cut off, what by your grace,  
 You cannot bring into the state of safety.

*Ian.* Begin at th'end my Lord and execute,  
 Like *Alexander* with *Parmenio*.  
 Princes (you know) are Maisters of their lawes,  
 And may resolute them to what forms they please  
 So all conclude in iustice: in whose stroke,  
 There is one sort of manadage for the Great;  
 Another for interiour: the great mother,  
 Of all productions (graue necessity)  
 Commands the variation: and the profit,  
 So certainly fore-scene, commends the example.

N

*Hen.*



BTRONS TRAGEDIE.

*Hen.* I like not executions so informall,  
For which my predecessors haue bin blam'd:  
My Subiects and the world shal know my powre?  
And my authority by Lawes vsuall course  
Dares punish, not the diuelish heads of treason,  
But their contederates be they nere so dreadfull.  
The decent ceremonies of my lawes,  
And their solemnities shall be obserued,  
With all their Sternenes and Seueritie.

*Vyt.* Where wil your highnes haue him apprehended?

*Hen.* Not in the Castle (as some haue aduic'd)  
But in his chamber.

*Prat.* Rather in your owne,  
Or comming out of it; for tis assur'd  
That any other place of apprehension,  
Will make the hard performance, end in blood.

*Vit.* To shun this likely-hood, my Lord tis best  
To make the apprehension neere your chamber;  
For all respect and reuerence giuen the place,  
More then is needfull, to chastice the person,  
And saue the opening of too many veines;  
Is vaine and dangerous.

*Hen.* Gather then your guard,  
And I will finde fit time to giue the word,  
When you shall seaze on him and *D' Auergne.*

*Vi.* We wil be ready to the death (my Lord)

*Exeunt.*

*Hen.* O thou that gouernst the keene swords of Kings,  
Direct my arme in this important stroke,  
Or hold it being aduanc't; the weight of blood,  
Euen in the basest subiect, doth exact  
Deepe consultation, in the highest King;  
For in one subiect, deaths vnult affrights,  
Pssions, and paines (though he be nere so poore)  
Aske more remorse, then the voluptuous spleenes  
Of all Kings in the world, deserue respect;  
He should be borne grey-headed that will beare  
The sword of Empire; Iudgment of the life,  
Free state, and reputation of a man,

(If



BYRONS TRAGEDIE.

(If it be iust and worthy) dwells so darke  
That it denies accessse to Sunne and Moone;  
The soules eye sharpened with that sacred light,  
Of whom the Sunne it selfe is but a beame,  
Must onely giue that iudgment; O how much  
Erre those kings then, that play with life and death  
And nothing put into their serious States  
But humor and their lusts! For which alone  
Men long for kingdoms, whose huge counterpose  
In cares and dangers, could a foole comprize,  
He would not be a King but would be wise;

*Enter Byron talking with the Queene:  
Esp. D' Entragues, D' Auer. with another  
Lady, others attending.*

Here comes the man, with whose ambitious head  
(Cast in the way of *Treason*) we must stay  
His full chace of our ruine and our Realme  
This houre shall take vpon her shady winge  
His latest liberty and life to Hell.

*D' Auer.* We are vndone?

*Queene.* Whats that?

*Byr.* I heard him not.

*Hen.* Madam y<sup>e</sup> are honord much, that Duke *Byron*  
Is so obseruant, some to cards with him,  
You foure, as now you come, sit to *Primero*,  
And I will fight a battayle at the *Chesse*.

*Byr.* A good safe fight belecue me, other warre  
Thirsts bood, and wounds, and his thirst quencht is thanklesse.

*Esp.* Lift, and then cut.

*Byr.* Tis right, the end of lifting,  
When men are lifted to their highest pitch,  
They cut of those that lifted them so high.

*Que.* Apply you all these sports so seriously?

*Bir.* They first were from our serious acts deuild,  
The best of which, are to the best but sports;  
(I meane by best, the greatest) for their ends



BYRONS TRAGEDIE.

In men that serue them best, are their owne pleasures.

*Que.* So, in those best mens seruices, their ends,  
Are their owne pleasures, passe.

*Byr.* I vy't.

*Hen.* Hee't;

And wonder at his frontles impudence. *Exit Hen.*

*Cha.* How speedes your Maiesty?

*Qe.* Well, the Duke instructs me  
With such graue lessons of mortality  
Forc't out of our light sport; that if I loose,  
I cannot but speede well.

*Byr.* Some idle talke,  
For Court-ship sake, you know does not amisse.

*Chan.* Would we might heare some of it.

*Byr.* That yon shall,  
I cast away a card now, makes me thinke,  
Of the deceased worthy King of Spaine.

*Chan.* What card was that?

*Byr.* The King of hearts (my Lord)  
Whose name yeelds well the memory of that king  
Who was indeede that worthy King of hearts,  
And had, both of his subiects hearts, and strangers,  
Much more then all the Kings of Christendome.

*Chan.* He wun them with his gold.

*Byr.* He wun them chiefly,  
With his so generall Piety and Iustice:  
And as, the litle yet great Macedon,  
Was sayd with his humaine philosophy,  
To teach the rapessull *Hyrcans*, marriages;  
And bring the barbarous *Sogdians*, to nourish;  
Not kill their aged Parents, as be before,  
Thincetleous *Persians* to reuerence  
Their mothers; not vse them as their wiues;  
The *Indians* to adore the *Grecian* Gods,  
The *Scythians* to inter, not eate their Parents,  
So he, with his diuine Philosophy,  
(Which I may call his, since he chiefly vs'd it)  
in *Turky*, *Indea*, and through all the world,

Expe'd



BYRONS TRAGEDIE.

Expell'd prophaine idolatry ; and from earth,  
Rais'd temples to the highest : whom with the word,  
He could not winne, he iustly put to sword.

*Chan.* He sought for gold, and Empire.

*Byr.* Twas Religion,  
And her full propagation that he sought ;  
If gold had beene his end, it had beene hoorded,  
When he had fetcht it in so many fleetes :  
Which he spent not on *Median* Luxury,  
Banquets and women ; *Caldonian* wine,  
Nor deare *Hyrceanian* fishes, but employd it,  
To propagate his Empire ; and his Empire  
Desir'd t'extend so, that hee might withall,  
Extend Religion through it, and all Nations,  
Reduce to one firme constitution,  
Of Piety, Iustice, and one publique weale ;  
To which end he made all his matchlesse subiects  
Make tents their Castles, and their Garrisons :  
True Catholikes country-men ; and their allies,  
Hereticks, strangers, and their enemies.  
There was in him the magnanimity.

*Mon.* To temper your extreame applause (my lord)  
Shorten, and answere all things in a word,  
The greatest commendation wee can giue  
To the remembrance of that King deceast :  
Is, that hee spar'd not his owne eldest sonne,  
But put him iustly to a violent death,  
Because, hee sought to trouble his estates.

*Byr.* Ist so ?

*Chan.* That bit (my Lord) vpon my life,  
Twas bitterly replied, and doth amaze him.

*The King sudainly enters hauing  
determined what to do.*

*Hen.* It is resolu'd,



BYRONS TRAGEDIE.

A worke shall now be done,  
Which, (while learned *Atlas* shall with starres bee crown'd,  
While th' Ocean walkes in stormes his wauy round,  
While Moones at full, repayre their broken rings:  
While *Lucifer* fore-shewes *Auroras* springs,  
And *Arctos* stickes about the earth vnmoou'd,  
Shall make my realme be blest, and me beloued;  
Call in the Count *D' Auvergne*. *En. D' An.*  
A word my Lord.

Will you become as wilfull as your friend?  
And draw a mortall iustice on your heads,  
That hangs so blacke and is so loth to strike?  
If you would vtter what I know you knowe,  
Of his inhumaine creason; on strong *Barre*,  
Betwixt his will, and duty were dissolu'd.  
For then I know he would submit himselfe;  
Thinke you it not as strong a point of faith,  
To rectifie your loyalties to me,  
As to be trusty in each others wrong?  
Trust that deceiues our selues in treachery,  
And Truth that truth conceales and open lye.

*D' An.* My Lord if I could vtter any thought,  
Instructed with disloyalty to you,  
And might light any safety to my friend:  
Though mine owne heart came after it should out.

*Hen.* I know you may, and that your faith's affected  
To one another, are so vaine and false,  
That your owne strengths wil ruine you: ye contend,  
To cast vp rampiers to you in the Sea,  
And strue to stop the waues that runne before you.

*D' An.* All this my Lord to me is misery.

*Hen.* It is, Ile make it plaine enough. Beleeue me.  
Come my Lord Chancellour let vs end our mate.

*Enter Varennes, whispering to Byron.*

*Var.* You are vndone my Lord.

*Byr.* Is it possible?

*Que.*

BYRONS TRAGEDIE.

*Enter Vtry with two or three of the Guard, Esper. Vidame,  
following. Vtry laies hand on Byrons sword.*

*Vyr.* Resigne your sword (my Lord) the King commands it.

*Byr.* Mee to resigne my sword? what King is hee,  
Hath vsd it better for the realme then I?  
My sword, that all the warres within the length,  
Breadth and the whole dimensions of great *France*,  
Hath sheath'd betwixt his hilt and horrid point?  
And sitt yee all in such a flourishing Peace?  
My sword that neuer enemy could enforce,  
Berest mee by my friends? Now, good my Lord,  
Beseech the King, I may resigne my sword,  
To his hand onely.

*Enter Ianin.*

*Ian.* You must doe your Office,  
The King commaunds you.

*Vtr.* Tis in vaine to strue,  
For I must force it.

*Byr.* Haue I ne're a friend,  
That beares another for me? all the Guard?  
What will you kill mee? will you smother heere  
His life that can commaund, and saue in field,  
A hundred thousand liues? For man-hood sake;  
Lend something to this poore forsaken hand;  
For all my seruice, let mee haue the honour  
To dye defending of my innocent selfe?  
And haue some litle space to pray to God.

*Enter Henry.*

*Hen.* Come, you are an Atheist *Byron*, and a traytor,  
Both foule and damnable; thy innocent selfe?  
No Leper is so buried quicke in vlcers  
As thy corrupted soule: thou end the warre?

And



BYRONS TRAGEDIE.

*Que.* Play good my Lord : whom looke you for ?

*Esp.* Your minde,  
Is not vpon your Game.

*Byr.* Play, pray you play.

*Hen.* Enough, tis late, and time to leaue our play,  
On all hands ; all forbear the roome, my Lord ?  
Stay you with me ; yet is your will resolued,  
To duty and the maine bond of your life ?  
I sweare (of all th' Intrusions I haue made,  
Vpon your owne good, and continu'd fortunes)  
This is the last ; informe me yet the truth,  
And here I vowe to you, (by all my loue ;  
By all meanes shewne you, euen to this extreame,  
When all men else forsake you) you are safe :  
What passages haue slipt twixt Count *Fuentes*,  
You, and the Duke of *Sanoy* ?

*Byr.* Good my Lord,  
This nayle is driuen already past the head,  
You much haue ouer-charg'd, an honest man ;  
And I beseech you yeelde my Innocence iustice,  
(But with my single valour) gainst them all,  
That thus haue poysoned your opinion of me,  
And let me take my vengeance by my sword :  
For I protest, I neuer thought an Action,  
More then my tongue hath vtred.

*Hen.* Would 'twere true ;  
And that your thoughts and deeds, had fell no fouler.  
But you disdain submission, not remembring,  
That (in intentes vrg'd for the common good)  
He that shall hold his peace being charg'd to speake :  
Doth al the peace and Nerues of Empire breake  
Which on your conscience lye, adieu, good night. *Exit.*

*Byr.* Kings hate to heare, what they command men speake,  
As life, and to desert of death yee yeeld :  
Where Medicins loath, it yrekes men to be heald.

*Enter*

BYRONS TRAGEDIE.

And settle peace in *France* ? what war hath rag'd,  
Into whose fury I haue not expos'd,  
My person, which is as free a spirit as thine ?  
Thy worthy Father, and thy selfe, combine,  
And arm'd in all the merites or your valors ;  
(Your bodies thrust amidst the thickest fights)  
Neuer were bristled with so many battailes.  
Nor on the foe haue broke such woods of launces  
As grew vpon my thigh ; and I haue Marshald ;  
I am ashamd to bragge thus, where  
Enuey and arrogance, their opposit bulwarke raise  
Men are alowd to vse their proper praise,  
Away with him. *Exit Hen.*

*Byr.* Away with him ? liue I ?  
And heare my life thus slighted ? cursed man,  
That euer the intelligencing lights  
Betraid me to mens whorish fellowships ;  
To Prince's Moorish flaueries, to be made  
The anuill, on which onely blowes, and wounds  
Were made the seed, and wombs of others honors  
Properties for a tyrant to set vp,  
And puffed downe, with the vapour of his breath,  
Will you not kill me ?

*Vit.* No, we will not hurt you,  
We are commanded onely to conduct you  
Into your lodging.

*Byr.* To my lodgings, where ?

*Vit.* Within the cabinet of armes my Lord.

*Byr.* What to a prison ? Death, I will not go.

*Vit.* We'll force you then.

*Byr.* And take away my sword ;  
A proper poynt of force, ye had as good,  
Haue rob'd me of my soule, slaues of my starrs,  
Partiall and bloody ; O that in mine eyes  
Were all the Sorcerous poyson of my woes.  
That I might witch ye headlong from your hight,  
So, trample out your execrable light.

*Vit.* Come wil you go my Lord, this rage is vain.

○

*Byr.*



BYRONS TRAGEDIE.

*Byr.* And so is all your graue authority;  
And that all *France* shall feele before I dye;  
Ye se all how they vse good Catholiques.

*Esp.* Farwell for euer; so haue I discern'd  
An exhalation that would be a Starre  
Fall when the Sunne forsooke it, in a sincke.  
Shooes euer ouerthrow that are too large  
And hugest caunons, burst with ouercharge.

*Enter D' Auergne, Pralin, following with a Guard.*

*Pra.* My Lord I haue commandment from the King,  
To charge you go with me, and aske your sword.

*D' Au.* My sword, who feares it? it was n'ere the death  
Of any but wilde Bores. I priethee take it;  
Hadst thou aduertis'd this when last we met,  
I had bin in my bed, and fast asleepe  
Two houres ago; lead, ile go where thou wilt. *Exit.*

*Vid.* See how he beares his crosse, with his small strength,  
On easier shoulders then the other *Atlas*.

*Esp.* Strength to aspire, is still accompanied  
With weaknesse to endure, all popular gifts  
Are collours, it will beare no vinegar;  
And rather to aduise affaires, betray;  
Thine arme against them; his state still is best  
As hath most inward worth, and that's best tryed,  
As neither glories, nor is glorified. *Exeunt:*

ACTVS 5. SCÆNA. 1.

*Henry, Soissons, Ianin. D'escures, cum alijs.*

*Hen.* What shall we (thinke my Lord) of these new forces,  
Which (from the King of *Spain*) hath past the *Alpes*,  
For which (I thinke) his Lord Ambassador,  
Is come to Court, to get their passe for *Flanders*.

*Ian.* I thinke (my Lord) they haue no end for *Flanders*,  
Count *Maurice* being already entred *Brrbant*  
To passe to *Flanders*, to releiue *Ostend*,

And



## BYRONS TRAGEDIE.

And the Arch-duke full prepar'd to hinder him;  
For sure it is that they must measure forces,  
Which ere this new force could haue past the *Alps*)  
Of force must be incountred.

*Soiff.* It is vnlikely,  
That their march hath so large an ayme at *Flanders*.

*Desc.* As these times sort, they may haue  
Shorter reaches, that would pierce further.

*Hen.* I haue bin aduertis'd,  
How Count *Fuentes* (by whose meanes this army  
Was leauied, and whose hand was strong,  
In thrusting on *Byrons* conspiracy)  
Hath caus'd these cunning forces to aduance,  
With coulour onely to set downe in *Flanders*;  
But hath intentionall respect to fauour  
And countnance his false Partizians in *Bresse*,  
And friends in *Burgondie*, to giue them heart  
For the full taking of their hearts from me;  
Be as it will, we shall preuent their worst,  
And therefore call in *Spaines* Ambassador.

*Enter Ambassador with others.*

What would the Lord Ambassador of *Spaine*.

*Am.* First (in my maisters name) I would beseech,  
Your highnesse hearty thought, that his true haud,  
(Held in your vowd amities) hath not toucht,  
At any least poynt in *Byrons* offence;  
Nor once had notice of a crime so foule:  
Whereof, since he doubts not, you stand resolu'd,  
He prayes your leagues continuance in this fauor;  
That the army he hath raisde to march for *Flanders*,  
May haue safe passage by your frontier townes,  
And finde the Riuer free, that runs by *Rhosne*.

*Hen.* My Lord my frontiers shal not be disarm'd,  
Vntill, by arraignment of the Duke of *Byron*,  
My scruples are resolu'd: and I may know  
In what account to hold your maisters faith,  
For his obseruance of the League betwixt vs;  
You wish me to belecue that he is cleare



BYRONS TRAGEDIE.

From all the proiects caus'd by Count *Fuentes*,  
 His speciall agent, but where, dedes pull downe,  
 Words may repaire, no faith; I scarce can thiake  
 That his gold was so bounteously imployd,  
 Without his speciall counsaile, and command:  
 These faint proceedings in our royall faiths,  
 Make subiects proue so faithlesse; if because,  
 We sit aboue the danger of the lawes,  
 We likewise lift our armes aboue their iustice;  
 And that our heauenly Soueraigne, bounds not vs  
 In those religious confines, out of which  
 Our iustice and our true lawes are inform'd;  
 In vaine haue we expectance that our subiects,  
 Should not as well presume to offend their Earthly,  
 As we our Heauenly Soueraigne; and this breach  
 Made in the Forts of all Society;  
 Of all celestiall, and humane respects,  
 Makes no strengths of our boundries counsailes, armes,  
 Hold out against their treasons, and the rapes  
 Made of humanity, and religion,  
 In all mens more then *Pagan* liberties,  
 Atheismes, and flaueries will deriue their springs  
 From their base presidents, copied out of kings.  
 But all this shall not make me breake the commerce,  
 Authoriside by our treaties, let your army  
 Haue the directest passe, it shall go safe.

*Ans.* So rest your highneise euer, and assurde  
 That my true Soueraigne, hates al opposite thoughts.

*Hen.* Are our dilpatches made to all the kings,  
 Princes, and Potentates, of Christendome?  
 Ambassadours, and Prouince Gouvernors,  
 To enforme the truth of this conspiracie?

*Ian.* They al are made my Lord, and some giue out  
 How 'tis a blow giuen to religion,  
 To weaken it, in ruining of him,  
 That said, he neuer wisht mote glorious title,  
 Then to be cal'd the scourge of *Hugenots*.

*Sosff.* Others that are like fauourers of the fault,  
 Said 'tis a polinque aduise from *England*,

To



BYRONS TRAGEDIE.

To breake the sacred Iauelins both together.

*Hen.* Such shut their eyes to truth, we can but set  
His lights before them, and his trumpet sound  
Close to their eares, their partiall wilfullnesse,  
In resting blinde, and deafe, or in peruerting,  
What their most certaine senses apprehend,  
Shall naught discomfort our imperiall Iustice,  
Nor clere the desperate fault that doth enforce it. *Enter Vyt.*

*Vyt.* The Peeres of *France* my Lord, refuse t'appeare,  
At the arraignment of the Duke of *Byron*

*Hen.* The Court may yet proceed, and so command  
It is not their slacknesse to appeare shall serue,  
To let my will t'appeare in any fact,  
Wherein the boldest of them, tempts my iustice.  
I am resolu'd, and will no more indure,  
To haue my subiects make what I command,  
The subiect of their oppositions,  
Who euermore make slacke their allegiance,  
As kings forbear their pennance, how sustaine  
Your prisoners their strange durance?

*Vyt.* One of them,  
(Which is the Count *D'Auergne*) hath many spirits  
Eates well, and sleepes: and neuer can imagine,  
That any place where he is, is a prison;  
Where on the other part, the Duke *Byron*,  
Enterd his prison, as into his graue,  
Reiects all food, sleepes not, nor once lyes downe:  
Fury hath arm'd his thoughts so thick with thornes,  
That rest can haue no entry, he disdaines  
To grace the prison with the flendrest shew  
Of any patience, least men should conceiue,  
He thought his sufferance in the best sort fit;  
And holds his bands so worthlesse of his worth,  
As he empaires it, to vouchsafe to them,  
The best part of the peace, that freedome owes it:  
So patience therein, is a willing slavery,  
And (like the Cammell) stoopes to take the load:  
So still he walkes, or rather as a Bryde,



BYRONS TRAGEDIE.

Enterd a Closet which vnawares is made,  
His desperate prison (being persude) amazd,  
And wrathfull beats his breast from wall to wall,  
Assaults the light, strikes downe himselfe, nor out,  
And being taken, struggles, gaspes, and bites,  
Takes all his takers strokings, to be strokes,  
Abhorreth food, and with a sauadge will,  
Prets, pines, and dies, for former liberty.  
So fares the wrathfull Duke, and when the strength  
Of these dumber ages, breake out into sounds,  
He breaths defiance to the world, and bids vs,  
Make our selues drunke, with the remaining bloud  
Of five and thirty wounds receiud in fight,  
For vs and ours, for we shall neuer brag,  
That we haue made his spirits check at death:  
This rage in walkes and words, but in his lookes  
He coments all, and prints a world of bookes.

*Hen.* Let others learne by him to curb their spleenes,  
Before they be curbd; and to cease their grudges:  
Now I am settled in my Sunne of hight,  
The circular splendore, and full Sphere of State.  
Take all place vp from enuey, as the sunne,  
At hight, and passie ore the crownes of men,  
His beames diffusd, and downe-right poud on them,  
Cast but a little or no shade at all,  
So he that is aduanc'd aboue the heads,  
Of all his Emulators, with high light,  
Preuents their enuies, and depriues them quite. *Exe.*

*Enter the Chancellor, Harlay, Potiers, Fleury,  
in scarlet gownes, Laffin, Descares, with  
other officers of state.*

*Chan.* I wonder at the prisoners so long stay.

*Har.* I thiuke it may be made a question,  
If his impatience will let him come.

*Pot.* Yes, he is now wel stayd, time, and his iudgment  
Haue cast his passion and his feuer off.

*Flew.*



## BYRONS TRAGEDIE.

*Flen.* His feuer may be past but for his passions,  
I feare me we shall finde it spic'd to hotly,  
With his old poulder.

*Desc.* He is sure come forth;  
The Carosse of the Marquis of *Rhesny*  
Conducted him along to th' Arceuall,  
Close to the Riuer-side, and there I saw him,  
Enter a barge couered with tapisstry,  
In which the kings gards waited and receiurd him  
Stand by there cleere the place.

*Chan.* The prisoner comes,  
Me Lord *Laffin* forbear your sight a while,  
It may incense the prisoner, who wil know,  
By your attendance nere vs, that your hand,  
Was chiefe in his discouery, which as yet,  
I thinke he doth not doubt.

*Laf.* I wil forbear,  
Vntil your good pleasures cal me. *Exit Laf.*

*Har.* when he knowes  
And soes *Laffin*, accuse him to his face,  
The Court I thinke wil shake with his distemper.

*Enter Vitry, Byron, with others and a guard.*

*Vit.* You see my Lord, tis in the golden chamber

*Byr.* The golden chamber? where the great'st Kings  
Haue thought them honour'd to receiue a place:  
And I haue had it; am I come to stand  
In ranke and habite here of men arignd,  
Where I haue sat assistant, and bin honord,  
With glorious title of the chiefest vertuous,  
Where the Kings chiefe Solicitor hath said,  
There was in France, no man that euer lu'd,  
Whose parts were worth my imitation;  
That, but mine owne worth; I could imitate none:  
And that I made my selfe inimitable,  
To all that could come after whome this Court  
Hath scene to sit vpon the Flower de Luice



## BYRONS TRAGEDIE.

In recompence of my renowned seruice:  
Must I be sat on now, by petty Iudges?  
These Scarlet robes, that come to fit and fight  
Against my life; dismay my valour more,  
Then all the bloody Cassocks *Spaine* hath brought  
To field against it.

*Vic.* To the Barre my Lord.

*Hee salutes, and  
stands to the Bar.*

*Har.* Read the Inditement.

*Chan.* Stay, I will inuert  
(For shortnes sake) the forme of our proceedings,  
And out of all the points, the proccesse holds,  
Collect five principall, with which we charge you.

1. First you conferd with one, cal'd *Picote*,  
At *Orleance* borne, and into *Flanders* fled,  
To hold intelligence by him with the Archduke,  
And for two voyages to that effect,  
Bestowd on him, five hundred, fifty Crownes.

2. Next you held treaty with the Duke of *Sanoy*,  
Without the Kings permission; offering him  
All seruice and assistance 'gainst all men,  
In hope to haue in marriage, his third Daughter.

3. Thirdly you held intelligence with the Duke,  
At taking in of *Bourge*, and other Forts;  
Advising him, with all your prejudice,  
Gainst the King army, and his Royall Person.

4. Fourthly, that you would haue brought the King  
Before Saint *Katherines* Fort, to be there slaine:  
And to that end writ to the *Gouernour*,  
In which you gaue him notes to know his Highnesse.

5. Fintly, you sent *Laffin* to treat with *Sanoy*,  
And with the Count *Fuentes*, of more plots,  
Touching the ruine of the King and Realme.

*Byr.* All this (my Lord) I answere and deny;  
And first for *Picote*; hee was my Prisoner,  
And therefore I might well conferre with him:  
But that our conference tended to the Arch-duke,  
Is nothing so, I onely did employ him  
To Captaine *La Fortune*, for the reduction

Of



# BYRONS TRAGEDIE.

Of *Senerre*, to the seruice of the King.  
 Who vsd such such speedy diligence therein,  
 That shortly 'twas assur'd his Maiesty.  
 Next, for my treaty with the Duke of *Sauoy*,  
*Roncas* his Secretary, hauing made  
 A motion to me, for the Dukes third daughter,  
 I told it to the King, who hauing since,  
 Giuen me the vnderstanding by *La Force*  
 Of his dislike; I neuer dreamd of it.  
 Thirdly, for my intelligence with the Duke,  
 Aduising him against his Highnesse army:  
 Had this bin true, I had not vndertaken  
 Th'assault of *Bourg*, against the Kings opinion,  
 Hauing assistance but by them about me,  
 And (hauing wunne it from him) had not bin  
 Put out of such a gouernment so easily.  
 Fourthly for my aduice to kill the King;  
 I would beseech his highnesse memory,  
 Not to let slip, that I alone cōswaded  
 His viewing of that Fort, informing him,  
 It had good marke-men and he could not go,  
 But in exceeding danger, which aduice  
 Diuerted him: the rather, since I said,  
 That if he had desire to see the place  
 He should receiue from me a plot of it;  
 Offering to take it with five hundred men,  
 And I my selfe would go to the assault.  
 And lastly for intelligences held,  
 With *Saoy* and *Fuentes*, I confesse,  
 That being denyed to keepe the Cytadell,  
 Which with incredible perill I had got,  
 And seeing another honord with my spoyles,  
 I grew so desperate that I found my spirit,  
 Enrag'd to any act, and wisht my selfe,  
 Couer'd with bloud.

*Cha.* With whose bloud?

P

*Byr.*



BYRONS TRAGEDIE.

*Byr.* With mine owne;  
Wishing to liue no longer, being denyed,  
With such suspicion of me, and set will,  
To racke my furious humor into bloud.  
And for 2 moneths space, I did speake, and wright,  
More then I ought, but haue done euer well,  
And therefore your enformers haue bin false.  
And (with intent to tyranize) subornd.

*Flu.* What if our witnessles come face to face,  
And iustifie much more then we alleadge?

*Byr.* They must be hirelings, and men corrupted.

*Pot.* What thinke you of *Lassin*?

*Byr.* I hold *Lassin*,  
An honor'd Gentleman, my friend and kinsman.

*Har.* If he then aggrauate, what we affirme;  
With greater accusations to your face,  
What will you then say?

*Byr.* It cannot be.

*Chan.* Call in my Lord *Lassin*.

*Byr.* Is he so nere? and kept so close from me?  
Can all the world make him a treacher?

*Enter Lassin.*

*Chan.* I suppose my Lord,  
You haue not stood within, without the care  
Of what hath here bin vrgd against the Duke;  
If you haue heard it, and vpon your knowledge  
Can witnesse all is true, vpon your soule;  
vnder your knowledge.

*Las.* I haue heard my Lord,  
All that hath past here, and vpon my soule,  
(Being chargd so vrgently in such a Court)  
Vpon my knowledge I affirme all true;  
And so much more: as had the prisoner liues  
As many as his yeares, would make all forsaite,

*Byr.*



# BYRONS TRAGEDIE.

*Byr.* O al ye verieous powres in earth and heau'n  
 That haue not put on hellish flesh and bloud,  
 From whence these monstrous issues are produc'd  
 That cannot beare in execrable concord,  
 And one prodigious subiect; contraries,  
 Nor (as the Ile that of the world admire)  
 Is seuerd from the world, can cut your selues  
 From the consent and sacred harmony  
 Of life, yet liue, of honor, yet be honor'd;  
 As this extrauagant, and errant rogue,  
 From all your faire *Decorums*, and iust lawes,  
 Findes powre to do, and like a loathsome wen,  
 Sticks to the face of nature, and this Court;  
 Thicken this ayre, and turne your plaguy rage,  
 Into a shape as dismall as his sinne.  
 And with some equall horror teare him off  
 From sight and memory, let not such a court,  
 To whose fame all the Kings of Christendome,  
 Now layd their eares, so cracke her royall *Trumpets*  
 As to sound through it, that here wanted Iustice  
 Was got in such an incest, is it iustice  
 To tempt, and witch a man, to breake the law,  
 And by that witch condemne him? let me draw  
 Poyson into me with this cursed ayre,  
 If he bewicht me, and transformd me not;  
 He bit me by the eare, and made me drinke  
 Enchanted waters, let me see an image  
 That vtterd these distinct words: *Thou shalt dye,*  
*O wicked King*, and if the Diuell gaue him  
 Such powre vpon an Image: vpon me  
 How might he tyrannize? that by his vowes  
 And oaths so *Stygean*, had my Nerues and will,  
 In more awe then his owne: what man is he  
 Which is so high, but he would higher be?  
 So roundly fighted, but he may be found,  
 To haue a blinde side, which by craft, persude,



BYRONS TRAGEDIE.

Confederacy, and simple trusted reason,  
May wrest him past his Angell, and his reason?

*Cha.* Witchcraft can neuer taint an honest minde.

*Har.* True gold, will any trial stand, vntoucht.

*Por.* For colours that wil staine when th'are tried,  
The cloth it selfe is euer cast aside.

*Byr.* Sometimes, the very Glosse in any thing,  
Will see me a staine, the fault not in the light,  
Not in the guilty object, but our sight.

My glosse, raisd from the richnesse of my stufte,  
Had too much splendor for the Owly eye,  
Of politique and thanklesse royalty:

I did deserue too much; a pluresie

Of that bloud in me is the cause I dye.

Vertue in great men must be small and sleight.

For poore starres rule, where she is exquisite,

It is tyrannous and impious policy,

To put to death by fraud and trechery,

Sleight is then royall, when it makes men liue,

And if it vige faults, vrgeth to forgiue.

He must be guiltlesse, that condemnes the guilty,

Like things, do nourish like, and not destroy them:

Mindes must be sound, that iudg afaire of weight

And seeing hands, cut corosiuers from your sight.

A Lord intelligencer? hang-man like,

Thrust him from humane fellowship, to the deserts

Blow him with curses, shall your iustice call

Treachery her Father? would you with her weigh

My valor with the hisse of such a viper?

What haue I done to shun the mortall shame

Of so vniust an opposition;

Mine enuious starres cannot deny me this,

That I may make my Iudges witnesses;

And that my wretched fortunes haue reseru'd

For my last comfort; yee all know (my Lords)

This body gasht with fife and thirty wounds,

Whole



BYRONS TRAGEDIE.

Whose life and death you haue in your award,  
Holds not a veine that hath not opened beene,  
And which I would not open yet againe,  
For you and yours ; this hand that writ the lines  
Alledg'd against me ; hath enacted still,  
More good then there it onely talkt of ill,  
I must confesse my choller hath transferd  
My tender spleene to all intemperate speech ;  
But reason euer did my deedes attend,  
In worth of prayse, and imitation,  
Had I borne any will to let them loose,  
I could haue fliest them with bad seruices,  
In *England* lately, and in *Swizerland* :  
There are a hundred Gentlemen by name,  
Can witnesse my demeanure in the first ;  
And in the last Ambassage I adiure  
No other testimonies then the Seigneurs  
*De Vse*, and *Sillery* ; who amply know,  
In what sort, and with what fidelity  
I bore my selfe ; to reconcile and kuit,  
In one desire so many wills dis-joynde,  
And from the Kings allegiance quite with-drawne,  
My acts askt many men, though done by one ;  
And I were but one, I stood for thousands,  
And still I hold my worth, though not my place :  
Nor sleight me, Iudges, though I be but one,  
One man, in one sole expedition,  
Reduc'd into th'Imperiall power of *Rome*,  
*Armenio*, *Pontus*, *Arabia*, *Syria*, *Albania*, and *Iberia*,  
Conquer'd th' *Hyrcanians* ; and to *Caucasus*,  
His arme extended ; the *Numidians*  
And *Affricke* to the shores Meridionall,  
His power subiected : and that part of *Spaine*  
Which stood from those parts that *Sertorius* rule,  
Euen to the *Atlantique* Sea he Conquer'd.  
Th' *Albanian* Kings, he from the kingdomes chac'd,



BYRONS TRAGEDIE.

And at the *Caspian* Sea, their dwellings plac'd:  
Of all the earths Globe, by power and his aduice,  
The round-ey'd Ocean saw him victor thrice:  
And what shall let me (but your cruell doome,)  
To adde as much to *France*, as he to *Rome*,  
And to leaue Iustice neither Sword nor Word,  
To vse against my life; this Senate knowes,  
That what with one victorious hand I tooke,  
I gaue to all your vses, with another;  
With this I tooke, and propt the falling Kingdome,  
And gaue it to the King: I haue kept  
Your Lawes of state from fire; and you your selues,  
Fixt in this high Tribunall; from whose height  
The vengefull Saturnalls of the League  
Had hurl'd yee head-long; do yee then returne  
This retribution? can the cruell King,  
The Kingdome, Lawes and you, (all sau'd by me)  
Destroy their savor? what (aye me) I did  
Aduerse to this, this damn'd Enchanter did,  
That tooke into his will, my motion;  
And being bank-route both of wealth and worth,  
Pursued with quarrels, and with suites in Law,  
Feard by the Kingdome, threatned by the King;  
Would rayse the loathed dung-hill of his ruines,  
Vppon the monumentall heape of mine:  
Torne with possessed Whirle-winds may he dye,  
And dogs barke at his murderious memory.

*Cha.* My Lord, our liberal sufferance of your speech,  
Hath made it late; and for this Session,  
We will dismisle you; take him back my Lord. *Exit Vit. &*

*Har.* You likewise may depart. *Exit Laffin. Byron.*

*Cha.* What resteth now  
To be decreed gainst this great Prisoner?  
A mighty meritt, and a monstrous crime,  
Are here concurrent, what by witnesses:  
His letters and instructions, wee haue proou'd

Himselfe



BYRONS TRAGEDIE.

Himselfe confesseth, and excuseth all  
With Witch-craft, and the onely act of thought.  
For VVitch-craft I esteeme it a meere strength  
Of rage in him conceiu'd 'gainst his accuser;  
Who being examin'd hath denied it all;  
Suppose it true, it made him false; but wills  
And worthy minds, witch-craft can neuer force:  
And for his thoughts that brake not into deeds;  
Time was the cause, not will; the mindes free act  
In treason still is Iudg'd as th'outward fact:  
If his deserts haue had a wealthy share,  
In sauing of our Land from ciuill furies:  
*Manlius* had so that fast the Capitoll;  
Yet for his after Traytrous factions,  
They threw him head-long from the place hee sau'd:  
My definite sentence then, doth this import:  
That we must quench the wilde-fire with his blood,  
In which it was so traitrouly inflam'd;  
Vnlesse with it, we seeke to incence the Land,  
The King can haue no refuge for his life,  
If his be quitted; this was it that made  
*Lewis* threleuenth renounce his Country-men,  
And call the valiant *Scots* out of their Kingdome,  
To vse their greater vertues, and their faiths,  
Then his owne subiects, in his Royall garde:  
What then conclude your Censures?

*Omnes.* Hee must dye.

*Cha.* Draw then his sentence, formally, and send him;  
And so all treasons in his death attend him. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Byron, Espernon, Soisson, Ianin,  
Vidame, D'escures.*

*Vit.* Iioy you had so good a day my Lord.

*Byr.* I won it from them all: the Chancellor  
I answer'd to his vttermost improouements:  
I mou'd my other Iudges to lament  
My insolent misfortunes; and to lothe

The



BYRONS TRAGEDIE.

The pockie soule, and state-bawde, my accuser,  
 I made reply to all that could be said,  
 So eloquently, and with such a charme,  
 Of graue enforcements, that me thought I sat,  
 Like *Orpheus* casting reignes on sauage beasts;  
 At the armes end (as twere) I tooke my barre  
 And set it farre aboue the high tribunall,  
 Where like a Cedar on Mount Lebanon,  
 I grew and made iudges shew like Box-trees:  
 And Box-trees right, their wishes would haue made them,  
 Whence Boxes should haue growne, till they had strooke  
 My head into the budget; but alas,  
 I held their bloody armes, with such strong reasons;  
 And (by your leaue) with such a iyrcke of wit:  
 That I fetcht blood vppon the Chancelors cheekes,  
 Me thinkes I see his countenance as he sat;  
 And the most Lawyerly deliuey *Enter Soisson. Esper.*  
 Of his set speeches; shall I play his part?

*Esp.* For Heauens sake, good my Lord:

*Byr.* I will yfaith,

Behold a wicked man: a man debauched,  
 A man contending with his King; a man,  
 On whom (my Lords) we are not to conuie,  
 Though we may condole: a man,  
 That *Leſa Maieſtate* ſought a leaſe,  
 Of *Plus quam ſatis*; a man that *vi et armis*,  
 Affail'd the King; and would *per fas et nefas*,  
 Aspire the Kingdome: here was Lawyers learning.

*Esp.* He ſaid not this my Lord, that I haue heard.

*Byr.* This or the like, I ſweare, I pen no ſpeeches.

*Soi.* Then there is good hope of your wiſht acquital.

*Byr.* Acquital? they haue reaſon; were I dead  
 I know they cannot all ſupply my place;  
 Iſt poſſible the King ſhould be ſo vaine,  
 To thinke he can ſhake me with feare of death?  
 Or make me apprehend that he intends it?  
 Thinkes he to make his firmeſt men, his clouds?

The



BYRONS TRAGEDIE.

The clouds (observing their *Aeriall* natures)  
Are borne aloft, and then to moisture hang'd,  
Fall to the earth; where being made thick, and cold,  
They loose both all their ~~heat~~ heate and leauity;  
Yet then againe recovering heate and lightnesse,  
Again they are aduanc't, and by the Sunne  
Made fresh and glorious; and since clouds are rapt  
With these vncertainties, now vp, now downe,  
Am I to flit so with his smile, or frowne?

*Esp.* I wish your comforts, and encouragements,  
May spring out of your safety, but I heare  
The King hath reasond so against your life,  
And made your most friends yeeld so to his reasons,  
That your estate is fearefull.

*Byr.* Yeeld t'his reasons?  
O how friends reasons, and their freedoms stretch,  
When powre sets his wide tentures to their sides!  
How like a cure, by mere opinion,  
It workes vpon our bloud? like th'ancient Gods  
Are *Moderne* Kings, that liud past bounds themselves,  
Yet set a measure downe to wretched men:  
By many Sophismes, they made good, deceit;  
And, since they past in powre, surpast, in right:  
When kings wills passe, the starres winck, and the Sun,  
Suffer eclips, rude thunder yeelds to them  
His horrid wings, sets smooth as glasse engazd,  
And lightning sticks twixt heauen and earth amazd,  
Mens faiths are shaken, and the pit of truth  
O'reflowes with darknesse, in which Iustice sits,  
And keepes her vengeance tied to make it fierce,  
And when it comes, th'increased horrors shew,  
Heauens plague is sure, though full of state, and slow.

*Sist.* O my deare Lord and brother, *Within.*  
O the Duke.

*Byr.* What sounds are these my Lord? hark, hark,  
Me thinkes I heare the cries of people.

*Esp.* Tis for one,

Q

Wounded



BYRONS TRAGEDIE.

Wounded in fight here at Saint *Antonies* Gate:

*Byr.* Sloor, one cried the Duke, I pray harken,  
Again, or burit you selfe with silence, no:  
What countryman's the coimmon headsmen here?

*Soiff.* He's a Burgonian.

*Byr.* The great diuell he is,  
The bitter wisard told me a Burgonian,  
Should be my headsmen, strange concurrences:

S'death whose here?

*Enter 4 Vshers bare, Chan. Har.*

O then I am but dead.

*Pot Fleur. Pralin, with others.*

Now, now ye come al to pronounce my sentence.

I am condemn'd vniustly, tell my kinsfolkes,

I dy an innocent:

If any friend pittie the ruine of the States sustainer

Proclaime my innocence; ah Lord Chancellor,

Is there no pardon? will there come no mercy?

I, put your hat on, and let me stand bare,

Shew your selfe a right Lawier.

*Chan.* I am bare,

What would you haue me do?

*Byr.* You haue not done,

Like a good Iustice, and one that knew

He sat vpon the pretious bloud of vertue;

Y'au'e pleas'd the cruell King, and haue not borne,

As great regard to saue as to condemne;

You haue condemn'd me, my Lord Chancellor,

But God acquits me; he will open lay

All your close treasons against him, to collour

Treasons layd to his truest images;

And you my Lord shall answer this iniustice,

Before his iudgment seat, to which I summon

In one yeere and a day, your hot apparance

I go before, by mens corrupted domes,

But they that caus'd my death, shal after come

By the immaculate iustice of the highest.

*Chan.* Well, good my Lord, commend your soule to him,  
And to his mercy, think of that, I pray.

*Byr.*



BYRONS TRAGEDIE.

*Byr.* Sir, I haue thought of it, and euery howre,  
Since my affliction, askt on naked knees  
Patience to beare your vnbeleeu'd Iniustice:  
But you, nor none of you haue thought of him,  
In my euiction, y<sup>e</sup> are come to your benches,  
With plotted iudgments, your linckt eares so loud,  
Sing with preiudicate windes, that nought is heard,  
Of all, poore prisoners vrge gainst your award.

*Har.* Passion, my Lord, transports your bitternes,  
Beyond all colour, and your proper iudgment:  
No man hath knowne your merites more then I;  
And would to God your great misdedes had bin,  
As much vndone, as they haue bin conceald;  
The cries of them for iustice (in desert)  
Haue bin so loud and persing; that they deafned  
The eares of mercy, and haue labourd more,  
Your Iudges to compresse then to enforce them.

*Por.* We bring you here your sentence, wil you read it.

*By.* For heauens sake shame to vse me with such rigor;  
I know what it imports, and wil not haue,  
Mine eare blow into flames with hearing it;  
Haue you bin one of them that haue condemn'd me?

*Fle.* My Lord I am your Orator, God comfort you.

*Byr.* Good Sir, my father lou'd you so entirely,  
That if you haue bin one, my soule forgiues you;  
It is the King (most childish that he is)  
That takes what he hath giuen, and iniures me:  
He gaue grace in the first draught of my fault,  
And now restraines it, grace again I aske;  
Let him again vouchsafe it, send to him,  
A post will soone returne, the Queene of England,  
Told me that if the wilfull Earle of *Essex*,  
Had vsd submission, and but askt her mercy,  
She would haue giuen it past resumption;  
She like a gracious Princeesse did desire,  
To pardon him euen as she prayd to God,



BYRONS TRAGEDIE.

He would let downe a pardon vnto her ;

He yet was guilty, I am innocent :

He still refusd grace, I importune it.

*Cha.* This askt in time (my Lord) while he besought it  
And ere he had made his severity knowne,  
Had (with much ioy to him) know bin granted.

*Byr.* No, no, his bounty, then was misery,  
To offer when he knew t'would be refusde;  
He treads the vulgar path of all aduantage,  
And loues men, for their vices, not for their vertues;  
My seruice would haue quickn'd gratitude,  
In his owne death, had he bin truely royall,  
It would haue stirr'd the image of a King,  
Into perpetuall motion; to haue stood  
Nere the conspiracy restrain'd at *Mantes*,  
And in a danger, that had then the Wolfe,  
To flie vpon his bosome, had I onely held  
Intelligence with the conspirators,  
Who stucke at no check but my loyalty,  
Nor kept life in their hopes, but in my death;  
The sledge of *Amiens*, would haue softned rocks,  
Where couer'd all in showres of shot and fire,  
I seem'd to all mens eyes a fighting flame  
With bullets cut, in fashion of a man;  
A sacrifice to valour (impious King)  
Which he will needes extinguish with my bloud;  
Let him beware Iustice will fall from heauen,  
In the same forme I serued in that sledge,  
And by the light of that, he shall discerne,  
What good my ill hath brought him, it wil nothing;  
Assure his State, the same quench he hath cast  
Vpon my life, shal quite put out his fame;  
This day he looseth, what he shal not finde,  
By all dayes he suruiues, so good a seruant,  
Nor *Spaine* so great a foe, with whom, alas,  
Because I treated am I put to death?

Tis



BYRONS TRAGEDIE.

Tis put a politique glose : my courage rais'd me,  
For the deare price of five and thirty skarres,  
And that hath ruin'd me, I thanke my Starres :  
Come ile go wh re yee will, yee shall not lead me.

*Chan.* I feare his frenzie,  
Neuer saw I man of such a spirit so amaz'd at death.

*Har.* He alters euery minute : what a vapor?  
The strongest mind is to a storme of crosses. *Exeunt.*

*Manent Esper. Soisson, Lanin, Vidame, D'escures.*

*Esp.* Oh of what contraries consists a man!  
Of what impossible mixtures? vice and vertue,  
Corruption and eternnesse, at one time,  
And in one subiect, let together, loose?  
We haue not any strength but weakens vs,  
No greatnesse but doth crush vs into ayre.  
Our knowledges, do light vs but to erre,  
Our Ornaments are burthens : Our delights  
Are our tormentors, fiends that (rais'd in feares)  
As parting shake our Roofes about our eares.

*Sou.* O vertue, thou art now far worse then Fortune:  
Her gifts stucke by the Duke, when thine are vanisht,  
Thou brau'st thy friend in Neede : Necessity,  
That vs'd to keepe thy wealth, contempt, thy loue,  
Haue both abandon'd thee in his extreames,  
Thy powers are shadowes, and thy comfort, dreames.

*Vid.* Oh reall goodnesse if thou be a power!  
And not a word alone, in humane vses,  
Appeare out of this angry conflagration,  
Where this great Captaine (the late Temple) burnes,  
And turne his vicious fury to thy flame,  
From all earths hopes meere guided with thy fame :  
Let piety enter with her willing crosse,  
And take him on it ; ope his brest and armes,  
To all the Stormes, Necessity can breath,



BYRONS TRAGEDIE.

And burst them all with his embraced death.

*Ian.* Yet are the ciuill tumults of his spirits,  
Hot and out-rageous; not resolued, alas,  
(Being but one man) render the kingdomes dome;  
He doubts, storms, threatens, rues, complains, implores  
Griefe hath brought all his forces to his lookes,  
And nought is left to strengthen him within,  
Nor lasts one habite of those grieu'd aspects:  
Blood expells palenesse, palenes blood doth chace,  
And sorrow erres through all formes in his face.

*Des.* So furious is he, that the Politique Law,  
Is much to seeke, how to enact her sentence:  
Authority backt with armes, (though he vnarm'd)  
Abhorres his fury, and with doubtfull eyes,  
Viewes on what ground it should sustaine his ruines,  
And as a Sauadge Bore that (hunted long,  
Assail'd and set vp) with his onely eyes,  
Swimming in fire keeps off the baying hounds,  
Though suncke himselfe, yet holds his anger vp,  
And snowes it forth in foame, holds firme his stand,  
Of Battalous *Bristles*: feeds his hate to die,  
And whets his tuskes with wrathfull Maiesty:  
So fares the furious Duke, and with his lookes,  
Doth teach death horrors; makes the hangman learne  
New habites for his bloody impudence;  
Which now habituall horror from him driues,  
Who for his life shuns death, by which he liues.

*Enter Chancellor, Harlay, Potier, Fleury, Vitry.*

*Vn.* Will not your Lordship haue the Duke distinguisht  
From other prisoners? where the order is,  
To giue vp men condemn'd into the hands  
Of th'Executioner; he would be the death,

Of



BYRONS TRAGEDIE.

Of him that he should dye by, ere he suffer'd,  
Such an abiection.

*Chan.* But to bind his hands,  
I hold it passing needfull.

*Har.* Tis my Lord,  
And very dangerous to bring him loose.

*Pra.* You will in all dispaire and fury plunge him,  
If you but offer it.

*Pot.* My Lord by this,  
The Prisoners spirit is something pacified,  
And tis a feare that th'offer of those bands,  
Would breed fresh furies in him, and disturbe,  
The entry of his soule into her peace.

*Chan.* I would not that, for any possible danger,  
That can be wrought, by his vnarmed hands,  
And therefore in his owne forme bring him in.

*Enter Byron a Bishop or two, with all the guards,  
Souldiers with Muskets.*

*Byr.* Where shall this weight fall? on what region,  
Must this declining prominent poure his loade?  
He breake my bloods high billows 'gainst my starres,  
Before this hill be shooke into a flat,  
All *France* shal feele an earthquake, with what murmur,  
This world shrinks into Chaos?

*Arch.* Good my Lord,  
Forgoe it willingly; and now resigne,  
Your sensuall powers entirely to your soule.

*Byr.* Horror of death, let me alone in peace,  
And leaue my soule to me, whom it concernes;  
You haue no charge of it: I feele her free,  
How she doth rowze, and like a Faulcon stretch  
Her siluer wings; as threatning death, with death;  
At whom I ioyfully will cast her off:  
I know this body but a snake of folly,

The



# BYRONS TRAGEDIE.

The ground worke, and rais'd frame of woe and frailty :  
 The bond and bundle of corruption ;  
 A quicke corse, onely sensible of griefe,  
 A walking sepulcher, or house-hold thiefe :  
 A glasse of ayre, broken with lesse then breath,  
 A slaue bound face to face, to death, till death :  
 And what sayd all you more ? I know, besides  
 That life is but a darke and stormy night,  
 Of sencelesse dreames, terrors and broken sleepes ;  
 A tyranny deuising paines to plague  
 And make man long in dying, rackes his death ;  
 And death is nothing, what can you say more ?  
 I bring a long Globe, and a little earth,  
 Am seated like earth betwixt both the heauens :  
 That if I rise ; to heauen I rise ; if fall  
 I like wise fall to heauen ; what stronger faith,  
 Hath any of your soules ? what say you more ?  
 Why lose I time in these things ? talke of knowledge,  
 It serues for inward vse. I will not die  
 Like to a Clergy man ; but like the Captaine,  
 That pray'd on horse-back and with sword in hand,  
 Threatned the Sunne, commaunding it to stand ;  
 These are but ropes of sand.

*Chan.* Desire you then,  
 To speake with any man ?

*Byr.* I would speake with *La Force* and *St. Blancart*  
 Do they flye me ?

Where is *Preuost*, Controuler of my house ?

*Pra.* Gone to his house ich country three daies since.

*Byr.* He should haue staid here, he keepes all my blannks ;  
 Oh all the world forsakes me ! wretched world,  
 Consisting most of parts, that flie each other :  
 A firmnesse breedag all inconstancy,  
 A bond of all dis-iunction ; like a man  
 Long buried, is a man that long hath liu'd ;  
 Touch him, he falls to ashes ; for one fault,



BYRONS TRAGEDIE.

I forfeite all the fashion of a man;  
Why should I keepe my soule in this darke light?  
Whose black beames lighted me to loose my selfe.  
When I haue lost my armes, my fame, my winde,  
Friends, brother, hopes, fortunes, and euen my fury?  
O happy were the man, could liue alone,  
To know no man, nor be of any knowne!

*Har.* My Lord,  
It is the manner once againe  
To reade the sentence.

*Byr.* Yet more sentences?  
How often will you make me suffer death?  
As yee were proud to heare your powerfull domes?  
I know and feele you were the men that gaue it,  
And die most cruelly to heare so often  
My crimes and bitter condemnation vrg'd:  
Suffice it, I am brought here; and obey,  
And that all here are priuey to the crimes.

*Chan.* It must be read my Lord, no remedy.

*Byr.* Reade, if it must be, then, and I must talke.

*Har.* The proesse being extraordinarily made and examin'd by the Court, and chambers assembled---

*Byr.* Condemn'd for dispositions of a witch,  
The common disposition, and her whore  
To all whorish periuries and treacheries.  
Sure he cal'd vp the diuel in my spirits,  
And made him to vsurpe my faculties:  
Shall I be cast away now he's cast out?  
What Iustice in this? deare country-men,  
Take this true euidence, betwixt heauen and you,  
And quit me in your hearts.

*Cha.* Go on.

*Mar.* Against *Charles Gontalt* of *Byron*: knight of both the orders; Duke of *Byron*, peer and marshall of *France*, Gouvernor of *Burgondy*, accus'd of treason in a sentence was giuen the 22 of this moneth, condemning the said Duke of *Byron* of high  
R treason,



*BYRON'S TRAGEDIE.*

treason, for his direct conspiracies against the Kings person;  
enterprizes against his state-----

*Byr.* That is most false; let me for euer be,  
Deprived of heauen as I shall be of earth,  
If it be true; know worthy country-men,  
These two and twenty moneths I haue bin cleere,  
Of all attempts against the king and state.

*Har.* Treaties and trecheries with his Enemies; being Mar-  
shall of the Kings army, for reparation of which crimes they  
deprived him of all his estates, honors, and dignities and con-  
demned him to lose his head vpon a Scaffold at the Greau.

*Byr.* The Greau? had that place stood for my dispatch I had  
Not yeelded; all your forces should not  
Stue me one foote, wilde horses should haue drawne,  
My body peace-meale, ere you all had brought me.

*Har.* Declaring all his goods moueable and immoueable,  
whatsoeuer to bee confiscate to the King: the Signory of *Byron*  
to loose the title of Dutchy and Peere for euer.

*Byr.* Now is your forme contented?

*Chan.* I my Lord,  
And I must now entreate you to deliuer,  
Your order vp, the king demands it of you.

*Byr.* And I restore it with my vow of safety,  
In that world, where both he and I are one,  
I neuer brake the oath I tooke to take it.

*Cha.* Wel now my Lord wee'l take our latest leaues  
Beseeching heauen to take as cleere from you,  
All sence of torment in your willing death:  
All loue and thought of what you must leaue here,  
As when you shall aspire heauens highest sphere.

*Byr.* Thankes to your Lordship, and let me pray to,  
That you will hold good censure of my life,  
By the cleere witnesse of my soule in death,  
That I haue neuer past act gainst the King,  
Which if my faith had let me vndertake,  
They had bin three yeares since, amongst the dead.

*Har.*



BYRONS TRAGEDIE.

*Har.* Your soule shal finde his safety in his own,  
Call the Executioner.

*Byr.* Good sir I pray,  
Go after and beseech the Chancellor  
That he will let my body be interd,  
Amongst my predecessors at *Byron*.

*Desc.* I go my Lord.

*Exit.*

*Byr.* Go, go? can all go thus?  
And no man come with comfort? farwell world,  
He is at no end of his actions blest,  
Whose ends will make him greatest and not best,  
They tread no ground, but ride in aire on stormes,  
That follow state, and hunt their empty formes,  
Who see not that the vallies of the world,  
Make euen right with mountaines, that they grow  
Greene, and lye warmer, and euer peacefull are,  
When clouds spit fire at hils, and burne them bare  
Not Vallies part, but we should imitate streames  
That run below the Vallies, and do yeeld  
To euey mole-hill, euey Banke imbrace  
That checks their courants, and when torrents come  
That swell and raise them past their natural hight,  
How mad they are, and troubl'd? like low straines,  
With torrents crown'd, are men with Diadems.

*Vit.* My Lord tis late; wilt please you to go vp?

*Byr.* Vp? tis a faire preferment, ha, ha, ha,  
There should go showts to vp-shots, not a breath  
Of any mercy yet? come, since we must;  
Whole this?

*Pral.* The executioner, my Lord,

*Byr.* Death slaue down, or by the bloud  
That moues me, Ile pluck thy throat out, go,  
Ile cal you straight, hold boy, and this.

*Haag.* Soft boy, ile barre you that.

*Byr.* Take this then, yet I pray thee, that againe,  
I do not ioy in sight of such a Pageant



BYRONS TRAGEDIE.

As presents death, though this life haue a curse;  
Tis better then another that is worse.

*Arch.* My Lord, now you are blinde to this worlds sight,  
Looke vpwards to a world of endlesse light.

*Byr.* I, I, you talke of vpward still to others,  
And downewards looke, with headlong eyes your selues,  
Now come you vp fir, but not touch me yet;  
Where shall I be now?

*Hang.* Here my Lord.

*Byr.* Wher's that?

*Hang.* There, there, my Lord.

*Byr.* And where, slaue, is that there?  
Thou seest I see not, yet I speake as I saw;  
Well, now 'ist fit?

*Hang.* Kneele I beseech your Grace,  
That I may doe mine office with most order.

*Byr.* Do it, and if at one blow thou art short,  
Giue one and thirty, ile indure them all.  
Hold: stay a little, comes there yet no mercy?  
High Heauen curse these exemplary proceedings,  
When Iustice failes, they sacrificize our example.

*Hang.* Let me beseech you I may cut your haire.

*Byr.* Out vgly image of my cruell Iustice,  
Yet wilt thou be before me, stay my will,  
Or by the will of Heauen ile strangle thee.

*Vit.* My Lord you make too much of this your body,  
Which is no more your owne.

*Byr.* Nor is it yours;  
Ile take my death with all the horrid rites,  
And representments, of the dread it merits,  
Let tame Nobility, and nummed fooles,  
That apprehend not what they vndergoe,  
Be such exemplary, and formall sheepe,  
I will not haue him touch me till I will;  
If you will needes racke me beyond my reason,  
Hell take me, but Ile strangle halfe that's heere,

And



BYRONS TRAGEDIE.

And force the rest to me, Ile leape downe  
If but once more they tempt me to dispaire;  
You wish my quiet, yet giue cause of fury:  
Thinke you to set rude windes vpon the Sea,  
Yet keepe it calme? or cast mee in a sleepe,  
With shaking of my chaines about mine eares?  
Oh honest Souldiers, you haue seene me free,  
From any care, of many thousand death!  
Yet, of this one, the manner doth amaze me.  
View, view, this wounded bosom, how much bound  
Should that man make me, that would shoote it through;  
Is it not pittie I should lose my life,  
By such a bloody and infamous stroake?

*Soul.* Now by thy spirit, and thy better Angell,  
If thou wert cleare, the Continent of *France*,  
Would shrinke beneath the burthen of thy death,  
Ere it would beare it!

*Vit.* Whose that?

*Soul.* I say well:  
And cleare your Iustice, here is no ground shrinkes,  
If hee were cleare it would; and I say more,  
Cleare, or not cleare, if hee with all his foulnessse,  
Stood here in one scale, and the Kings chiefe Minion,  
Stood in another, heere: Put heere a pardon,  
Heere lay a royall gift, this, this, in merit,  
Should hoyse the other Mynion into ayre.

*Vit.* Hence with that franticke:

*Byr.* This is some poore witnesse  
That my desert, might haue out-weighed my forfit  
But danger, haunts desert, when hee is greatest;  
His hearts ills, are prou'd out of his glaunces,  
And Kings suspitions, needes no Ballances;  
So heer's a most decreetall end of mee:  
Which I desire, in me, may end my wrongs;  
Commend my loue, I charge you, to my brothers,  
And by my loue, and miserie commaund them,

To



BYRONS TRAGEDIE.

To keepe their faiths that bind them to the King,  
And prooue no stomakers of my misfortunes;  
Nor come to Court, till time hath eaten out,  
The blots and skarres of my opprobrious death;  
And tell the Earle, my deare friend of *D'Auvergne*,  
That my death vtterly were free from griefe.  
But for the sad losse of his worthy friendship;  
And if I had beene made for longer life,  
I would haue more deseru'd him in my seruice,  
Beseeching him to know I haue not vsde  
One word in my arraignment; that might touch him,  
Had I no other want then to all meaning:  
And so farewell for euer, neuer more  
Shall any hope of my reuivall see mee;  
Such is the endlesse exile of dead men,  
Summer succedes the spring, Autumne the summer,  
The frosts of Winter, the faine leaues of *Autumne*:  
All these and all fruites in them yearely fade,  
And every yeare returne; but cursd man,  
Shall neuer more renew, his vanisht face;  
Fall on your knees, then Statists ere yee fall,  
That you may rise againe: knees bent too late,  
Sticke you in earth like statues, see in mee  
How you are powr'd downe from your clearest heauens;  
Fall lower yet: mixt with th'vnmoued center,  
That your owne shadowes may no longer mocke yee.  
Strike, strike, oh strike,  
Flie, flie commaunding soule,  
And on thy wings for this thy bodies breath,  
Beare the eternall victory of death.

FINIS.



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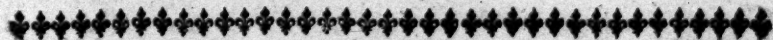
# THE BALL.

## A COMEDY;

As it vvas presented by her  
Majesties Servants, at the private  
House in *Drury Lane*.



Written by { *George Chapman,*  
                  *and*  
                  *James Shirly.*



LONDON,  
Printed by *Tho. Cotes*, for *Andrew Crooke,*  
and *William Cooke.*

1639.





## The Persons of the Comedy.

**L**ord Rainebow.  
Sir Ambrose Lamount.  
Sir Marmaduke Travers.  
Coronell Winfield.  
Mr. Bostocke.  
Mr. Freshwater.  
Mr. Barker.  
Mounseur Le Friske.  
Gudgin.  
Solomon.  
Confectioner.  
Servants.

Lady Lucina.  
Lady Rosamond.  
Lady Honoria.  
Mistresse Scutilla.  
Venus.  
Diana.







# THE BALL.

---

*Actus Primus.*

*Enter Sr. Marmaduke Travers, and Mr. Bostocke.*

*Bos.*



Hether so fast *Sr. Marmaduke*, a word. (stay

*Mar.* My honorable blood? woud I could  
To give thee twentie, I am now engag'd  
To meete a noble Gentleman.

*Bos.* Or rather

A Gentlewoman, let her alone, and goe

With me.

*Ma.* Whether.

*Bo.* Ile shew thee a Lady of fire.

*Ms.* A Lady of the Lake were not so dangerous.

*Bo.* I meane a spirit in few words, because  
I love thee, Ile be open, I am going  
To see my Mistresse.

*Ma.* Ile dispence with my  
Occasion to see a handsome Lady,  
I know you'll chuse a rare one.

*Bo.* She is a creature  
Worth admiration, such a beauty, wit,  
And an estate besides, thou canst not chuse  
But know her name, the Lady *Lucina*.

*Ma.* Is she your Mistresse?

*Bo.* Mine, whose but mine?



*The Ball.*

Am I not nobly borne, does not my blood  
Deserve her ?

*Ma.* To tell you truth, I was now going thither,  
Though I pretended an excuse, and with  
A Complement from one that is your rivall.

*Bo.* Does she love any body else ?

*Ma.* I know not,  
But shee has halfe a score upon my knowledge  
Are sutors for her favour.

*Bo.* Name but one,  
And if he cannot shew as many coates.

*Ma.* He thinks he has good cards for her, and likes  
His game well.

*Bo.* Be an understanding Knight,  
And take my meaning, if he cannot shew  
As much in Heraldry.

*Ma.* I doe not know how rich he is in fields,  
But he is a gentleman.

*Bo.* Is he a branch of the Nobilitie,  
How many Lords can he call cozen? else  
He must be taught to know he has presum'd  
To stand in competition with me.

*Ma.* You wonot kill him.

*Bo.* You shall pardon me,  
I have that within me must not be provok'd,  
There be some living now that ha beene kill'd  
For lesser matters.

*Ma.* Some living that ha beene kill'd!

*Bo.* I meane some living that ha seene examples,  
Not to confront Nobilitie, and I  
Am sensible of my honour.

*Ma.* His name is  
*Sr. Ambrose.*

*Bo.* Lamount a Knight of yesterday,  
And he shall die to morrow, name another.

*Ma.* Not so fast Sir, you must take some breath.

*Bo.* I care no more for killing halfe a dozen  
Knights of the lower house, I meane that are not

*Descended.*



*The Ball.*

Descended from Nobilitie, then I doe  
To kicke any footeman, and Sr. *Ambrose* were  
Knight of the Sunne, King *Oberon* should not save him;  
Nor his *Queene Mab*.

*Enter Sr. Ambrose Lamount.*

*Ma.* Vnluckily hees her'e sir.

*Bo. Sr. Ambrose*

How does thy Knighthood? ha.

*Am.* My Nimph of honour well, I joy to see thee.

*Bo. Sr. Marmaduke* tells me thou art sutor to

Lady *Lucina*.

*Am.* I have ambition

To be her servant.

*Bo.* Hast, thar't a brave Knight, and I commend  
Thy judgement.

*Am.* Sr *Marmaduke* himselfe leanes that way too.

*Bo.* Why didst conceale it, come, the more the merrier,  
But I could never see you there.

*Ma.* I hope

Sir we may live.

*Bo.* Ile tell you Gentlemen,

*Cupid* has given us all one Livery,

I serve that Lady too, you understand me,

But who shall carry her, the fates determine,  
I could be knighted too.

*Am.* That would be no addition to  
Your blood.

*Bo.* I thinke it would not, so my Lord told me,  
Thou know'st my Lord, not the Earle, my tother  
Cozen, theres a sparke his predecessors  
Have match'd into the blood, you understand  
He put me upon this Lady, I proclaime  
No hopes, pray lets together Gentlemen;  
If she be wise, I say no more, shee shanot  
Cost me a sigh, nor shall her love engage me  
To draw a sword, I ha vow'd that.

*Ma.* You did but jest before.

*Am.* Twere pity that one drop



*The Ball.*

Of your Héroicke blood should fall toth' ground,  
Who knowes but all your cozen Lords may die.

*Ma.* As I beleeve them not immortall fir.

*Am.* Then you are gulfe of honour swallow all,  
May marry some Queene your selfe, and get Princes  
To furnish the barren parts of Christendome.

*Enter a servant Solomon.*

*Sol.* Sir *Marmaduke* in private & my Lady woud  
Speake with you.

*Am.* Tis her servant, whats the matter?

*Bo.* I hope he is not sent for.

*Sol.* But come alone, I shall be troubled  
With their inquiries, but Ile answer 'em.

*Am.* *Solomon?*

*Sol.* My Lady would speake with you sir.

*Am.* Mee?

*Sol.* Not too loude, I was troubled with Sr. *Marmaduke*.

*Mar.* This is good newes.

*Bo.* I doe not like this whispering.

*Sol.* Forget not the time, and to come alone.

*Am.* This is excellent.

*Bo.* *Solomon*, dost not know me?

*Sol.* My businesse is to you sir, these  
Kept me off, my Lady *Lucina*  
Has a great minde to speake with you,  
Little doe these imagine how she honours me.

*Bo.* If I faile, may the Surgeon  
When he opens the next veine, let out all my honorable blood,  
There's for thy paines, what thou shalt be hereafter  
Time shall declare, but this must be conceal'd.

*Exit.*

*Am.* You looke pleasant.

*Ma.* No, no I have no cause, you smile Sr. *Ambrose*.

*Am.* Who I? the Coronell.

*Enter the Coronell.*

*Ma.* But of our file, another of her suitors.

*Am.* Noble Coronell.

*Co.* My honored Knights, and men of lustie kindred.

*Bo.* Good morrow.

*Co.*



*The Ball.*

*Co.* Morrow to all Gentlemen, Ile tell you  
Who is return'd?

*Am.* From whence.

*Co.* A friend of ours that went to travell.

*Ma.* Who, who?

(how I

*Co.* I saw him within these three minuts, and know not  
Lost him agen, he's not farre off, dee keepe a Catalogne  
Of your debts.

*Bo.* What debts?

*Co.* Such dulnesse in your memory, there was  
About sixe moneths ago a Gentleman  
That was perswaded to sell all his land,  
And to put the money out most wisely,  
To have for one at his returne from *Venice*,  
The shotten Herring, is hard by.

*Am.* *Jacke Freshwater*, Ile not see him yet.

*Bo.* Must we pay him?

*Co.* It will be for your honour, marry wee  
Without much staine, may happily compound,  
And pay him nothing.

*Enter Freshwater, and Mounseieur Le Friske.*

Here comes the thing  
With what formalitie he treads, and talkes,  
And manageth a toothpicke like a Statesman.

*Am.* How hee's transform'd?

*Ma.* Is not his soule *Italian*?

*Bo.* Ile not bid him welcome home.

*Am.* Nor I.

*Ma.* Whats the tother Rat thats with him?

*Co.* Dee not know him, tis the Court dancing Weefill.

*Ma.* A Dancer, and so gay.

*Co.* A meere *French* footeman Sir, does he not lookē  
Like a thing come off oth' Saltcellar.

*Ma.* A Dancer?

I would allow him gay about the legges,  
But why his body should exceede decorum,  
Is a sinne oth' state.

*Fre.* Thats all.



*The Ball.*

I can informe you of their dance in *Italy*,  
Marry that very morning I left *Venice*,  
I had intelligence of a new device.

*Mon.* For the dance Mounſieur.

*Fre.* *Si Signior*, I know not  
What counttyman invented, but they ſay  
There be Chopinoes made with ſuch rare art,  
That worne by a Lady when ſhe meanes to dance,  
Shall with their very motion ſound forth muſicke,  
And by a ſecret ſympathy with their tread  
Strike any tune that without other instrument,  
Their feete both dance and play.

*Mon.* Your lodging Mounſieur,  
That when I have leaſure I may dare  
Preſent an humble ſervitor.

*Fre.* I do ly  
At the ſigne of *Dona Margarett a de Pia*  
In the Strand.

*Gud.* At the Magget a Pie in the Strand ſir.

*Mon.* At de *Magdepie* boon adieu ſerviteur.

*Exit.*

*Am.* He wonot know us.

*Gud.* Dee ſee thoſe Gentlemē.

*Fre.* Thou Platalone be ſilent.

*Co.* Ile ſpeake to him,  
Yare welcome home ſir.

*Fre.* Signior.

*Exit.*

*Co.* He wonot know me, this is excellent,  
He ſhall be acquainted better, ere I part  
With any ſommes.

*Am.* Next time weele not know him.

*Bo.* Would all my creditors had this bleſſed ignorance.

*Ma.* Now Coronell I'll take my leave.

*Bo.* I am enga'd too.

*Exeunt.*

*Co.* Well.

*Bo.* I ſhall meete you anon,  
I am to waite upon a coſin of mine.

*Co.* A Counteſſe.

*Bo.* My Lord?

*Enter Lord Raineborn and Barker.*

*Lo.*



*The Ball.*

*Lor.* Cofin.

*Bo.* Your Lordship honours me in this acknowledgement.

*Lo.* Coronell.

*Bo.* Dee not know me fir? (take notice on,

*Ba.* Yare not a proclamation that every man is bound to  
And I cannot tell who you are by instinct.

*Lo.* A kinsman of mine *Frankes*?

*Co.* Good morrow to your Lordship.

*Lo.* Coronell? your humble servant, harke you *Frankes*,

*Bo.* You are acquainted with my Lord then,  
Is he not a compleate Gentleman? his family  
Came in with the Conqueror.

*Co.* You had not else beene kinne to him.

*Bo.* A poore slip, a syens from that honourable tree?

*Co.* He is the Ladies Idoll, they ha not leasure  
To say their prayers for him, a great advancer  
Of the new Ball.

*Bo.* Nay hee's right, right as my legge Coronell.

*Co.* But tother Gentleman you doe not know his inside,

*Bo.* I ha seene him, he lookes philosophicall.

*Co.* Who I hee's the wit, whom your Nobilitie  
Are much oblig'd to for his company,  
He has a railing genious, and they cherish it,  
Fling dirt in every face when hee's ith' humour,  
And they must laugh, and thanke him, he is dead else.

*Bo.* Will the Lords suffer him.

*Co.* Or lose their mirth, hee's knowne in every sciencē,  
And can abuse em all, some ha suppos'd  
He has a worme ins braine, which at some time  
Oth' Moone doth ravish him into perfect madnesse,  
And then he prophesies, and will depose  
The Emperorr, and set up *Bethalem Gabre*.

*Bo.* Hee's dead, I hope he wonot conjure for him.

*Co.* His father shanor scape him nor his ghost,  
Nor heaven, nor hell, his jest must ha free passage,  
Hee's gone, and I lose time to talke on him,  
Farewell,  
Your Countesse



*The Ball.*

May expect too long,  
Farewell Coronell.

*Exeunt*

*Enter Lady Rosomond, and Lady Honoria.*

*Ref.* Why doe you so commend him?

*Hon.* Does he not  
Deserve it? name a gentleman in the Kingdomē,  
So affable, so moving in his language,  
So pleasant, witty, indeede every thing  
A Lady can desire.

*Ref.* Sure thou dost love him,  
He tell his Lordshippe when I see him agen,  
How zealous you are in his commendation.

*Hon.* If I be not mistaken, I have heard  
Your tongue reach higher in his praises Madam,  
How ere you now seeme cold, but if you tell him  
My opinion, as you shall doe him no pleasure,  
You can doe me no injury, I know  
His Lordship has the constitution  
Of other Courtiers, they can endure  
To be commended.

*Ref.* But I prethee tell me,  
Is not love whence this proceeds, I have  
I must confesse discourt of his good parts,  
Desir'd his company.

*Ho.* And had it?

*Ref.* Yes, and had it.

*Ho.* All night.

*Ref.* You are not I hope jealous;  
If I should say all night I neede not blush,  
It was but at a Ball, but what of this?

*Ho.* Ene what you will

*Ref.* I hope you ha no patent  
To dance alone with him, if he ha priviledge  
To kisse another Lady, she may say  
He does salute her, and returne a curse  
To shew her breeding, but He now be playner,  
Although you love this Lord, it may possible  
He may dispose his thoughts another way,

*Ho.* He may so.



*The Ball.*

*Ros.* Who can helpe it, he has eyes  
To looke on more than one, and understand  
Perhaps to guide, and place his love upon  
The most deserving object.

*Ho.* Most deserving,  
This language is not leuill with that friendship;  
You have profest, this touches a comparifon.

*Ros.* Why doe you thinke all excellence is throng'd  
Within your beauty.

*Ho.* You are angry Lady,  
How much does this concerne you to be thus  
Officious in his cause, if you be not  
Engag'd by more than ordinary affection,  
I must interpret this no kinde respect  
To me.

*Ros.* Angry, ha, ha.

*Ho.* You then transgresse against civillitie.

*Ros.* Good Madam why? because,  
I thinke, and tell you that another Lady  
May be as handsome in some mans opinion,  
Admit I lov'd him too, may not I hold  
Proposition with you, on some entreaty.

*Enter Lord.*

*Lor.* They're loude, Ile not be scene yet.

*Ros.* What is it that exalts you above all  
Comparifon? my father was as good  
A gentleman, and my mother has as great  
A spirit.

*Ho.* Then you love him too.

*Ros.* Twill appeare  
Nogreater miracle in me I take it.  
Yet difference will be, perhaps I may  
Affect him with a better consequence.

*Ho.* Your consequence perhaps may be denied too,  
Why there are no such wonders in your eye  
Which other composition doe not boast of,  
My Lord no doubt hath in his travells clapt  
As modest cheekes, and kist as melting lippes.



*The Ball.*

*Ro.* And yet mine are not pale.

*Ho.* It may be they blush for the teeth behinde them.

*Ro.* I have read

No sonnets on the sweetnesse of your breath.

*Ho.* Tis not perfum'd.

*Ro.* But I have heard of your tongue exalted much,  
Highly commended.

*Ho.* Not above your forehead,  
When you have brush'd away the hairie pentehrush,  
And made it visibler.

*Lo.* Ile now interrupt 'em,  
They le fall by the eares else presently.

*Ho.* My Lord.

*Lo.* What in contention Ladies?

*Ro.* Oh my Lord you'r welcome.

*Lo.* Expresse it in discoverie of that  
Made you so earnest, I am confident  
You were not practising a Dialogue  
To entertaine me.

*Ho.* Yet it did concerne you.

*Ro.* Do not you blush, sic Madam.

*Lo.* Nay and you come to blush once, and sic Madam,  
Ile know the secret, by this kisse I will,  
And this.

*Ho.* You were kis'd first, discover now  
At your discretion.

*Ro.* My Lord we were in jest.

*Ho.* It might ha turn'd to earnest, if your Lordship  
Had not interpos'd.

*Lo.* Come out with it.

*Ro.* We had a difference.

*Lo.* Well said.

*Ro.* About a man ith' world, you are best name him.

*Ho.* You have the better gift at telling secrets.

*Lo.* Yet agen, come Ile helpe it out, there is  
A gentleman ith' world, some call a Lord.

*Ro.* Did your Lordship over-heare us?

*Lo.* Nay nay, you must stand too'r.



One, whom you  
Love, it will appeare no greater miracle,  
In you I take it, one no doubt that hath  
Travel'd, and clapt as modest cheekes, and kis'd  
As melting lippes, thus farre ime right, but what  
Name this most happy man doth answer too,  
Is not within my circle.

*Ho.* Yet you know him.

*Ro.* Not to retaine your Lordship ith' darke,  
Confident you'le not accuse my modesty  
For giving you a truth, you shall not travell  
Beyond your selfe to find his name, but doe not  
Triumph my Lord.

*Lo.* Am I so fortunate,  
Then love I doe forgive thee, and will cherish  
The flame I did suspect would ruine me,  
You two divide my love, onely you two,  
Be gentle in your Empire heavenly Ladies,  
No enemy abroad can threaten you,  
Be carefull then, that you maintaine at home  
No civill warres.

*Ho.* How dee meane my Lord?

*Lo.* You are pleas'd to smile upon me gentle Lady,  
And I have tooke it in my heart more than  
Imaginary blessings with what pleasure  
Could I behold this beautie, and consume  
My understanding to know nothing else,  
My memory to preserve no other figure.

*Ro.* My Lord, I am not worth your flatterie.

*Lo.* I flatter you? *Venus* her selfe be judge,  
To whom you are so like in all thats faire,  
Twere sinne but to be modest.

*Ro.* How my Lord?

*Lo.* Do not mistake me, twere  
A sinne but to be modest in your praises,  
Heres a hand, nature shew me such another,  
A brow, a cheeke, a lip, and every thing,  
Happy am I that *Cupids* blinde.



*The Ball.*

*Ro.* Why happy?

*Lo.* If he could see, he would forsake his Mistress  
To be my rivall, and for thy embraces  
Be banish'd heaven.

*Ho.* My Lord Ile take my leave.

*Lo.* If you did know how great a part of me,  
Will whither in your absence, you would have  
More charitie, one accent of unkinde  
Language from you, doth wound me more than all  
The mallice of my destinies, oh deare Madam,  
You say you'le take your leave of your poore servant;  
Say rather, you will dwell for ever here,  
And let me stay and gaze upon  
Your heavenly forme.

*Ho.* I can be patient

To heare your Lordship mocke me, these are but  
A course reward for my good thoughts.

*Lo.* This tis to use plaine dealing, and betray the inside  
Of our hearts to women, did you thinke well of me  
So late, and am I forfeited already,  
Am I a Christian?

*Ho.* Yes I hope my Lord.

*Lo.* Make me not miserable then, deare Madam,  
With your suspicion, I dissemble with you,  
But you know too well what command your beauty  
Has upon me.

*Ho.* Give me leave

My Lord to wonder you can love me,  
With such a flame you have express'd yet thee,  
Your mistress?

*Lo.* You are both my Mistresses.

*Ro.* I like not this so well.

*Lo.* There is no way but one to make me happy.

*Ho.* I wish my Lord I had the art to effect  
What you desire.

*Ro.* Or I.

*Lo.* It is within  
Your powers.

*Ho.*



*The 2<sup>d</sup>.*

*Ho.* Speake it my Lord.

*Lo.* Since it is so

That I me not able to determinē which  
My heart, to equall unto both, would chuse;  
My suite is to your vertues, to agree  
Betweene your selves, whose creature I shall be;  
You can judge better of your worths than I,  
My allegiance shall be ready if you can  
Conclude which shall ha the supremacie;  
Take pittie on your servant gentle Ladies,  
And reconcile a heart too much divided,  
So with the promise of my obedience  
To her that shall be fairest, wisest, sweetest  
Of you two, when I next present a lover,  
I take distracted leave.

*Ho.* Why, this is worfe than all the rest.

*Ro.* Hee's gone,

And has refer'd himselfe to us.

*Ho.* This will

Aske counsell.

*Ro.* And some time I would be loth  
To yeeld.

*Ho.* And I, *Capit* instruct us both.

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*Actus Secundus.*

*Enter Barker, Freshwater, and Gudge.*

*Bar.* **A**ND what made you to undertake this voyage,  
Sweete Signior *Freshwater*.

*Fr.* An affection

I had to be acquainted with some countries.

*Gud.* Give him good words.

*Ba.* And you returne fraught home with the rich devices,  
Fashions of steeples, and the situations  
Of galouses, and wit no doubt a bushell,  
What price are Oates in *Venice*?



The Ball.

Fr. Signior

I kept no horses there, my man, and I

Ba. Were Asses.

Fr. How Signior?

Gud. Give him good words; a Poxe take him.

Ba. Had not you land once?

Fr. I had some durtie acres.

Gud. I am his witnesse.

Fr. Which I reduc'd into a narrow compasse,  
Some call it selling.

Gud. He would sell bargaines of a childe.

Fr. And twas a thriving pollicie.

Ba. As how?

Fr. It was but two hundred pound *Per annum* fir,  
A some renew.

Ba. And did you sell it all?

Fr. I did not leave an acre, rod, or perch,  
That had beene no discretion, when I was selling  
I would sell to purpose, doe you see this roll,  
I have good securitie for my money fir,  
Not an egge here but has five chickens in't,  
I did most pollickely disburse my summes,  
To have five for one at my returne from Venice,  
And now I thanke my Starres I am at home.

Ba. And so by consequence in three moneths your estate  
Will be five times as much or quintupled.

Fr. Yes Signior quintupled,  
I won't purchase yet I meane to use  
This tricke seaven yeares together, first  
He sell out, and quintuplie as you call't,  
And when I can in my Exchequer tell  
Two, or three Millions, I will fall a purchasing.

Ba. Kingdomes I warrant.

Fr. I have a minde to buy  
*Constantinople* from the *Turke*, and give it  
The Emperour.

Ba. What thinke you of *Ierusalem*?  
If you would purchase that, and bring it nearer,



*The Ball.*

The Christian Pilgrimes would be much oblig'd to yee,  
When did you wash your sockes?

*Fr.* I weare none Signior.

*Ba.* Then tis your breath, to your lodging and perfume it,  
You'll tell the sweeter lies to them that will  
Lose so much time to aske about your travell,  
You wonot sell your debts?

*Fr.* Sell 'em, no Signior.

*Ba.* Have you as much left in ready cash as will  
Keepe you and this old trouble a fortnight longer,  
Die, and forgive the world, thou maist be buried,  
And ha the Church-cloth, if you can put in  
Securitie, the Parish shall be put  
To no more charge, dost thou hope to have a penny  
Of thy owne money backe, is this an age  
Of five for one, die ere the towne takes notice,  
There is a hidious woman carries ballets,  
And has a singing in her head, take heed  
And hang thy selfe, thou maist not heare the time,  
You remember *Coriase*.

*Fr.* Honest *Tom Odcombe*.

*Ba.* Wee'll ha more verles o' thy travells *Coxcombe*,  
Bookes shall be sold in bushellis in Cheape side,  
And come in like the Pescods, waine loads full  
Of thee, and thy man *Apple Iohn* that lookes  
As he had beene a senight in the straw  
A ripening for the market, farewell Rusting,  
Thou art not worth my spleene, doe not forget  
My counsel', hang thy selfe, and thou go'st off  
Without a Sessions.

*Fr.* Fine, Imeglad hee's gone, *Gudgine*, what dost thou

*Gud.* I thinke y are well rid of railing Madcap. (thinke.

*Fr.* Nay, nay hee'll not spare a Lord  
But were not I best call in my moneyes *Gudgin*,  
My estate wonot hold out, I must be more  
Familiar with my gentlemen.

*Enter Lord.*

*Lo.* *Iacke Freshwater* wellcome from *Venice*.

*Fr.* I thanke your honour.



*The Ball.*

*Lo.* Was it not *Franke Barker* that parted from you?

*Fr.* Yes my Lord.

*Lo.* Whats the matter?

*Fr.* There is a summe, my Lord.

*Lo.* Where is it Signior?

*Fr.* There was a summe my Lord delivered  
From your poore servant *Freshwater*.

*Lo.* I remember,

But I have businesse now, come home to me,  
The monie's safe, you were to give me five  
For one at your returne.

*Fr.* I five? Your Lordship has forgot the Cinquēpacē.

*Lo.* Something it is, but when I am at leasure  
We will discourse of that, and of your travell,  
Farewell Signior.

*Exit.*

*Fr.* Ist come to this? if Lords play fast and loose,  
What shall poore Knights, and gentlemen?

Hum, tis he.

*Enter Coronell.*

*Co.* A Poxe upon him, what makes he in my way.

*Fr.* Noble Coronell.

*Co.* *Que dite vous monsieur.*

*Fr.* *Que dite vous?*

*Co.* *Auy, Je ne pa parlee Anglois,*  
There were five *English* peeces.

*Co.* *Je ne parle Anglois,* me speake no word *English,*  
*Votre sevitour,*

*Exit.*

*Fr.* Adiew five peecēs,  
Gudgingape, ist not he?

They wonot use me o'this fashion,  
Did he not speake to me ist' morning?

*Gud.* Yes sir.

*Fr.* I thinke so,  
But then you would not know him in *Italian,*  
And now he will not know you in *French.*

*Fr.* Call you this selling of land, and putting out money  
To multiply estate?

*Gud.* To quintuply five for one, large interest.

*Fr.* Five for one, tis tenne to one if I get my principall.

*Gud.*



*The Ball.*

*Gud.* Your roll is not at the bottome, yet try the rest.

*Fr.* I ha, Signior farewell.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Scutilla and Solomon.*

*Scu.* Didst speake with the Coronell?

*Sol.* I met him opportunely after all the rest,  
And told him how much it would concerne  
His livelihood to make haste.

*Scu.* He must not be seene yet, you know where  
To attend for him, give him access by  
The garden to my chamber, and bring  
Me nimble knowledge when he is there.

*Sol.* I shall forsooth.

*Exit.*

*Enter the Dancer, Lady Rosomond, Lady Lucina,  
and Lady Honoria.*

*Dan.* Very well an dat be skirvy you run trot, trot, trot,  
Pishaw, follow me, *font Madame*, can you not tell  
So often learning — Madem you foot it now  
Pla it ill.

*Another Lady dances.*

Excellent, better den excellent pishaw — you be laughed  
When you come to de Ball; I teach tree hundred, never  
Forgot so much, me sweat taking paine, and fiddling  
Ladies.

*Luc.* Fiddling Ladies, you Molecatcher.

*Dan.* *Purquoy* for telling you  
Dance not well, you commit fat, and beate me for my  
Dilligence becar you dance your pleasure.

*Ho.* No *Mounseure Le Friske* put not up your pipe, my La-  
Was but in jest, and you must take it for a favour.

*Dan.* I veare no favours in dat place, should any gentleman  
Of England give me blow, diable me teach him *French*  
Passage.

*Ro.* Nay you shanot be so angry, I must have a Coronte,  
Pray Madam be reconcil'd.

*Luc.* Come Mounseur I am sorry.

hand,

*Dan.* Sorre, tat is too much *par ma foy*, I kisse tat white  
Give me one two tree buffers, aller, aller looke up your  
Countenance, your *English* man spoile you, he no teach  
You looke up, pishaw, carry your body in the swimming



*The Ball.*

Fashion, and *den allei moy mofelle* ha, ha, ha,  
So for boon excellent becar. Dance.

*Luc.* Nay a Country dance *Scutilla*, you are idle,  
You know we must be at the Ball anon, come.

*Dan.* Where is the Ball this night.

*Luc.* At my Lord *Rainebowes*, (world,

*Dan.* Oh he dance finely becar, he deserve the Ball of de  
Fine, fine gentleman, your oder men dance lop, lop with  
De lame legge as they want crushes begore, and looke for  
Argent in the ground pishaw,

*They dance a new Country Dance.*

Hah, hah, for boone.

*Ro.* Now Madamē we take our leave.

*Luc.* Ile recompence this kind visite : does your coach stay?

*Ho.* Yes Madam,

Your Ladiship will be too much troubled.

*Luc.* I owe more service.

*Scu.* Mounsierr you'le begone too.

*Dan.* I have more Ladie, my Schollers.

*Scu.* Is that the way of your instrument.

*Dan.* *Alla murde France, fit, fit alien*

*Madam votre serviteur,*

*Adieu demy Mounsierr.*

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Solomon and Coronell.*

*Scu.* Sir, you are welcome.

*Co.* I thanke you Ladie.

*Scu.* The tim's too narrow to discourse at large,  
But I intend you a service,  
You have deserv'd it.

In your owne noblenesse to one I call a kinsman,  
Whose life without your charitie had beene  
Forseit to his generalls anger, twas not  
Without his cause you after quit your regiment.

*Co.* He was my friend, forget it.

*Scu.* You were sent for  
By the Lady *Lucina*.

*Co.* Whose command I waite.

*Scu.* Twas my desire to prepare you for.

*The*



*The Ball.*

The entertainement, be but pleas'd to obscure  
Your selfe behind these hangings a few minutes,  
I heare her, you may trust me.

*Co.* Without dispute, I obey you Lady.

*Enter Lady Lucina.*

*Luc.* Now *Scutilla* we are ripe, and ready  
To entertaine my Gamesters, my man said  
They promised all to come, I was afraid  
These Ladies in their kinde departure wo'd not  
Bequeath me opportunitie, and the mirth  
Doth in the imagination foticle me,  
I wo'd not willingly ha lost it for a Jewell  
Of some valed.

*Sen.* Then your purchase holds.

*Luc.* If they hold their affections, and keepe touch,  
Weele ha some sport.

*Enter Solomon.*

*Sol. Sr. Marmaduke Travers.*

*Luc.* Away *Scutilla*, and  
Laugh not long betweene our acts, weele meete  
Agen like musicke, and make our selves merry.

*Scin.* I waite nere you.

*Enter Sr. Marmaduke.*

*Luc.* *Sr. Marmaduke* I thought I should have had  
Your visite without a summons.

*Ma.* Lady you gave  
One feather to the wings I had before;  
Can there be at last a service to employ  
Your creature?

*Luc.* Something hath pleaded for you in your absence.

*Ma.* Oh let me dwell upon your hand, my starres  
Have then remembered me agen.

*Luc.* How doe the Fennes?  
Goes the draning forward, and your Iron Mills?

*Mar.* Draning, and Iron Mills? I know not Madam.

*Luc.* Come, you conceale your industry, and care  
To thrive, you neede not be so close to me.

*Ma.* By this hand Lady, have I any Iron Mills?

*Luc.* I am abus'd else, nay I doe love



*The Ball.*

One that has Wind-mills in his head.

*Ma.* How Madam?

*Lu.* Projects, and Proclamations, did not you  
Travell to *Yarmouth* to learne how to cast  
Brasse buttons, nay I like it, it is an age  
For men to looke about 'em, shall I trust  
My estate to one that has no thrift, a fellow  
But with one face? my husband shall be a *Ianuu*,  
He cannot looke too many wayes, and is  
Your patent for making Vineger confirm'd:  
What a face you put upon't nay, nere dissemble,  
Comē I know all, you'le thanke that friend of yours,  
That satisfied my inquirie of your worth  
With such a welcome character, but why  
Doe I betray my selfe so fast & beshrow  
His commendations.

*Ma.* How is this? some body

That meant me well, and knew her appetite  
To wealth hath told this of me. He make use on't;  
Well Madam, I desir'd these things more private  
Till something worth a mine, which I am now  
Promoving had beē perfect to salute you,  
But I perceive you hold intelligence  
In my affaires, which I interpret love,  
And He requite it, will you be content  
Be a countesse for the present.

*Luc.* I shall want

No honour in your love.

*Ma.* When shall we marry?

*Luc.* Something must be prepar'd.

*Ma.* A licence, and say no more,

How blest am I, doe not blush,

I wonot kisse your lip, till I ha brought it.

*Exit.*

*Luc.* Ha, ha, *Scutilla*.

*Sch.* Be secret still.

*Luc.* Canst thou not laugh?

*Sen.* Yes Madam you have kept your word,

The Knights transported, gone



*The Ball.*

To preparē things for the wedding.

*Luc.* How didst thou like the Iron Mills?

*Sen.* And the Brasse buttons rarely, have you devisē  
To jeere the rest.

*Luc.* All the regiment on 'em, or Ile breake my bowstrings!

*Sol. Sr. Ambrose Lamount.*

*Luc.* Away, and let the Swallow enter.

*Enter Sr. Ambrose, and Solomon.*

*Luc.* Why Sirra, did I command you give accessē to none  
But *Sr. Ambrose Lamount*?

Whom you know I sent for,  
Audacious Groome.

*Sol.* It is Sir, Madam.

*Luc.* It is *Sr. Ambrose Coxcombe*, is it not;  
Cry mercy noble sir, I tooke you muffled  
For onē that every day sollicites me  
To bestow my little dogge upon him, but you'r welcome.  
I thinke I sent for you.

*Am.* It is my happineffe  
To waite your service Lady.

*Luc.* I heare say you have vow'd to die a Batchellor;  
I hope it is not true sir.

*Am.* I die a Batchellor?

*Luc.* And that you'le turne religious Knight.

*Am.* I turne religious Knight, who has abus'd me?

*Luc.* I would onely know the truth, it were great pittie,  
For my owne part I ever wish'd you well,  
Although in modesty I have beene silent;  
Pray what's a clocke?

*Am.* Howes this?

*Luc.* I had a dreame last night, me thought I saw you  
Dance so exceedingly rarely, that I fell  
In love.

*Am.* In love with me.

*Luc.* With your legges sir.

*Am.* My legge is at your service to comē over.

*Luc.* I wondred at my selfe, but I considered,  
That many have beene caught with handsome faces;



*The Ball.*

So my love grew.

*Am.* Vpwards.

*Luc.* What followed in my dreame  
I ha forgot.

*Am.* Leave that to finish waking!

*Luc.* Since the morning  
I finde some alteration, you know  
I have told you twenty times I would not love you,  
But whether twere your wisdom or your fate  
You would not be satisfied, now I know not  
If something were procur'd, what I should answer.

*Am.* A licence, say no more.

*Luc.* Would were my estate were doubled.

*Am.* For my sake.

*Luc.* You have not Purchas'd since you fell in love?

*Am.* Not much land.

*Luc.* Revells have beene some charge to you, you were  
(ever  
A friend to Ladies, pitty but he should rise  
By one, has fallen with so many, had you not  
A head once?

*Am.* A head? I have one still.

*Luc.* Of haire I meane,  
Favours ha glean'd too much, pray pardon me  
If it were mine, they should goe looke their bracelets,  
Or stay till the next crop, but I blush fir  
To hold you in this discourse, you will perhaps  
Conster me in a wrong sence; but you may use  
Your owne discretion till you know me better,  
Which is my soules ambitions.

*Am.* I am blest.

*Cor.* Cunning Gipsie shce'le use me thus too  
When I come too't:

*Am.* Lady I know your mind, when I see you next. *Exit.*

*Luc.* Youle see me agen, ha ha ha, *Scutilla.*

*Scu.* Here Madam almost dead with stifling my laughter,  
Why hee's gone for a Licence, you did injoyne him no  
Silence.

*Luc.* I wou'd have 'em all meete and brag o'their severall  
Hopes



*The Ball.*

Hopes they wonot else be sensible, and quit me o'their  
Tedious visitation, who's next?  
I would the Coronell were come,  
I long to have about with him.

*Sol.* Mr. *Bostocke* Madam.

*Luc.* Retire, and give the lay admittance.

*Enter Bostocke.*

*Bo.* Madam, I kisse your faire hand.

*Luc.* Oh Mr. *Bostocke*,

*Bo.* The humblest of your servants.

*Luc.* Twonot become your birth, and blood to stoopē  
To such a title.

*Bo.* I must confesse deare Lady,  
I carry in my veines more precious honour  
Then other men, blood of a deeper crimson,  
But you shall call me any thing.

*Luc.* Not I sir,  
It would not become me to change your title,  
Although I must confesse I could desire  
You were lesse honourable.

*Bo.* Why I prethee,  
Is't a fault to spring from the Nobilitie?  
There be some men have sold well favour'd Lordships,  
To be ill favoured Noblemen, and though  
I weare no title of the state, I can  
Adorne a Lady.

*Luc.* That is my misfortune,  
I would you could not sir.

*Bo.* Are you the worse  
For that? consider Lady.

*Luc.* I have considered,  
And I could wish with all my heart you were  
Not halfe so noble, nay indeede no Gentleman.

*Bo.* How Lady?

*Luc.* Nay, if you give me leave to speake my thoughts,  
I would you were a fellow of two degrees  
Beneath a foote man, one that had no kindred,  
But Knights oth' post, nay worse, pardon me sir,



*The Ball.*

In the humour I am in, I wish, and heartily,  
You were a sonne oth' people rather then.

*Bo.* Good Madam give me your reason.

*Luc.* Because I love you.

*Bo.* Few women wish so ill to whom they love.

*Luc.* They doe not love like me then.

*Bo.* Say you so.

*Luc.* My wealths a begger, nay the title of  
A Lady which my husband left, is a shadow  
Compar'd to what you bring to innoble me,  
And all the children you will get, but I  
Out of my love desire you such a one,  
That I might adde to you, that you might be  
Created by my wealth, made great by me,  
Then should my love appeare, but as you are,  
I must receive addition from you.

*Bo.* No body heares, why harke you Lady, could  
You love me, if I were lesse honourable?

*Luc.* Honourable? why you cannot be so base  
As I would have you, that the world might say  
My marriage gave you somewhat.

*Bo.* Say you so,

Vnder the Rose, if that will doe you a pleasure,  
The Lords doe call me cosin, but I am.

*Luc.* What?

*Bo.* Suspected.

*Luc.* How?

*Bo.* Not to be lawfull, I came in at the Wicker,  
Some call it the Window.

*Luc.* Can you prove it.

*Bo.* Say no more.

*Luc.* Then I preferre you before all my suiters,  
Sr. Ambrose Lamount, and Sr. Marmaduke  
Travers are all Mountibankes.

*Bo.* What say to the Coronell.

*Luc.* A *Lanse pre sado*, how my joy transports me,  
But shall I trust to this, doe not you flatter?  
Will not you fly from that, and be legitimate,

When



*The Ball.*

When we are married, you men are too cunning  
With simple Ladies.

*Bo.* Doe but marry me,  
He bring the Mid wife.

*Luc.* Say no more, provide  
What you thinke necessary, and all shall be  
Dispatch'd.

*Bo.* I guesse your meaning, and thus seale  
My best devotion.

*Exit.*

*Scu.* Away now and present your selfe.

*Luc.* Oh *Scutilla*, hold me, I shall fall  
In peeces else, ha ha, ha.

*Scu.* Bestrow me Madam, but I wonder  
At you, you woond him rarely up.

*Luc.* Have not I choise of precious husbands? now and  
The Coronell were here, the taske  
Were over.

*Scu.* Then you might goe play,  
Madam the Coronell.

*Enter Coronell.*

*Luc.* Is he come once more? withdraw, bid him march hi-

*Co.* Now is my turne Madam. (ther.

*Luc.* Yare welcome sir, I thought you would have gone,  
And not grac'd me so much as with a poore  
Salute at parting.

*Co.* Gone whither?

*Luc.* To the warres.

*Co.* She jeares me already, no Lady I'me already  
Engag'd to a siege at home, and till that service  
Be over, I enquire no new employments.

*Luc.* For honours sake what siege?

*Co.* A Cittadell,  
That severall forces are set downe before,  
And all is entrench'd.

*Luc.* What Cittadell?

*Co.* A woman.

*Luc.* She cannot hold out long.

*Co.* Oftend was sooner taken then her fort



*The Ball,*

*Is like to be for any thing I perceive.*

*Lnc.* Is she so well provided?

*Co.* Her provision

May faile her, but she is devilish obstinate;  
She feares nor fire nor famine.

*Lnc.* Whats her name?

*Co.* *Lucina.*

*Lnc.* Ha ha ha, alas poore Coronell;  
If youle take my advice remove your siege;  
A province will be sooner wonne in the  
Low countries, ha ha ha.

*Co.* Lady, you sent for me.

*Lnc.* I was but to tell you my opinion in this businesse;  
You'le sooner circuncise the Turkes dominions,  
Then take this toy you talke off, I doe know it,  
Farēwell good Souldier, ha ha ha, and yet tis pittie,  
Is there no stratagem, no tricke, no undermine;  
If she be given so desperate, your body  
Had neede to be well victuall'd, theres a citie  
And suburbs in your belly, and you must  
Lay in betimes to prevent mutinie  
Among the small guts, which with winde of venge else  
Will breake your garde of buttons, ha ha ha  
Come weele laugh, and lie downe in the next roome *Scutilla,*  
*Exit,*

*Co.* So so, I did expect no good,  
Why did not I strike her, but Ile doe something,  
And be with you to bring before you thinke onr,  
Mallice and *Mercuria* assist me.

*Exit,*

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*Actus Tertius.*

*Enter Lord and Barker.*

*Ba.* **S**O so, you'e a precious time on'r.  
*Lor.* Who can helpe it *Franko*, if Ladies will  
*Bē wilde*, repentance tame 'em, for my part



*The Ball.*

I court not them, till they provoke me too.

*Ba.* And doe they both affect you.

*Lo.* So they say.

And did justifie it to my face.

*Ba.* And you did praise their modesty.

*Lo.* I confesse I prais'd 'em

Both when I saw no remedy.

*Ba.* You did, and they believ'd.

*Lo.* Religiously?

*Ba.* Do not

Doe not believe it my young Lord, theyle make

Fooles of a thousand such, they doe not love you.

*Lo.* Why, and shall please your wisdom?

*Ba.* They are women,

Thats a reason, and may satisfy you,

They cannot love a man.

*Lo.* What then?

*Ba.* Themselves,

And all little enough, they have a trick

To conjure with their eyes, and perhaps raise

A masculine spirit, but lay none.

*Lo.* Good Cato

Be not over-wise now, whats the reason

That women are not faint in your Calender,

You have no frosty constitution?

*Ba.* Would you were halfe so honest.

*Lo.* Why a woman

May love thee one day.

*Ba.* Yes when I make legges

And faces like such fellowes as you are.

*Lo.* Mounseur La Friske. *Enter Mounseur La Friske.*

*Moun. Serviteur.*

*Lo.* Nay Franke thou shalt not goe.

*Ba.* Ile come agen when you ha done your Iygge.

*Moun.* A Mounseur.

*Lo.* Come you shall sit downe, this fellow will make thee

*Ba.* I shall laugh at you both, and I stay. (laugh.

*Lo.* Harke you Mounseur, this gentleman has a great



*The Ball.*

Minde to lēarne to dance.

*Moun.* He command my servicē,  
Please your Lordship beginne tat he may  
See your profit alkey — hah.

*Lo.* How like you this *Franke*?

*Ba.* Well enough for the dogge-dayēs, but havē  
You no other dancing for the Winter, a man  
May freeze and walke thus.

*Moun.* It be all your grace, Mounſieur, your  
Dance be horseplay begar for de stable not  
De chamber, your ground passage hah  
Never hurt de backe Mounſieur, nor trouble  
De legge muſh, hah plait ill you learne  
Mounſieur.

*Lo.* For mirth ſake, and thou loveſt me.

*Moun.* Begar I teach you preſently, dance with all de  
Grace of de body for your good, and my profit.

*Ba.* Pardon me my Lord.

*Moun.* Oh not *pardonne moy*.

*Lo.* Doe but obſerve his methode

*Ba.* I ſhall never endure it, pox upon him. (the

*Mo.* Tis but diſ in de beginning, one, two, tree, foure, five,  
Cinquepace, alley Mounſieur, ſtand upright an begar.

*Lo.* Let him ſet you in toth poſture.

*Mo.* My broder my Lord know wel for de litle kit he fiddle  
And me for de poſture of de body, begar de King has no too  
Suſh ſubjects hah, dere be one foote, two foote, have  
You tree foote, begar you have more den I have den.

*Ba.* I ſhall breake his fiddle.

*Lo.* Thou art ſo humorous.

*Moun.* One, beene two hah, you goe to faſt, you bē at *Dover*  
Begar, and me be at *Greenwiſh*, tree toder legge piſhaw.

*Ba.* A poxe upon your legges, ile no more.

*Moun.* *Purquoy*.

*Lo.* Ha ha ha, I wod ſome Ladies werē here to laugh  
At thee now, you wonot be ſo rude to meddle with  
The Mounſieur in my lōdging. (Iackalent.

*Ba.* Ile kicke him to death, and bury him in a Baſe-violl

*Moun.*



*The Ball.*

*Mo.* Iackalēnt, begar you be Iackēnapē, if I had my wēapon  
You durst no affront me, I be as good gentleman, an for  
All my fiddle as you, call me a Iacke a de lent.

*Lo.* Raile upon him Mounſieur, Ile ſecure thee, ha ha ha.

*Moun.* Becauſe your leg have de poc, or ſometime dat makē  
Em no vell, and friſke, you make a fool of a Mounſieur.  
My Lord uſe me like Gentleman, an I care no ruſh for  
You, be deſperate, kill me, and me complaine to de  
King, and teach new dance, galliarde to de gibber, you  
Be hang'd in *Engliſh* faſhion. (*Exit*

*Ba.* Goe, yar'e an impertinent Lord, and I will be reveng'd

*Lo.* Ha, ha, good *Diogenes*, come Mounſieur,  
You and I wonot part yet.

*Moun.* My Lord, if you had not beene here, mē wod hav  
Broken his head with my fiddle.

*Lo.* You might ſooner have broke your fiddle, but ſtrike up.

*Moun.* *Allei hab boone.*

*They Dance in.*

*Enter Boſſocke.*

*Bo.* I ſpie Sir *Marmaduke* comming after me,  
This way Ile take to avoide his tedious queſtions,  
Heele interrupt me, and I ha not finiſh'd  
Things fit for my deſigne.

*Enter Sr. Ambroſe.*

*Am.* Tis Mr *Boſſocke*, little does he thinke  
What I am going upon, I feare I ſhanot  
Containe my joyes.

*Bo.* Good fortune to Sr. *Ambroſe.*

*Am.* Sir you muſt pardon, I cannot waite  
Vpon you now, I ha buſineſſe of much conſequence.

*Bo.* I thought to have made the ſame excuſe to you,  
For at this preſent I am ſo engag'd.

*Am.* We ſhall meete ſhortly.

*Both.* Ha ha ha.

*Bo.* Poore Gentleman how is he beguil'd.

*Am.* Your noſe is wip'd, hum, tis Sr. *Marmaduke*,

*Enter Sr. Marmaduke.*

I muſt ſalute him.

*Bo.* The Coronell? theres no going backe.

*Exit*



*The Ball.*

*Ma.* What misfortun's this? but tis no matter,  
Noble sir how ist?

*Am.* As you see sir;

*Co.* As I could wish noble Mr. *Bostocke*,

*Bo.* Your humble servant Coronell.

*Co.* Nay nay a word.

*Ma.* I shannot forbear jeering these poore things,  
They shall be mirth.

*Co.* What all met so happily? and how my  
Sparkes of honour?

*Am.* Things so ticle me,  
I shall breake out.

*Co.* When saw you our Mistresse Lady *Eugina*.

*Am.* My suite is cold there, Mr. *Bostocke* carries  
The Lady cleane before him.

*Bo.* No no not, it is Sr. *Marmaduke*.

*Ma.* I gleane by smiles after Sr. *Ambrose*.

*Co.* None of you see her to day?

I may as soone marry the Moone, and get  
Children on her, I see her not this three dayes,  
Tis very strange, I was to present my service  
This morning.

*Ma.* Youle march away with all.

*Co.* I cannot tell, but theres small signe of victory,  
And yet me thinkes you should not be neglected,  
If the Fennes goe forward, and your Iron Mills.

*Ma.* Has she betraid me?

*Co.* Some are industrious,  
And have the excellent skill to cast brasse buttens.

*Ma.* Coronell softly.

*Co.* How will you sell your vinēger a pint,  
The Patent something sawcie.

*Am.* The Coronell jeeres him.

*Bo.* Excellent, ha ha.

*Co.* Had not you a head once,  
Of haire I meane, favours ha glean'd too much,  
If Ladies will ha bracelets, let 'em stay  
Till the next crophe.

*Am.*



*The Ball.*

*Am.* Hum, the very language she us'd to me.

*Bo.* Does he jeere him too, nay nay, prethee spare him. ha. ha.

*Co.* You may doe much, and yet I could desire  
You were lesse honourable, for though you have  
Blood of a deeper crimson, the good Lady  
Out of her love could wish you were a thing  
Beneath a foote man, and that you had no kindred  
But Knights oth' post.

*Bo.* Good Coronell.

*Co.* Nay pardon me,  
In the humour I am in, I wish, and heartily,  
You were a sonne oth' people.

*Bo.* Coronell,  
How the devill came he by this?

*Co.* Vnder the Rose there was a gentleman  
Came in at the Wicket, these are tales of which  
The Greekes have store, faire hopes Gentlemen.

*Mar.* How came you by this intelligence.

*Co.* Nay Ile no whispering, what I say to one  
Will concerne every man, shee has made  
You coxcombes.

*Am.* It does appeare.

*Co.* And more then does appeares yet  
I had my share.

*Bo.* Thats some comfort, I was afraid.

*Co.* But you shall pardon me, Ile conceale  
The particulars of her bountifull abuses  
To me, let it suffice I know we are all  
Icer'd most abominably, I stood behinde  
The hangings when shee sign'd your severall passes,  
And had my owne at last worse than the Constables,  
That this is true, you shall have more than oath,  
Ile joyne wee in revenge, and if you wonor,  
I will doe't alone.

*Ma.* She is a devill.

*Am.* Damme her then; till we thinke on something else,  
Lets all goe backe, and raile upon her.

*Bo.* Agreed, a poxe upon her.



*The Ball.*

*Ma.* We cannot be to bitter, shee's a hell Cat.

*Am.* Dee heare, listen to me our shames are equal,  
Yet if we all discharge at once upon her,  
We shall but make confusion, and perhaps  
Give her more cause to laugh, let us chuse one,  
To curse her for us all.

*Co.* Tis the best way, and if you love me gentlemē,  
Engage me, I deserve this favour for my  
Discovery, Ile swear her into hell.

*Ma.* Troth I ha no good veine, Ime content.

*Bo.* Gentlemen, noble Coronell as you respect  
A wounded branch of the Nobilitie,  
Make it my office, she abus'd me most, and if  
The devill doe not furnish me with language,  
Ile say he has no malice.

*Co.* If they consent.

*Mar. Am.* With all our hearts.

*Bo.* I thanke you gentlemen.

*Co.* But lets us all together, Ile not be barr'd,  
Now and then to enterpose an oath,  
As I shall finde occasion.

*Bo.* Youle releve me  
When I take breath, then you may helpe, or you,  
Or any to confound her.

*Co.* Let away.

*Bo.* Never was witch so tortur'd.

*Exeunt*

*Enter Freshwater, Gudge, and Solomon.*

*Sol.* Noble Mr. Freshwater welcome from travell.

*Fr.* Wherebe the Ladies?

*So.* In the next roome sir;

My Lady Rosomond is sitting for her picture,  
I presume you will be welcome.

*Fr.* An English Painter?

*So.* Yes sir.

*Fr.* Prethee let me see him.

*He gives Freshwater acesse to the Chamber and returns.*

*Sol.* This way.

Honest Gudge,

How, and the matters abroad, a touch of

*Thy*



*The Ball.*

Thy travell, what newes.

*Gud.* First, let me understand the state of things  
At home.

*So.* We have little alteration since thou went'st,  
The same newes are in fashion,  
Onely gentlemen are faine to ramble, and Rumble  
For their flesh since the breach oth' banke side.

*Gud.* Is my aunt defunct.

*So.* Yet the Viragoes ha not lost their spirit, some on  
'Em have challeng'd the field, every day where  
Gentlemen have met 'em, oh the dogge-dayes bit  
Shredfully, twas a vilanous dead vacation.

*Gud.* Is *Pauls* alive still?

*Sol.* Yes, yes, a little sicke oth' stone, she voides some  
Every day, but she is now in phisicke,  
And may in time recover.

*Gud.* The *Exchange* stands?

*Sol.* Longer than a Church,  
There is no feare while the Merchants have faith;  
A little of thy travells, for the time is precious, what  
Things have you seene or done since you left *England*?  
*Gud.* I have not leasure to discourse of particulars, but first  
My Mr. and I have runne *France* through, and through.

*So.* Through and through, how is that man?

*Gud.* Why once forward, and once backward, thats through  
And through.

*Sol.* Twas but a cowardly part to runne a Kingdome  
Through backward.

*Gud.* Not with our horses *Solomon*, not with our horses.

*Enter Freshwater and Lady Rosmond.*

*Fr.* Madam, I did not thinke your Ladiship  
Had so little judgement.

*So.* Ashow Signiour?

*Fr.* As to let an *English* man draw  
Your Picture, and such rare Mounseurs in towne.

*Ro.* Why not *English*?

*Fr.* Oh by no meanes Madam,  
They ha not active Pensiles.



*The Ball.*

*Ros.* Thinkē you so.

*Fre.* You must encourage strangers while you livē,  
It is the Character of our nation,  
We are famous for dejecting our owne countrymen.

*Ros.* Is that a principle.

*Fre.* Who teaches you to dance?

*Ros.* A Frenchman Signior.

*Fre.* Why so, tis necessary,  
Trust while you live the Frenchman with your lēgges;  
Your faces with the Dutch, if you mislike  
Your faces, I mean if it be not sufficiently  
Painted, let me commend upon my credit  
A pretious workeman to your Ladyship.

*Ros.* What is he.

*Fre.* Not an English man I warrant you,  
One that can please the Ladies every way,  
You shannot sit with him all day for shadowēs,  
He has Regallias, and can present you with  
Suckers of foure teene pence a pound, Canary,  
Prunellas, Venice glasses, Parmisan,  
Sugars, Bologna, Sausages all from *Antwerpe*;  
But he will make Ollepodredos most incomparably.

*Ros.* I have heard of him by a noble Lady  
Told me the tother day, that sitting for  
Her picture, shee was sisted with a strange  
Perfume of hornes.

*Fre.* A Butcher told me of 'em, very likely.

*Ros.* When I have neede  
Of this rare Artist I will trouble you  
For my directions, leaving this discourse,  
How thrives your Catalogue of debtors Signior.

*Fre.* All have payd me, but;

*Ros.* You shannot name me in the list of any  
That are behind, beside my debt a purse  
For clearing the account.

*Fre.* You are just Madam,  
And bountifull, though I came hither with  
Simple intencion to present my service.



*The Ball.*

It shall be crost, *Gudge* remēmbēr too,  
Her Ladiships name.

*Sol.* My Cofin has the  
Same proviſion for you.

*Enter Barker, and Lady Honoria.*

*Gud.* Sir, Maſter Barker.

*Fre.* Madam Ile take my leave, Ile finde another  
Time to attend my Lady, there's no light,  
I cannot abide this fellow.

*Exit with Gud.*

*Hon.* Madam, Maſter Barker hath ſomē deſigne  
Which he pretends concernes us both.

*Roſ.* Hee's welcome, what iſt?

*Bar.* My Lord commendes him to yee.

*Roſ.* Which Lord Sir?

*Bar.* The Lord, the fine, the wanton dancing Lord,  
The Lord that playes upon the Sitternē, and ſings,  
Leapes upon tables, and does pretty things,  
Would have himſelfe commended.

*Roſ.* So Sir.

*Bar.* He loves you both, he told me ſo,  
And laughs behind a viſard at your frailtie,  
He cannot love that way you imagine,  
And Ladies of the game are now no miraclēs.

*Hon.* Although he uſe to raile thus, yet we have  
Some argument to ſuſpect his Lordſhips tongue  
Has beene to liberall.

*Roſ.* I finde it too, and bluſh within to thinke  
How much we are deceived, I may be even  
With this May-Lord.

*Exit.*

*Hon.* But does his Lordſhip thinke  
We were ſo taken with his perſon.

*Bar.* You wou'd not, and you knew as much as I.

*Hon.* How Sir?

*Bar.* I ha beene acquainted with his body  
Ha knowne his baths and 'phificke.

*Hon.* Iſt poſſible, I am ſorry now at heart,  
I had a good thought on him, hee ſhall ſee't,  
For I will love ſome other in revenge,



*The Ball.*

And presently if any gentleman  
Ha but the grace to smile, and court me up too't.

*Ba.* Hum?

*Ho.* A buble of Nobilitie, a giddy  
Phantasticke Lord, I want none of his titles;  
Now in my imaginations he appeares  
Illfavoured, and not any part about him  
Worth halfe a commendation, wod he were here.

*Co.* Youd make more on him.

*Ho.* That I might examine,  
And doe my judgement right betweene you two now,  
How much he would come short, you have an eye  
Worth fortie of his, nose of another making;  
I saw your teeth ene now compar'd to which,  
His are of the complexion of his combe,  
I meane his boxe, and will in time be yellower,  
And aske more making cleane, you have a shew  
Of something on your upper lippe, a Witch  
Has a Philosophers beard to him, his chinne  
Has just as many hounds as haire that ever  
My eyes distinguish'd yet, you have a body  
And unpromising in his slashes, one  
May see through him, and for his legges they both  
Would but make stuffing for one handsome stocking,  
Th'are a Lords I will be sworne, I dote upon him,  
I could wish somewhat, but I me sworry sir  
To trouble you so much, all happie thoughts  
Possesse you.

*Exit*

*Ba.* How is this, if I have wit  
To apprehend, this Lady does not hate me?  
I have profess a cinicke openly,  
This language melts, Ile visite her againe.

*Enter Honoria.*

*Ho.* Sir, I have a small request to you.

*Ba.* Lady command.

*Ho.* If you thinke I have power  
Or will to deserve from you any courtesie,  
Pray learne to dance.

*Ba*



*The Ball.*

*Ba.* To dance?

*Ho.* At my entreatie fir to dance,  
It was the first thing tooke me with his Lordship,  
You know not what may follow, fare you well.

*Exit.*

*Ba.* What pretends this to dance, theres something in't,  
I've reveng'd my selfe already upon my Lord,  
Yet deeper with my Lady is the sweeter,  
Something must be resolv'd.

*Exit.*

*Enter Lady Lucina and Scutilla;*

*Luc.* Enough enough of conscience, lets reserve  
Part of the mirth to another time, I shall  
Meete some other hot worships at the Ball;  
Vnlesse their apprehension prompt 'em,  
Earlier to know their folly in pursuing me?

*Enter Solomon.*

*Sol.* Madam, the Gentlemen that were here this morning  
In single visits are come all together,  
And pray to speake with you.

*Luc.* They've met already give 'em access.

*Scu.* I wonder what they'll say.

*Enter Bostocke, Lamount, Coronell, and Travers.*

*Co.* Be confident she shall endure it.

*Bo.* So so,

How dee Gentlemen, yar'e v'ry wellcome.

*Am.* Tis no matter for that we doe not come to be  
Welcome, neither will we be welcome, speake Mr. Bostocke.

*Bo.* We come to mortifie you.

*Luc.* You will use no violence.

*Bo.* But of our tongues, and in the names of these  
Abused gentlemen, and my selfe I spit  
Defiance, stand further off, and be attentive,  
Weepe or doe worse, repentance wet thy linnen,  
And leave no veine for the Doctor.

*Luc.* They're mad.

*Scu.* There is no danger Madam, let us heare 'em,  
If they scold we two shall be hard enough for 'em,  
And they were twenty.

*Bo.* Thou Basiliske.

*Luc.*



*The Ball.*

*Luc.* At first sight?

*Bo.* Whose eyes that fire, and poyson,  
Malicious as a Witch, and much more cunning,  
Thou that dost ride men.

*Luc.* I ride men?

*Bo.* Worse than the night Mare, let thy tongue be silent,  
And take our scourges patiently, thou hast  
In thy owne selfe all the ingredients  
Of wickednesse in thy sexe, able to furnish  
Hell if it were insufficiently provided  
With falshood, and thee feind of thy owne making -  
Circe that charm'd men into swine, was not  
So much a Jew as thou art, thou hast made  
Vs Asses, dost thou heare?

*Am.* He speaks for us all.

*Bo.* But it is better we be all made such,  
Than any one of us be monstred worse  
To be an Oxe thy husband.

*Sen. Luc.* Ha ha ha.

*Bo.* Dost thou laugh Crocodile?

*Co.* That was well said.

*Bo.* Spirit of flesh and blood Ile conjure thee,  
And let the devill lay thee on thy backe  
I care not.

*Ma.* Admirable *Bostocke*.

*Co.* That spirit of flesh and blood was well inforc'd.

*Bo.* You thought us animales insensible  
Of all your juglings did you *Prorsepnie*?

*Am.* I come to that.

*Bo.* And that we lov'd, lov'd with a poxe your phisnomie,  
Know we but tried thee Beldam, and thou art  
Thy selfe a sonne oth' earth.

*Am.* How, thee a sonne?

*Bo.* Twas a mistake, but she knowes my meaning,  
I beginne to be a wearie gentlemen,  
Ile breath a while.

*Co.* Tis time, and that you may  
Not want encouragement take that.



*The Ball.*

*Ba.* Gentlemen Cotonell, what deē meānē.

*Co.* You shall know presently, dare but lift thy voyce  
To fright this Lady, or but aske thy pardon,  
My sword shall rip thy body for thy part,  
And naile it on her threshold, or if you,  
The proudest offer but in lookes to justifie  
The basenesse of this wretch your soules shall answer't;

*Ma.* Howes this?

*Co.* Oh impudence unheard, pardon Madam  
My tedious silence, the affront grew up  
So fast I durst not trust my understanding  
That any gentleman could attempt so much  
Dishonour to a Lady of your goodnesse;  
Was this your project to make me appeare  
Guilty of that I hate beyond all sacriledge,  
Was it for this you pray'd my company,  
You todpoles? tis yourpresence charmes my sword,  
Or they shall quickly pay their forfeit lives,  
No Altar could protect 'em.

*Am.* We are betray'd.

*Ma.* Was it not his plot to have us rail'd?

*Co.* Say, shall I yet be active?

*Luc.* By no meanes,  
This is no place for blood, nor shall any cause  
Engage to such a danger.

*Co.* Live to be  
Your owne vexations then till you be mad,  
And then remove your selfe with your owne garters.  
You shannot goe before I know from whose  
Braine this proceeded, you are the mirth,  
Was ever civill Lady so abus'd  
In her owne house by ingratefull horseleeches?  
Could your corrupted natures finde no way  
But this to recompence her noble favours,  
Her courteous entertainments, would any  
Heathens done like to you? admit she was  
So just to say she could see nothing in you  
Worthy her deerer thoughts as to say truth,



*The Ball.*

How could a creature of her wit and judgement  
Not see how poore and miserable things  
You are at best? must you impudent  
In such a loud, and peremptory manner,  
Disturbe the quiet of her thoughts and dwelling  
Gentlemen rather hinds scarce fit to mixe,  
Vnlesse you mend her manners with her drudgēs.

*Luc.* This shewes a noblenesse, dost not *Scusi*?

*Bo.* Why sir, did not you tell us?

*Co.* What did I tell you?

*Bo.* Nothing.

*Co.* Be gone, least I forget my selfe.

*Bo.* I have a token to remember you

A palse upon your fingers noble Coronell.

*Ma.* Was this his stratagem? we must be gone.

*Luc.* Sir I must thanke yee, and desire your pardon,

For what has past to your particular.

*Co.* Ya' ve more than satisfied my service in  
Th'acknowledgement: disdain cannot provoke  
Me to be so insolent.

*Luc.* Againe I thanke you.

*Co.* I can forget your last neglect, if you  
Thinke me not too unworthy to expect  
Some favour from you.

*Luc.* How dee meane.

*Co.* Why as

As a servant should that is ambitious?  
To call you Mistrresse, till the happier title  
Of wife crowne his desires.

*Luc.* I must confesse,  
This has wone much upon me: but two words  
To such a bargain, y'are a gentleman,  
Ime confident would adventure for me.

*Co.* As farre as a poore life could speake my service?

*Luc.* Thats faire and faire enough, I make not any  
Exception to your person.

*Co.* Body enough  
I hope to please a Lady.

*Luc.*



The Ball.

*Luc.* But,

*Co.* To my fortune.

*Luc.* To that the least, I have estate for both.

*Co.* Though if hold no comparison with yours,  
It keeps me like a gentleman.

*Luc.* I have a scruple.

*Co.* You honour me in this,  
Theres hope, if I can take away that care,  
You may be mine.

*Luc.* Sir can you put me in securitie  
That you have beene honest?

*Co.* Honest, how dee meane?

*Luc.* Beene honest of your body, you are gentlemen,  
Out of the warres live lazie, and feede high,  
Drinke the rich grape, and in Canary may  
Doe strange things, when the wine has wash'd away  
Discretion.

*Co.* What is your meaning Lady?

*Luc.* I doe not urge you for the time to come,  
Pray understand, have you beene honest hitherto?  
And yet because you shannot trouble friends  
To be purgators, He be satisfied;  
If you will take your owne oath that you are.

*Co.* Honest of my body?

*Luc.* Yes sir, it will become me to be carefull  
Of my health, He take your owne assurance,  
If you can cleare your body by an oath,  
He marry none but you, before this gentlewoman.

*Co.* Your reason why you use me thus?

*Luc.* I wonder you will aske, doe not I heare  
How desperate some ha beene, what paine, what phisicke.

*Co.* This is a tale of a tubbe Lady.

*Luc.* You rid no match without a shirt, to shew  
The complexion of your body, I ha done sir.  
When you resolute to sweare yare honest, I  
Vow to be yours, your wife: I am not hastie,  
Thinke on't, and tell me when we meeete againe  
Anon, to night, to morrow, when you please;



*The Ball.*

So farēwell noble Coronell, come *Scrilla*.

*Exeunt.*

*Co.* Ist come to this? I am jeer'd agen, ist possible  
To be honest at these yeeres, a man of my  
Complexion, and acquaintance? was ever  
A gentleman put to this oath before a this fashion?  
If I ha the grace now to forswearē my selfe,  
Something may be done, and yet tis doubtfull  
Sheele have more trickes, if widdowes be thus coltish,  
The devill will have a taske that goes a woin.

*Exe.*

*Actus Quartus.*

*Enter Lord and Bostocke.*

[*Bo.* S] Vch an affront my Lord, I was asham'd on't.  
A meere conspiracie to betray our fames,  
But had you seene how poorely they behav'd  
Themselves, such carven Knights, a paire of Drone-Bees  
Ith' midst o' my vexation, if I could  
Forbeare to laugh, I ha no blood in me,  
They were so farre from striking that they stood  
Like Images, things without life and motion,  
Feare could not make so much as their tongue tremble,  
Left all to me.

*Lo.* So so, what then did you.

*Bo.* The Lady laugh'd too, and the Coronell  
Increas'd his noise, to see how she derided  
The poore Knights.

*Lo.* Leave their Character and proceede  
To what you did.

*Bo.* You shall pardon me my Lord,  
I am not willing to report my selfe,  
They and the Lady, and the Coronell  
Can witnesse I came on.

*Lo.* But how came you off cofin? that must commend you.

*Bo.* I ha my limbes my Lord, no signe of losse  
Of blood you see, but this was fortune, how

*The*



*The Ball.*

**The Cornewell** came off's uncertainē.

*Lo.* Doe not you know?

*Bo.* No, I left him, I thinke tis time.

*Lo.* You did not kill him?

*Bo.* Vpon my faith my Lord I meant it not,  
But wounds fall out some time when the swords in,  
These are poore things to bragge on, I ha sav'd my  
Selfe you see.

*Lo.* It it be so Ile call you cosin still, my satirist

*Enter Barker.*

Hark you shall beate this fellow.

*Bo.* Shall I my Lord without cause?

*Lo.* He shall give you cause presently, how now  
Cum'd tassata.

*Bo.* I pay for what I weare  
My sattaine Lord? your Wardrobē does not keepe  
Me warme, I doe not runne oth' ticket with  
The Mercers wife, and leacher out my debts  
At country houses.

*Lor.* Theres something else you doe not.

*Bo.* I doe not use to flatter such as you are,  
Whose bodies are so rotten, theyle scarce keepe  
Their soules from breaking out, I write no odes  
Vpon your Mistresse to commend her postures,  
And tumbling in a coach towards *Paddington*,  
Whether you hurry her to see the Pheasants,  
And try what operation the eggēs have  
At your returne, I am not taken with  
Your mightie nonsense, glean'd from Heathenish playes,  
Which leave a curse upon the Author for 'em,  
Though I have studied to redeeme you from  
The infection of such bookes, which martyr sence  
Worse than an Almanacke.

*Lo.* Excellent Satire,  
But lish not on, stop here, or I shall kickē  
Your learned worship.

*Bo.* But doe not, I advite you doe not.

*Lo.* Why doe not?



*The Ball.*

*Ba.* It will fall heavy o' some body, if your Lordship  
Kicke me, I shall not spare your cosin there.

*Lo.* On that condition what doe you thinke o' that?

*Ba.* What doe you thinke?

*Bo.* Excellently well followed by my troth la,  
Heele pitch the barre well, I warrant, he does  
So follow his kicke.

*Ba.* Let it goe round.

*Bo.* Good, right as my legge againe.

*Lo.* Your legge, twas hee that kicke you.

*Bo.* Dee thinke I doe not feele it?

*Lo.* Why dee not use your toes then?

*Bo.* What for a merry touch,

A tricke, a turne upon the toe, dee heare sir  
Yare good company, but if thou lovest me.

*Ba.* Love you? why dee heare sir,

I, I,

What a poxe should any man see in you,

Once to thinke on you? love a squirts?

Shall I tell thee what thou art good for?

*Bo.* I.

*Ba.* For nothing.

*Bo.* Good againe, my Lord observe him, for nothing.

*Ba.* Yes thou wot stop a breach in a mudde wall,  
Or serve for a Priapus in the garden to  
Fright away crowes, and keepe the corne, beane shatter,  
Thou wot.

*Bo.* Ha ha ha.

*Ba.* Or thou wot serve at shrove tide to ha thy legges  
Broken with penny trouchens in the streete,  
Tis pittie any Cocke should stand the pelting,  
And such a Capon unprefer'd.

*Bo.* Ha ha ha.

*Ba.* Cry mercy y'are a kintman to the Lord,  
A Gentleman of high and mighty blood.

*Lo.* But cold enough, wonor all this provoke him?

*Ba.* Dost heare? for all this I will undertake  
To thrash a better man out of a wench.

That



*The Ball.*

That travells with her butter milke to market  
Betweene two dorfers, any day oth' weeke,  
My twice sod taile of greene fish, I will do't  
Or loose, my inheritance, tell me, and doe not stammer,  
When wert thou cudgell'd last? what woman beate thee?

*Bo.* Excellent *Barker*.

*Ba.* Thou art the towne top,  
A boy will set thee up, and make thee spinne  
Home with an Eeleskinne, do not marry, doe not?  
Thy wife will coddle thee, and serve thee up  
In plates with Sugar and Rose water to  
Him that had the grace to cuckold thee;  
And if *Pythagoras* transmigration  
Of soules were true, thy spirit should be tenant  
To a ho se.

*Bo.* Why to a horse?

*Ba.* A switch and spurre would doe some good upon you,  
Why dost thou enterfare, get the grincomes, goe,  
And straddle like a gentleman that wou  
Not shame his kindred, but what doe I  
Lose time with such a puppie?

*Bo.* Well, goe thy wayes Ile justifie thy wit  
At my owne perill.

*Ba.* I would speake with you,  
Be not too busie with your Lordships legges,  
Ile tell you somewhat.

*Lo.* Speake toth' purpose then.

*Ba.* I bestow'd  
A visite on the Ladies which you wor on,  
They have their wits still, and resolve to keepe 'em,  
They wonot hang themselves for a young Lord,  
Nor grow into consumption, other men  
Have eyes, and nose, and lippes, and handsome legges too:  
So fare you well Lord, my I left your kicke.  
With your cosin buy buy otter.

*Lo.* Very well. *Exit.*

But harke you cosin *Bostocke*, you have a minde  
And modest constitution, I expected  
You wou have lifted up your legges.

*Bo.*



*be Ball.*

*Bo.* To kicke him,  
Why, and you woud ha given a thousand pound,  
I could not do't for laughing, beside,  
He was your friend my Lord.

*Lo.* Did you spare him  
For that consideration?

*Bo.* Howsoever,  
What honour had it beene for me to quarrell?  
Or wit indeede, if every man should take  
All the abuses that are meant, great men  
Would be laughed at, some fooles must ha their jests,  
Had he beene any man of blood or valour,  
One that profes'd the sword, such as the Coronell,  
Lesse provocation would ha made me active.

*Enter Sr. Ambrose, and Sr. Marmaduke.*

*Lo.* The Eagles takes no Flies, is that it, how now  
Sir Ambrose, and my honor'd friend Sr. Marmaduke?  
You are strangers.

*Ma.* Your Lordships pardon, Mr. *Bosstocke.*

*Bo.* Now shall I be put too't, this taking will undoe me?

*Lo.* Prethce tell me? is the Coronell alive still?

*Am.* Alive my Lord, yes yes, hee's alive.

*Bo.* Did your Lordship thinke absolutely he was dead?

*Lo.* But he is shrewdly wounded.

*Am.* No my Lord,

Hē is very well, but twas your kinsmans fortune.

*Bo.* Prethce nere speake on't.

*Lo.* What?

*Ma.* To have a blow, a boxe oth' care.

*Lo.* How?

*Ma.* With his fist, and an indifferent round one.

*Bo.* Yes, yes he did strike me, I could ha told you that,  
But wherefore did he strike, aske'em that.

*Ma.* If you would know my Lord, he was our orator  
To raile upon the Lady for abusing us,  
Which I confesse he did with lung and spirit,  
Which in the conclusion, the Coronell  
Stroke him toth' ground.

*Bo.*



*The Ball. Act*

*Bo.* He did so tis a truth.

*Lo.* And did you take it?

*Bo.* Take it; he gave it me my Lord; I asked not for it.  
But tis not yet reveng'd.

*Am.* Tis true we suffer'd  
A little, but the state protected him.

*Bo.* It was no place indeed.

*Ma.* Now since you had the greatest burden in  
The affront.

*Bo.* The blow?

*Ma.* Right, we woud know whether your resolution  
Be first, to question him, for our cause appears  
Subordinate, and may take breath till you  
Ha call'd him to account.

*Bo.* I proclaim nothing,  
And make no doubt the Coronell will give me  
Satisfaction like a Gentleman.

*Am.* We are answer'd, and take our leave my Lord.

*Lo.* We shall meete at the Ball anon gentlemen.

*Ma.* Your Lordships servants now to our designe. *(Exit)*

*Bo.* My Lord I take my leave too.

*Lo.* Not yet cofin, you and I ha not done.

*Bo.* What you please cofin.

*Lo.* You have cosen'd me too much.

*Bo.* I my good Lord?

*Lo.* Thou most unheard of coward,  
How dare you boast relation to me?  
Be so impudent as to name, or thinke upon me,  
Thou staine to honour, honour / th'art beneath  
All the degrees of baseness: quit thy father,  
Thy suppos'd one, and with sufficient testimony,  
Some Servingman leape thy mother, or some juggler  
That conjures with old bones, some womans tailor,  
When he brought home her perticote, and tooke measure  
Of her lose body, or Ile cullice thee  
With a bottoime.

*Bo.* Good my Lord.

*Lo.* Be so bassoul'd?



In presence of your Mistresse, tis enough  
To make the blood of all thou knowest suspected,  
And let ha satisfaction.

Bo. My Lord:

Lo. For using of my name in Ordinaries,  
Ich' list of other whom you make your priviledge,  
To dominere, and winne applause sometimes  
With Tapsters, and shread-bearers Tobacco Merchants,  
That worship your gold face, and ignorance  
Stand bare, and bend their hammes, when you belch out  
My Lord, and other coine in a Bawdhouse,  
Whom with a poyle you curie by Jacke and Tom,  
For failing you at Rightstreets, or the Still-yard.

Bo. My ver. good Lord,

Lo. Will you not draw?

Bo. Not against your honour, but you shall see.

Lo. And vex my eyes to looke on such a Land-rare,

Were all these shames forgotten, how shall I  
Be safe in honour with that noble Lady,  
To whom I gratefully recommended thee,  
Though twere not much, enough to make her think  
I am as base as thou art, and the Coronell,  
And all that have but heard thee call me cosin,  
What cure for this you Malt-worme? oh my soule  
How it does blush to know thee, bragging puppy,  
Dee heare me thunder, and lightning, what  
Nobilitie my predecessors boasted,  
Or any man from honours stocke descended,  
How many Marqueses and Earles are numbred  
In their great family? what coates they quarter,  
How many battells our forefathers fought?  
Tis poore, and not becomming perfect gentry  
To build their glories at their fathers cost,  
But at their owne expense of blood or vertue,  
To raise them living monuments, our birth  
Is not our owne act, honour upon trust,  
Our ill decdes forseit, and the wealthy summes  
Purchas't by others fame, or sweate, will be.



*The Ball.*

Our shame, for we inherit nothing truly  
But what our actions make us worthy of;  
And are you not a precious gentleman,  
Thou art not worth my Steele, redeeme this love  
Some generous way of undertaking, or  
Thou shalt be given up to boyes, and ballets;  
The scorne of footeman, a disgrace more blacke  
Than bastard, goe to the Coronell.

*Bo.* I will my Lord.

*Lo.* But now I thinke ont twill be necessarie,  
That first you right my honour with the Lady,  
You shall carry a letter, you will do't.

*Bo.* Ile carry any thing.

*Lo.* Expect it presently.

*Bo.* Such another conjuring will make me  
Believe I am illegitimate indeede,

This came first keeping company with the blades,

From whom I learnt to roare and runne away

I know tis a base thing to be a coward,

But every man is not borne to be a *Horcule*,

Some must be beate that others may be valiant.

*Enter Rosomond, and Honoria whispering, Sr. Marmaduke,  
and Sr. Ambrose following.*

*Ro.* Let it be so, they will else be troublesome.

*Ma.* This cannot I hope displease you Lady, tis  
No new affection I protest, although  
This be the first occasion I tooke  
To expresse it.

*Ro.* You did ill in the impression,  
Although your bashfulnesse would not permit you  
To speake in your owne cause, you might have sent  
Your meaning, I can make a shift to read  
A scurvie hand, but I shall tell you 'fir.

*Ma.* Prethee doe.

*Ho.* Ist possible your heart hath bene tormented  
In loves flame, and I the cause.

*Am.* Your beauty hath the power  
To melt a *Cuthians* bosome, those divine



*The Ball.*

Beames would make soft the earth, when rugged Winter  
Hath seal'd the crannies up with frost, your eye  
Will make the frigid region temperate;  
Should you but smile upon't: account it then  
No wonder if it turne my brest to ashes.

*Ro.* I see you are in love by your mention,  
And cause I pittie a gentleman should lose  
His passion Ile acquaint you with a secret.

*Ma.* The Lady Honoria?

*Ro.* What misfortune twas  
You did not first apply your selfe to her  
That can reward your love, and hath a heart  
Spacious to entertaine you; she does love you  
Vpon my knowledge strangely, and so  
Commends you in your absence.

*Ma.* Say you so Lady?

*Ro.* Pardon I beseech you the affection

I profess to your Ladiship, twas but

A complement, I am sorry I profess.

*Ro.* Oh tis excus'd sir, but I must tell you,

Perhaps you wou'd finde her now so tractable

Vpon the apprehension she was slighted;

But to prescribe you confidence were to

Suspect your art, and bold discretion.

*Ho.* Tis as I tell you sir, no Lady in

The world can speake more praises of your body?

Shee knowes not yet your minde.

*Am.* Ist possible?

*Ho.* And yet because she saw your complements

Directed so unhappily to me,

I know not how youle finde her on the sudden,

But tis not halfe an houre since you possess

The first place in her thoughts.

*Am.* Shall I presume,

You will excuse the love I did present

Your Ladiship? it was not from my heart,

I hope you will conceive so.

*Ho.* A slight error.

Beames



*The Ball.*

*Am.* I am a sham'd on't.

*Ho.* Tis sufficient

That you recant no more neglect.

*Ro.* You are pleasant.

*Am.* Be you so too; the justification shall  
Have cause.

*Ro.* To wonder at you, whats your meaning first

*Am.* Sweete Lady,

What thoughts make sad your brow? I have observ'd  
Your eyes shoote clearer light.

*Ro.* You are deceiv'd,  
I am not melancholy.

*Am.* Be for ever banish'd  
The imagination of what can happen  
To cloud so rare a beautie, y<sup>e</sup> are in love.

*Ro.* In love, who told you so?

*Am.* But thats no wonder,

We all may love, but you have onely power  
To conquer where you place affection, and triumph o're your

*Ho.* I love you, y<sup>e</sup> are strangely mistaken, (wishes)  
Put your devices on some other Lady,

I ha beene so farre from my affection to you,

That I ha laboured I confesse to unsettle

The opinion of my Lady *Resonance*,

Who I confesse loves you, and that extremely.

*Mar.* How? she love me? then I ha made fine worke.

*Ho.* What cunning shee is mistresse of to hide  
Her strange affections; or what power she has,  
She does flie into your armes I know not.

*Ro.* Are you so dull?

Why, this was but to try your constancie,

I have heard her sweare you are the properst Knight,

The very *Adonis*: why, she has got your picture

And made it the onely saint within her closet,

I blush at your credulitie;

*Am.* It's ne so?

I have undone my selfe with her already,

Pardon me gentle Madam, I must leave you.

*Ro.*



*The Bar.*

*Ro.* With all my heart.

*Ho.* We are reliev'd,  
*Mounſieur Le Friſke.*

*Enter Mounſieur.*

*Moun.* Tres humble ſerviter *Madam,*  
Me ſweate with de halt to waite upon your Ladſhips;  
I pray give me de leve diſpatch preſently,  
For I muſt figaries to be done.

*Ro.* Gentlemen let your paſſions breath a while,  
A little muſicke may correct the errour,  
And you may finde your ſelves.

*Moun.* Aller.

*Am.* With all my heart *Sr. Marmaduke* lets helpe  
To exerciſe the Ladies.

*Ma.* A good motion.

*Moun.* And begar noting in de world mor, proſer  
Your body den de motion all a more de *France.*

*Ma.* I am for any friſke,

*Adm.* Ha de friſke you jumpe upon my name, and  
Begar you have my name ſo de right, bey, and  
All de world is but friſke.

*Ho.* A Country dance then.

*Moun.* Hah, *Mounſieur Madam* aller, *They Dance.*  
Forboone, tres excellent begar, ſo I crave your patience  
*Madam, gentlemen,* you be at de Ball, meſoy you  
See dat was never in dis world.

*Ro.* What Mounſieur?

*Moun.* What doe you thinke dat is, me tell you, begar  
You ſee me play de part of de *Cupid.*

*Ho.* A French *Cupid.*

*Moun.* Begar French *Cupid,* why? dere is no love like  
De French love, dat is *Cupid,* love is hot, and de  
French is hot.

*Ro.* How comes it ſo paſſe that you are to play *Cupid* *Adm.*

*Mo.* My Lord give me comānd me have device, & de maſque  
For de Ladies, and me no truſt little lacknappe to play  
Young *Cupid* but my ſelfe.

*Ho.* *Cupid* is a childe, you have a beard Mounſieur.

*Mo.* Me care not de haire for dat, begar de little god may have

De



**The Ball**

De little beard, *Venus* blacke oder have de mole, and *Cupid*  
Her shield may have the blacke mussell.

*Ho.* But Mounseieur, we read *Cupid* was faire, and  
You are blacke, how will that agree?

*Ma.* *Cupid* is faire, and Mounseieur is blacke, why Mounseieur  
Is blacke den, and *Cupid* is faire, what is dat? a faire  
Lady loye de servant of the blacke

Complexion de banent, the colour is not de mussh.  
*Vulcan* was de blacke Smith, and *Cupid* may be de  
Blacke gentleman his sonne legitimate.

*Am.* Tis de way to make *Cupid* the boy no bastards.

*Mo.* But doe you no publish this invention, me mette you  
At de Ball armed with quiver, and de bow.

*Ho.* You wonot shoot us, I hope youle spare our hearts.

*Mo.* Begar me this you if me can, and your artt shall  
Bleed one, two, three, gallowne adieu Madame  
Serviter gentlemen trefemble.

*Am.* Adieu Mounseieur, now Madam with your favour,  
I must renew my suite.

*Ho.* Yad better buy a new one,  
Nay then we shall be troubled: *Exit.*

*Am.* Youle withdraw,  
Ile follow you.

*Ma.* Come, come I know you love me.

*Ro.* You may enlarge your folly my deare knight,  
But I have pardoned you for love already.

*Ma.* This shanbt serve your turne, I came hither  
Not to be jered, and one of you shall love me. *Exit.*

*Enter Bostocke, Lady Lucina and Scutilla*

*Luc.* Oh impudence, darest he retourne?

*Scu.* It seemes so.

*Bo.* Most gracious Madam, my cousin your Lord *Levett*  
Commends himsele in blacke and white.

*Luc.* To me? *Bo.* Dee thinke tis from my selfe.

*Scu.* You might ha dont in blacke and blew.

*Bo.* *Scutilla* how does thy poore soule, thou  
Hast no husband nor children to commnd me to.

*Scu.* The poore soule's well, I hope your body'll

Recover'd



*The Ball.*

**Recover'd, do not your left cheeke burne still,  
We ha so talk on you?**

**Luc.** I am sorry any gentleman that has relation to me should  
Be so forgetfull of your honour, & his own, but though he have  
Posited opinion, let me continue innocent in your thoughts.  
I have sent you a small Jewell to expiate my offence for  
Commending him. I expect your Ladieship at the Ball,  
Where you shall make many happie to kisse your hand;  
And in their number the true admirer of your vertue,  
My Lord is honourable.

**Bo.** A slight Jewell Madam. *Levial.*

**Luc.** I am his servant,

**Bo.** Nay faith my Lord is right, I ha not met  
The Gorgonell since you know when.

**Sc.** You ha more reason to remember.

**Bo.** I would be so bold to aske you a question.

**Luc.** In the meane time give me leave, we are none  
But friends, I know y'are valliant.

**Bo.** No, no, you doe not know't, but I know my selfe.

**Sen.** Thats more.

**Luc.** But will you answer me? why did not you strike him?

**Sen.** That might ha caus'd blood. *(agen?)*

**Bo.** Y'are it right. **Luc.** You did not feare him.

**Bo.** But blood are not a like, termes were not even,  
If I had kill'd him there had beene an end.

**Luc.** Of him.

**Bo.** Right Madam, but if he had wounded me,  
He might ha kill'd, heaven knowes how many.

**Sen.** Strange fact.

**Bo.** D'ee not conceive it? so many drops of mine,  
So many gentlemen, nay more, who knowes  
Which of these might ha beene a Knight, a Lord.

**Luc.** Perhaps a Prince.

**Bo.** Prince came from the blood,  
And should I hazard such a severation  
Against a single life, as not I feare  
To fight with him by these hills, but what wise gamester  
Will venture a hundred pound to a flaw'd sixe pence?

*Sen?*



*The Ball.*

*Sen.* Madam, the Coronell.

*Bo.* And he were ten Coronells, He not endure his company,  
Sweete Lady, you and He retire.

*Sen.* And were lesse honourable.

*Bo.* He should not seeke me then.

*Sc.* He should rather hardly find you, I me your servant. *Exit.*

*Enter Coronell.*

*Luc.* I was wishing for you sir,  
Your judgement of these Diamonds.

*Co.* The stones are pretty.

*Luc.* They were a Lords, sent me for a token,  
You cannot chuse but know him, the Lord *Loveall.*

*Co.* So, so, so, I am like to speede.

*Luc.* Is not he a pretty gentleman?

*Co.* And you are sure hee's honest?

*Luc.* As Lords goe now adayes that are  
In fashion;

But cry you mercy, you ha put me in minde,  
I did propound a businesse to you sir.

*Co.* And I came prepar'd to answer you.

*Luc.* Tis very well, He call one to be a witnesse.

*Co.* That was not I remember in our Covenant,  
You shannot neede. *Luc.* He fetch you a booke to sware by,

*Co.* Let it be *Venus* and *Adonis* then,  
Or *Ovids* wanton *Elieges*, *Aristotles*  
Problemes, *Guy of Warwicke*, or *Sr. Beavis*,  
Or if there be a Play Booke you Love better,  
He take my oath upon your Epilogue.

*Luc.* Y'are very merry, well, sweare how you please.

*Co.* In good time,

You doe expect now I should sweare I me honest?

*Luc.* Yes sir, and tis no hard condition,  
If you reflect upon my promise.

*Co.* What?

*Luc.* To marry you, which act must make you Lord  
Of me and my estate, a round possession,  
Some men have gone to hell for a lesse matter.

*Co.* But I wonot be damn'd for twenty thousand

H

Such



*The Ball.*

Such as you are, and every one a million,  
And I the authoritie of a Parliament  
To marry wo' yee all, I woud not buy  
This flesh now I ha sworne. *Lnc.* I thinke so Coronell,  
Blesse me? twenty thousand wives, two'd nere  
Come to my turne, and you'd not live to give  
The tithe benevolence,

*Co.* They would finde Pages, fooles, or Gentlemen-Vithens.

*Lnc.* Then upon the matter,  
You being not willing sir to take your oath,  
I may be confident you are not honest.

*Co.* Why looke upon me Lady, and consider  
With some discretion what part about me  
Does looke so tame you should suspect me honest,  
How old dee thinke I am?

*Lnc.* I guesse at thirty.

*Co.* Some ith' world doubted me not so much,  
At thirteene I was ever plumpe and forward,  
My drie Nurse swore at seven, I kist like one  
Of five and twenty, setting that aside,  
Whats my profession? *Lnc.* A Souldier

*Co.* So examine a whole army, and finde one  
Souldier that hates a handsome woman, we cannot march  
Without our bagge and baggages, and is it possible,  
When we come home where womens pride, and all  
Temptation to wantoness abound  
We should lose our activitie?

*Lnc.* You souldiers are brave fellowes.

*Co.* When we have our pay,  
We vow no chastitie till we marry, Lady  
Tis out of fashion indeede with gentlemen  
To be honest, and of age together tis sufficient,  
We can provide to take our pleasures too,  
Without infection, a sound body is  
A treasure I can tell you, yet if that  
Would satisfy you, I should make no scruple  
To sweare, but otherwise you must pardon us  
As we must pardon you. *Lnc.* Vs sir.

*Co.* Yes you, as if you Ladies had not your fagaries,

And



*The Ballad*

And martiall discipline, as well as we,  
Your outworkes, and redoubts, your court of guard,  
Your centries, and perdues, sallies, retreates,  
Pasties, and stratagems, women are all honest,  
Yes, yes, exceeding honest; let me aske you  
One question, Ile not put you to your oath,  
I doe allow you Hide-Parke, and Spring-Garden,  
You have a recreation called the Ball,  
A device transported hither by some Ladies  
That affect Tenice, what dee play a set?  
Theres a foule racket kept under the line,  
Strange words are bandied, and strange revells Madam.

*Luc.* The world imagines so. *Co.* Nay, y<sup>e</sup> are all talk'd of;

*Luc.* But if men had no more wit, and honesty,  
They wou'd let fall their stings on something else,  
This is discountred, but when Corantaes faile,  
Or newes at ordinaries, when the phlegmaticke Dutch  
Ha tane no Fisher-boates, or our Cole-ships land  
Safe at *New-Castle*, y<sup>e</sup> are fine gentlemen,  
But to conclude of that we met for your honesty,  
Not justified by an oath, as I expected,  
Is now suspended, will you sweare yet.

*Co.* Why, I thought you had beene a Christian? widdow  
Have I not told you enough, you may meete one  
Will forsaik his conscience, and please you better,  
Some Silke-worme oth' Cittie, or the Court,  
There be enough will sweare away their soule  
For your estate, but I have no such purpose,  
The warres will last I hope.

*Luc.* So so, *Scutilla*:

*Enter Scutilla*:

You were present when I promis'd the Coronell,  
To be his wife upon condition,  
He could secure my opinion by his oath,  
That he was honest, I am bound in honour  
Not to goe backe, y<sup>e</sup> ave done it, I am yours sir,  
Be you a witnesse to this solemne contract.

*Co.* Are you in earnest Lady, I ha not sworne.

*Luc.* You have given better truth,  
He that can make this conscience of an oath  
Assures his honesty.



*The Ball.*

*Co.* In minde. *Luc.* Whats past  
I question not, if for the time to come  
Your love be vertuous to me. *Co.* Most religious,  
Or let me live the Souldiers dishonour,  
And die the scorne of gentlemen, I ha not  
Space enough in my heart to entertaine thee.

*Luc.* Is not this better than swearing?

*Co.* I confesse it. *Luc.* Now I may call you husband?

*Co.* No title can more honour me.

*Luc.* If please you Ile shew you then my children.

*Co.* How, your children?

*Luc.* I ha fixe that call me mother. *Co.* Haft, faith?

*Luc.* The elder may wane softnesse to acknowledge you,  
But some are young enough, and may be counsell'd  
To aske your blessing, does this trouble you?

*Co.* Trouble me? no, but it is the first newes Lady

Of any children. *Luc.* Nay, they are not like

To be a burden to us, they muste lift

To their owne portions left 'em by their father.

*Co.* Where. *Luc.* But of my estate, I cannot keepe

Any thing from 'em, and I know you are

So honest, you'd not wish me wrong the Orphans,

Tis but fixe thousand pound in money Coronell

Among them all, beside some trifling plate

And jewels worth a thousand more. *Co.* No more?

*Luc.* My loynture will be firme to us, two hundred

*Per annum.* *Co.* Is it so? and that will keepe

A Country house, some halfe a dozen Cowes,

We shall ha cheefe and butter-milke, one horse

Will serve me, and your man to ride to markets.

*Luc.* Canst be content to live ith' country Coronell?

*Co.* And watch the Pease, looke to the Hay, and talke

Of Oates and Stubble, I ha beene brought up too't,

And for a need can thrash.

*Luc.* That will save somewhat.

*Co.* Ith yeere, beside my skill in farrowing pigs,

Oh tis a holsome thing to hold the plough,

And wade up to the calfe ith' dirry furrowes,



*The Ball.*

Worse than sleeping in a trench, or quagmire,  
You ha not heard me whistle yet. *Luc.* No indeede.

*Co.* Why? theres it, shee does tounterfeit, well Lady,  
Be you in jeast or earnest, this is my  
Resolution Ile marry you, and y<sup>e</sup> ad forty children,  
And not a foote of land to your Ioynture, heaven  
Will provide for, and we doe our endeavours,  
Where be the children, come how many boyes.

*Luc.* As many as can get fir. *Co.* How?

*Luc.* No more.

Since y<sup>e</sup> are so noble, know I tried your patience,  
And now I am confirm'd, my estate is yours  
Without the weight of children or of debts,  
Love me, and I repent not. *Co.* Saist thou so?  
I woud we had a Priest here.

*Luc.* There remains to take away one scruple.

*Co.* Another gintracke.

*Luc.* I have none, tis your doubt fir,  
And ere we marry yqu shall be convinc'd  
Some mallice has corruted your opinion  
Of that we call the Ball.

*Co.* Your dancing businesse.

*Luc.* I will intreate your company to night,  
Where your owne eyes shall leade you to accuse.  
Or vindicate our fames. *Co.* With all my heart.

*Sen.* Madam, Mr. *Bostocke*

Expects within. *Luc.* You shall be reconcil'd to him.

*Co.* With *Bostocke* willingly, then toth Ball,  
Which for your sake I dare not now suspect,  
Where union of hearts such Empire brings,  
Subjects methings are crown'd as we as Kings. *Exeunt.*

---

*Actus Quintus.*

*Enter Mounseur and servants with perfume.*

*Moun.* **B**One forbone<sup>t</sup> here a little, dese a little more, my  
Lord hire dis house of the citie Merchant, begar  
It smell musty, and he will have all sweete for de

*H. 3.*

*Ladies*



*The Ball.*

Ladies, perfume, perfume every corner presently  
For ere is purpose to make all smoke anon

Begar, *Enter Lady Rosomond and Honoria.*

*Tres humble serviter Madam.* Ho. Where is my Lord?

*Moun.* Hee waite on you presently Mounfieur de *Freshwater.*

*Fr.* Mounfieur *Le Friske* these Ladies were pleas'd  
To command my attendance hither.

*Moun.* Welcome to de Ball, par ma foy  
You pardon Mounfieur, I have much trouble  
In my little head, I can no stay to  
Complement, *a vostre service.*

*Exit.*

*Fre.* In all my travells, I have not seene a more  
Convenient Structure.

*Ro.* Now you talke of your travells Signior, till my Lord  
Come you shall doe us a speciall favour to  
Discourse what passages you ha seene abroad.

*Ho.* Were you ever abroad before Signior.

*Fre.* I hardly ever was at home, and yet  
All countries lost wiseman are his owne?  
Did you never travell Ladies,

*Ro.* We are no Ladies errant, tis enough  
For such as you, that looke for State employment.

*Fre.* Yet there be Ladies ha your languages,  
And married to great men prove the better Statesmen.

*Ro.* We have heard talke of many countries.

*Fre.* And you may heare talke, but give me the man  
That has measur'd 'em, talkes but talke.

*Ho.* Have you seene a fairer Citie than *London*?

*Fre.* *London* is nothing. *Ro.* How nothing?

*Fre.* To what it will be a hundred yeares hence.

*Ro.* I have heard much talke of *Paris*.

*Ho.* You have beene there Ime sure.

*Enter Lord.*

*Fre.* I tell you Madame, I tooke shipping at  
Gravesend, and had no sooper past

The Cantons, and Griffons, making some stay  
In the Valtoline, but I came to *Paris* a pretty  
Hamlet, and much in the scituation like *Dunstable*,  
Tis in the Province of *Alconora*, some three leagues

Distant



*The Ball.*

Distant from *Civill*, from whence we have our Oringes,

*Lo.* Is the fellow mad?

*Ro.* I have heard *Civill* is in *Spaine*.

*Fre.* You may heare many things,  
The people are civill that live in *Spaine*, or there  
May be one towne like another, but if *Civill*  
Be not in *France*, I was never at *Civill* in my life.

*Ho.* Proceede Sir.

*Fre.* Doe not I know *Paris*, it was built by the yongest Son  
Of King *Priam*, and was call'd by his name, yet some  
Call it *Lutetia*, because the gentlewomen there  
Play so well upon the Lute.

*Lo.* What a Rascall is this?

*Fr.* Here I observ'd many remarkable buildings, as the  
Univerſitie, which some call the Loure, where the  
Students made very much of me, and carried me  
To the Beare-garden, where I saw a play on the  
Banke-side, a very pretty Comedy call'd *Marthame*,  
In *London*.

*Ro.* Is't possible?

*Fre.* But there be no such Comedians as we have here,  
Yet the women are the best Actors, they play  
Their owne parts, a thing much desir'd in *England*  
By some Ladies, Innes a Court Gentlemen, and others,  
But that by the way.

*Ho.* See Sir.

*Fre.* I had staid longer there, but I was offended with a  
Vil'anous sent of Onions, which the winde brought from  
St. Omers.

*Ro.* Onions woud make you sleepe well.

*Fre.* But the sent tis not to be endured, I smelt  
On 'em when I came to *Rome*, and hardly escap'd the  
Inquisition fort.

*Ho.* Were you at *Rome* too Signior.

*Fre.* Tis in my way to *Venice*, He tell you Madam I was very  
Loth to leave their country.

*Ro.* Which Country?

*Fre.* Where was I last? *Ho.* In *France*.

*Fre.* Right, for I had a very good Inne, where mine Host  
Was a notable good fellow, and a Cardinall.

*Ro.*



*The Ball.*

*Ro.* How a Cardinall, oh impudence.

*Fr.* Oh the catches we sang, and his wife a pretty woman,  
And one that warms a bed one oth' best in Europe.

*Ho.* Did you ever heare the like.

*Ro.* I did before suspect him.

*Fr.* But mine Host. *Ho.* The Cardinall. (thing

*Fr.* Right, had a shrew'd pate, and his eares were some-  
O'th longest, for one upon the oath of a w —

Wallounne that — from *Spaine* to the *Low-*  
*Countries*, and the other from *Lapland* into *Germany*.

*Ro.* Say you so?

*Fr.* A parlous head, and yet loving to his guests,  
As mine host *Banckes*, as red in the gills, and as merry  
▲ — but anger him, and hee sets all Christendome  
Together by the eares, well shortly after I left  
*France*, and sayling along the *Alpes*, I came to  
*Lombardy*, where I left my cloke, for it was very  
Hot travelling, and went a Pilgrim to *Rome*  
Where I saw the Tombs, and a Play in *Pompeys*  
Theater, here I was kindly entertain'd by an anchorite,  
In whose chamber I lay, and drinke Cider.

*Lo.* Nay, now he is desperate.

*Ho.* Doe not interrupt him. (hence

*Fr.* What should I trouble you with many stories? from  
I went to *Naples*, a soft kinde of people, and cloth'd  
In silke, from thence I went to *Florence* from whence we  
Have the art of working custards, which we call  
*Florentines*, *Millan* a rich state of  
Haberdashers, *Permount*, where I had excellent Venison,  
And *Padua*, famous for the pads, or easie saddles  
Which our physitions ride upon, and first brought from  
Thence when they commenst Doctor.

*Ro.* Very good.

*Fr.* I see little in *Mantua*, beside dancing upon the ropes,  
Onely their strong beere, better than any I  
Ever drunke at the Trumper, but *Venice* of all  
The Champion Countries, do not mistake they are the  
Valiantest gentlemen under the Sunne.

*Ro.*



*The Ball.*

*Ro.* Is that it? *Fr.* O the *Catazimers* we turn'd there!

*Ho.* Who was wee yec?

*Fr.* Two or three magnifico's grandees of the State,  
We tickled 'em in the very *Piasa*, by the same  
Token two or three *English* spies told us they had laine  
Leger three moneths to steale away the *Piasa*, and ship  
It for *Covem. Garden*, a pretty fabricke and building  
Vpon the — but I was compell'd to make  
Short stay here by reason of the Dukes Concubines  
Fell in love wee me, gave me a ring of his, out of  
A solide *Diamonde*, which afterwards I lost washing my  
Hands in the salt water.

*Ho.* You should ha fish'd fort, and as good lucke as  
She that found her wedding ring in the  
Haddocks belly.

*Fr.* No, there was no staying, I tooke post horse presently  
For *Genoa*, and from thence to *Madriil*, and so to  
The *Netherlands*.

*Ro.* And how sped you among the *Dutch*?

*Fr.* Why, we were drunk every day together, they get their  
Living by it. *Ho.* By drinking?

*Fr.* And making bargaines in their tippling,  
The *Jewes* are innocent, nay the devill himselfe  
Is but a Duncce to 'em, of whose trade they are.

*Ho.* Whats that?

*Fr.* They fish, they fish still, who can helpe it, they  
Have nets enough, and may catch the Province  
In time then let the Kingdomes looke about 'em,  
They can't be idle, and they have one advantage  
Of all the world, they ha no conscience to trouble  
'Em, I heard it whispered they want butter, they have  
A Designe to charme the *Indies*, and remove their  
Darie, but that as a secret, shall goe no further;  
I caught a surfet of Bore in *Holland*, upon my  
Recovery I went to *Flushing*, where I met with a handsome  
Froce, with whom I went to *Middleborough*, by the ———  
And left her drunke at *Rotterdam*, there I tooke  
Shipping againe for *France*, from thence to *Dover*,



*The Ball.*

From *Dover* to *Gravesend*, from *Gravesend* to *Queens-  
Hive*, and from thence to what I am come to.

*Lo.* And noble Signior you are very welcome.

*Fr.* I hope he did not over-heare me.

*Lo.* I am much honor'd Ladies in your presence.

*Fr.* Absence had beene a sinne my Lord where you  
Were pleas'd to invite. *Enter Mounſieur.*

*Moun.* Fie, fie, my Lord give me one eare.

*He whispers with my Lord.*

*Lo.* Interrupt me no more good Mourſieur.

*Fr.* Mounſieur *La Friſke*, a word, a word, I beſeech you.  
*No excuſe moy.* *Exit Freſh. and Moun.*

*Lo.* Have you thought Ladies of your abſent ſervant  
Within whoſe heart the civill warre of love,

*Ro.* May end in a ſoft peace. *Lo.* Excellent, Lady!

*Ho.* We had armies too my Lord, of wounded thoughts.

*Lo.* And are you agreed to which I muſt devote

My loving ſervice, and which is wiſeſt, faireſt,

Is it concluded yet? *Ho.* You did propound

A hard Province, and we could not

Determine as you expected, but if

Your flame be not extinct, we have devis'd

Another way. *Lo.* You make my ambition happy,

And indeede I was thinking twas impoſſible

That two ſuch beauties ſhould give place to either,

And I am ſtill that humble notary

To both your loves.

*Ro.* Then this we have made lots,

That what we cannot, fate may ſoone divide,

And we are fixt to obey our deſtinie,

There is but two, one and your wiſhes guide you.

*Lo.* And will you ſatiſſie my chance. *Ho.* We ſhould  
Be elſe unjuſt.

*Lo.* What method ſhall we uſe?

*Ro.* Your hat my Lord,

If you vouchſafe the favour?

*Ho.* Dare you expoſe your head to the ayre ſo long?

*Lo.* Moſt willingly put in. *Ro.* There is Fortune

*Ho.*



*The Ball.*

*Ho.* That draw which quickly tell how much I love you.

*Lo.* So, so now let me see, I commend your device,  
Since I am incapable of both,

This is a way indeede, but your favour.

*Ro.* Lets have faire play my Lord.

*Lo.* What foole is he?

That having the choise of Mistresses will be  
Confinde to one, and rob himselfe, I am yet  
The favorite of both these, is no policy,  
I could make shaft with both abed.

*Ro.* You are merry?

*Lo.* In troth, and so I am, and in the minde  
I am in, will give my selfe no cause toth' contrary,  
Dee see? He draw you both. *Ho.* How? both,  
You cannot otherwise be reconcil'd,  
He be content to marry one, and doe  
Service to th' others peticote, I must tell you,  
I am not without president.

*Ho.* There you triumph.

*Lo.* Within the name of *Venus*, — ha a blanke,  
By this light nothing, neither name nor marke.

*Both.* Ha, ha, ha. *Lo.* This is a riddle yet.

*Ro.* Tis quickly solv'd,  
Your Lordship was too confident,  
We never were at such a losse my Lord,  
As with the hazard of our wit or honour  
To court you with so desperate affection.

*Ho.* By our example know, some Ladies may  
Commend; nay love a gentleman, and yet  
Be safe in their owne thoughts, and see as farre  
As modesty, and honour will allow us,  
We are still servants to your Lordship,

*Lo.* Say so? why looke you Ladies that you may perceive,  
How I can be temperate too; first, I thanke you  
Heartily, and to recompence your wit;  
Present another Lottery, you shannor  
Suspect I have a thought that will betray  
Your innocence to scandall, let me intreate



*The Ball.*

You take your chance too, this for you Madam,  
And this is left your fortune, doe me honour  
To weare these paire of Jewells for my sake,  
So with a confidence of your happy pardon,  
To what is past hereafter I shall pay  
To your true vertues, better service then  
So unnecessary trialls.

*Ro.* And to shew

We are not coy my Lord, wee leaue your Jewell.

*Lo.* And be their ornament.

*Enter Rainebar, Coronell, Bostoke.*

*Co.* All happinesse to your Lordship,  
Your cruells are not full set noble Ladies.

*Lo.* Your presence will so ne make us active, Madam  
I was bold. *Bo.* She has your Diamond my Lord.

*Lo.* And can you pardon?

*Bo.* Nay, nay, we are friends, are  
We not Madam?

*Luc.* I were else unmercifull.

*Bo.* The Coronell too has given me satisfaction.

*Co.* I thinke you had enough.

*Bo.* As much as I desir'd, and heres my hand,  
While I can draw a sword command me. *Co.* What?

*Bo.* To put it upagen, all friends, all friends,  
Apoxe a quarrelling. *Co.* I kisse your hand sir.

*Bo.* Kisse my hand, kisse my—— noble Ladies here.

*Co.* Why is Musicke silent all this while?  
Has it no voyce to bid these Ladies welcome?

*A golden Ball descends, Enter Venus and Cupid.*

*Ve.* Come Boy now draw thy powerfull Bow,  
Here are Ladies hearts enough  
To be transfixt, this meeting is  
To ruffle Ladies, and to kisse,  
These are my Orgies, from each eye,  
A thousand wanton glances flie;  
Lords, and Ladies of the Game,  
Each brest be full of my owne flame:  
Why shootes not Cupid? these are all.



*The Ball.*

Met in honour of my Ball,  
Which *Paris* gave to *Ida* hill,  
He maintaine these revells still:  
Why staves *Cupid* all this while:

*Dia.* *Venus* doth her selfe beguile.

*Ven.* *Diana* herē goe backe againe:

*Dia.* These are none of *Venus* traine,  
No sparke of this Lacivious fire,  
Dwells in their bosomes, no desire,  
But what doth fill *Diana's* breast,  
In their modest thoughts doe rest.  
*Venus* this new festivall,  
Shall be still *Diana's* Ball:  
A chaste meeting ever here,  
Seeke thy votaries other wherē.

*Ven.* You're chaste indeede, doe not we know,  
You to your sweete-heart nightly goe,  
Envyng one is not kist, no you  
On his face but let fall dew;  
Some may wonder what doth ayle,  
Your lippes but kisses made them pale  
Me thinkes the Moone should blush,

*Dia.* I doe  
Some times, but tis for such as you:  
Then hide my selfe within a mist,  
For shame to see thee clipt and kist.

*Ven.* Draw *Cupid*, shall thy mother be  
Brand by a Huntresse, let me see  
I want one shaft.

*Cu.* Moder not so,  
You may quickly breake my bow,  
Here *Diana* doth command,  
My Bow is frozen to my hand,  
Beside, the Ladies breasts are here,  
Such proofes against my shafts I feare,  
Each arrow would to our disgrace,  
Breake, or rebound in my owne face;  
Moder, flie hence or you will be,



*The Ball.*

If youle stay, made as chaste as she.

*Ve.* Can her Magicke charme them so,  
Then tis time that *Venus* goe  
To seek her owne more choice delight,  
Against my will, enjoy this night.

*Dia.* Cupid if you meane to stay,  
Throw your licentious shafts away,  
Then you are Love, then be embrac't,  
Love is welcome while he's chast;  
Now some other straine to show,  
What pleasures to this night we owe.

*A Dance.*

*Enter Barker, like a Satyre Dancing.*

*Fre.* My Lord, my Ladies, will you see a Monster,  
I have not met such another in all my travailes.

*Luc.* What have we here a Satyre.

*Bo.* No, tis a dancing Beare. *Lo.* What is the devile.

*Bar.* Wonder that a Satyre can  
Put off wildnesse and turne man,  
Love, such miracles can doe,  
But this owes it selfe to you  
Bright Lady.

*Ro.* Keepe the goblin from me Gentlemen,

*Ba.* Youle know me. *Omnes, Barker.*

*Ba.* No more, the Cynicke, I protest  
You have converted me.

*Ro.* Your meaning Sir.

*Ba.* I am the man you did incourage Madam  
To learne to dance, I shall doe better shortly,  
Your love will perfect me, and make me soft,  
And smooth as any Reveller.

*Ro.* Ha, ha, ha, my Love, I am not mad to love a Satyre,  
For that's thy best condition, judgement all,  
How scurvily this civility shewes in him.  
Faith raile, and keepe your humour, still it shewes excellent,  
Does he not become the beast,  
The Lords allow you pension.

*Omnes, Ha, ha, ha.*

*Ba.* You are a Witch, Ile justifie it, and there is not



*The Ball.*

One honest thought among the whole Sex of you,  
Dee laugh, loose witted Ladies, there are not  
In hell such furies, that's a comfort yet  
To him that shall goe thither, he shall have  
Lesse torment after death then he findes here.

*Lo.* Why Barker?

*Ba.* Your wit has got the squirte too, Ile traduce  
Your Ball for this, and if there be a post,  
That dares write mischief, looke to be worse  
Then executed.

*Exit.*

*Lo.* He will come to him (else agen, when he hath purg'd  
*Freshwater.*

*Enter Sir Stephen, and Sir Lionell.*

*Ste.* Madam your servants begge this favour from you.

*Ro.* What ist?

*Ste.* That since your resolutions will admit  
No change of hearts you will not publish how  
We ha beene jeer'd.

*Ro.* Not jeer'd, but you came on so desperate.

*Ho.* We love our owne when we preserve,  
Gentlemens honour.

*Co.* Then lets toss the Ball.

*Lo.* Signior *Freshwater.*

*Fr.* Mercy and silence as you are honourable.

*Lo.* May it concerne these gentlemen.

*Fr.* Why if I must gentlemen, you imagine I ha beene  
At *Venice*, but I staid at *Gravesend*

All this Summer expecting a winde, and finding it  
So uncertaine, will deferre the voyage till the Spring,  
I am not the first whom the windes, and seas have crost.

*Ste.* Then you have crost no Sea?

*Fr.* If you please, He require

But my principall, and for your good company,  
Ile stay at home for good, and all to be merry.

*Lo.* Nay, nay, you shall goe your voyage,  
We woud not have you lose the benefit  
Of travell, when you come home, you may summon  
Your debtors by a drumme, and shewing your bagge

OF



*The Ball.*

Of certificates.

*Bo.* Receive your money when you can get it, and be Knighted.

*Fr.* I thanke you gentlemen, I am in a way now,  
I have sold my land, and put out my money  
To live I see my heart wonot dance to night,  
I may to *Gravesend* in the morning,  
I can be but pickled in salt water, and Ile  
Venture one drowning to be reveng'd  
Agen, agen, set, set.

*A Dance.*

*Luc.* What thinke you of all this?

*Co.* To my wishes, an innocent, and generous recreation.

*Lo.* Ladies and Gentlemen, now a banquet waites you,  
Be pleas'd to accept, twill give you breath and then,  
Renew our Revells, and toth' Ball agen.

*Exeunt Omnes.*

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